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AMERICAN LITERATURE IN SPAIN



# AMERICAN LITERATURE IN SPAIN

BY

JOHN DE LANCEY FERGUSON, PH.D.

AMS PRESS, INC.  
NEW YORK  
1966

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AMS PRESS, INC.  
New York, N.Y. 10003  
1966

PS  
159  
S7  
F4  
1966

Manufactured in the United States of America

TO MY MOTHER





*This Monograph has been approved by the Department of English and Comparative Literature in Columbia University as a contribution to knowledge worthy of publication.*

A. H. THORNDIKE,  
*Executive Officer.*



## PREFACE

THIS study lays no claim to being the last word on its subject. It is the first word only. So long as a single volume of the innumerable short-lived Spanish periodicals remains unexamined, the conclusions of such a work as this are liable at any time to be impaired or even overthrown by the discovery of new material. And even though one understands all mysteries and all knowledge of the Spanish periodical, and removes the mountains of the Spanish newspapers, yet it will profit him nothing until such time as the corresponding French material on the same subject shall be made accessible to the student. At present it is impossible to tell to what extent the critical opinions expressed in the articles herein discussed are original and to what extent they are mere echoes or copies of French opinion. The one exception to this rule is Poe, the early years of whose French reputation are so completely dominated by Baudelaire's study that there is no difficulty in tracing much of the Spanish criticism to its real source.

Because of this necessary uncertainty and incompleteness of the material I have throughout the work refrained so far as possible from deductions and generalizations. The evidence requisite to make them conclusive is lacking, and no deductions at all are preferable to false ones. My purpose has been simply to present the facts as I have found them, leaving to future investigators the task of drawing from them the broader conclusions. I have not thought it necessary officiously to call attention to every aberration of judgment on the part of the Spanish critics; I prefer to let the reader decide for himself the soundness



or unsoundness of the opinions quoted. They are rarely abstruse enough to require explanation; in the few cases where help seems to be needed notes are given.

So far as I know none of the critical material here presented has ever before appeared in English translation. The two chief sources of it have been the prefaces and introductions to the various translations, and periodicals. In so far as it is taken from the latter source it has been found for the most part in the library of the Hispanic Society of America, in the library of the British Museum, and in the Ticknor Collection in the Boston Public Library. Additions to it of greater or less importance have also been made from the New York Public Library and from the libraries of Harvard and Columbia Universities. Translations also are to be found in all the collections named, and recourse to the services of dealers in new and second-hand books has been effective in supplementing the public collections, though not so fully as one could wish. It is very difficult to obtain copies of cheap editions of cheap translations that have been out of print for half a century or more.

Despite its unavoidable incompleteness, however, the bibliography is probably the most important part of the present work. I know of but three bibliographies of American authors that make any serious effort to list foreign translations. Of these, Ticknor's *Prescott* alone is complete for the period it covers. Miss Browne's *Hawthorne* mentions no Spanish translations and is almost certainly incomplete in its list of French versions. The Woodberry-Stedman *Poe* records numerous Spanish translations, but even so its list is incomplete and also, in one or two cases, inaccurate. The present list is doubtless open to the same criticism.

The subject of this investigation was suggested to me by Professor Erskine, to whom I cannot be sufficiently

grateful for his devotion in reading each chapter in its chaotic first draft. To Professor Trent also I owe gratitude for reading the manuscript and for a great deal of practical advice on the collection and preparation of my material. The thankless labor of reading the proofs has been shared by Professor Erskine, Professor Trent and Professor Loiseaux. For the material itself I am first and chiefly indebted to the Hispanic Society of America, in the persons of its Secretary, Dr. E. L. Stevenson, and its late Librarian, Winfred Robert Martin. Had it not been for Dr. Martin's kindness in procuring books not in the Hispanic Society library, it would have been impossible for me to carry my investigations to even their present imperfect completeness. To Professor Philip H. Churchman of Clark University I am indebted for the use of his bibliography of periodicals and for helpful advice; to William C. Lane, Librarian of Harvard, for verification of references; and to Professor George Edward Woodberry for information in regard to the bibliography of Poe. Finally, I owe especial thanks to Dr. Carlos Navarro Lamarca for his kindness in sending me a copy of his version of Hawthorne's *Wonder Book*, together with information concerning it; to D. Francisco Rodríguez Marín, Director of the Biblioteca Nacional, for biographical information about Victor Suárez Capalleja, the critic of Longfellow; and to D. Manuel Bezares of the same library for copies of articles which are not to be found in the collections I have visited.

J. DEL. F.





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# AMERICAN LITERATURE IN SPAIN

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

SYSTEMATIC study of the European reputations of American authors is a thing of recent date. The existence of foreign editions and translations has always been given more or less perfunctory notice in biographies and bibliographies, but the bibliographies have seldom aimed at — or at least have never attained — completeness, while foreign criticism has been almost wholly neglected. The first serious attempt at intensive study in this field was made by Dr. Morris in his dissertation<sup>1</sup> on Cooper and Poe in France, but the influence of our writers even in France, England and Germany is still imperfectly realized, and scarcely anything has been done towards ascertaining their fortunes in the other countries of Europe.

Speaking generally, it may be said that no one of the major literatures of Europe has been so persistently neglected by English-speaking scholars as has that of Spain. The neglect is real and unquestionable, despite the existence of a long line of brilliant exceptions, from Thomas Shelton to Fitz-Maurice Kelly. And if English scholars have not given its due to the native literature of Spain, still less have they considered the Peninsular adventures of their own writers. So omnilegent and omniscient a

<sup>1</sup> *Fenimore Cooper et Edgar Poe d'après la critique française du dix-neuvième siècle.* Paris, 1912.

scholar as Professor Saintsbury mentions, in his bibliography of Milton in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, translations of *Paradise Lost* into French, German, Italian, Latin and Hebrew, but seems unaware of the fact that there existed, at the time he wrote, no less than four different Spanish versions of the epic.<sup>2</sup> This neglect may be due in part to the lack of adequate Spanish bibliographical dictionaries and to the almost complete absence of Spanish equivalents of works such as Poole's *Index*, *The Dictionary of National Biography* and *Who's Who*, which are usually regarded as the elementary tools of English research; but even so the neglect is not altogether pardonable.

There might, it is true, seem to be little in the way of influence or imitation to reward the investigator of the Spanish careers of English and American authors. Artistically and intellectually Spain has always been one of the most independent and self-sufficient nations of Europe, and when of recent centuries she has yielded to foreign influence at all, that influence has usually been French. With the exception of Byron and Scott no Englishmen can be said to have made any deep or lasting impression on

<sup>2</sup> The following are the Spanish versions of *Paradise Lost* :

1. *El paraíso perdido*, traducción de Benito Ramón de Hermida. Madrid, 1814. 2 vols., 8vo.

2. The same, con las notas de Addison, Chateaubriand, Saint-Maur y otros. Traducido por Demetrio San Martín. Barcelona, 1873. 8vo. A 4to edition of this version was issued at Madrid in 1882.

3. The same, traducido en verso castellano por D. J. de Escofquíz. Madrid, 1882. An illustrated edition of this version appeared in 1883 and another new edition in 1905.

4. The same, nueva traducción por Dionisio Sanjuan. Barcelona, 1883.

A fifth version, the work of D. Juan Mateos, has recently been published by Fernando Fé of Madrid.

The total number of translations and editions entitles Spain to high place among the Continental appreciators of Milton.

Spanish literary art, and there is no American for whom such influence can be claimed. Usually the Spaniard has been content to read, perhaps to admire, wisely or unwisely as his training and temperament might direct, without seeking to imitate.

In Spanish admiration for American literature, however, a distinct change in attitude is to be noted with the passage of three-quarters of a century. About 1830, when translations of our authors first began to appear in the Peninsula, the United States was regarded by the oppressed and hunted Spanish Liberals as the embodiment of human freedom and of all that is best and noblest in government. Occasionally this sentimental or theoretical admiration for things American led the Liberals to strange extremes, as when *El Reportorio americano*, a Spanish paper published in London, printed a highly laudatory review of Joel Barlow's *Columbiad*.<sup>3</sup> More usually, however, this admiration and interest took the form of articles on Washington and Franklin, with quotations from the works of the latter. Conversely, anything relating to America seems to have had a tendency to stir the suspicions of the adherents of the Bourbons. As we shall see in the next chapter, so innocuous a work as *Rip Van Winkle* was for a time interpreted by the censor as an attack on the government of King Ferdinand.

The Mexican War, with its exhibition of aggression and rapacity on the part of the idealized North American republic, must have shaken Spanish faith in the integrity and magnanimity of the successors of Washington, though it seems to have had no effect on their esteem for the great man himself. Articles on him and on Franklin continued to appear in Spanish periodicals long after the war, the latest of which I have record being an account of "The Death of Washington" published in a popular magazine

<sup>3</sup> *El Reportorio americano*, Jan. 1827; vol. 2, pp. 6-21.



in 1873.<sup>4</sup> Quotations from Franklin are found occasionally even at the present day.

The unfortunate aptitude of Americans for rubbing the Latin races the wrong way does not conduce to mutual respect and esteem even when there is no intentional offense on either side, and when American contempt for Spanish character and conduct culminated in the discreditable war of 1898 we need not be surprised to find our manners and institutions no longer commanding the whole-hearted admiration of the Spanish people. When his works were first translated, Fenimore Cooper was praised because his writings seemed typically American; today, Spanish critics tend to admire Poe for the very reason that he is not typically American, and Walt Whitman because he represents the old American ideal from which his fellow-countrymen have long since fallen away. This change in attitude offers food for thought.

The question as to the source whence the Spaniards gained their knowledge of American literature might be answered in one word, — France. Like most generalizations this response would contain a considerable element of falsehood, but it would be true in the main. In the case of Irving, for example, it would not be true, for Irving owed his introduction into Spain to his studies of Spanish subjects and to the interest in his work displayed by his friends in the Peninsula. Cooper, on the other hand, in the heyday of his Spanish popularity seems never to have been known, or at least never to have been used, in the original English. All the earliest and most of the later versions of his work are demonstrably taken from French intermediaries. It was Charles Baudelaire and not Edgar Allan Poe who first made the latter's tales known south of the Pyrenees, though in this case there seems to have been much greater promptness in supplementing the French by

<sup>4</sup> *El Periódico para todos*, Madrid, 1873; vol. 2, pp. 250 ff.

an examination of the original. Within the past decade Walt Whitman has undergone the same experience. Iberian *aficionados* have been led to a first-hand knowledge of the poet through the medium of Bazalgette's study and translation. Hawthorne, and perhaps one or two others besides Irving, form partial exceptions, but, in general, literary Spain has for nearly a century followed Parisian fashions in foreign literatures as faithfully as feminine Spain has followed them in matters of costume.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing that direct literary intercourse between the United States and Spain was wholly insignificant. In addition to cases such as those of Irving and Hawthorne, to be more fully discussed hereafter, there are various other evidences of genuine interest in, and admiration for, American writers. Thus in the eighties we find an anonymous translator publishing versions of Aldrich's *The Queen of Sheba* and *The Story of a Bad Boy*, with the avowed intention of acquainting the Spanish public with works which he considers to be "of inestimable artistic value."<sup>5</sup> Both these translations reached second editions. It would be easy to cite a number of similar instances of interest in writers whose works have not circulated sufficiently in Spain to create a body of criticism, but for these the reader may be referred to the general bibliography of translations and criticism.

In addition to this legitimate and laudable interest, however, there is another side to the direct contact of the two literatures. The literary thefts practised by American publishers of the baser sort prior to 1891 have been sufficiently advertised, but it is not so well known that the process was reciprocal, and that English and Continental editors and publishers indulged in the same edifying game. The only difference was that the Americans found more to

<sup>5</sup> See the translator's introduction to *La reina de Saba*, segunda edición. Valencia, n. d.

steal, and consequently worked on a larger scale. Continental publishers, throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century, seem to have been on the lookout for unconsidered trifles that might be snapped up. Sometimes such enterprise resulted merely in an unauthorized translation, but not infrequently the author's name was suppressed and his work put in print with nothing to indicate that it was not a native product. Perhaps the most amusing instance of this sort on record is the almost simultaneous theft of *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* by two Parisian periodicals.<sup>6</sup> One of these papers had the effrontery to bring suit against the other for violation of copyright, with the result that the whole matter was aired in court and the French public for the first time learned the name of Edgar Allan Poe. In this field also the Spaniards followed the French lead — though the fact that two men commit the same sin is in itself no proof that the one has imitated the other — and several cases of theft fully as flagrant as the one just mentioned, though without its accidental duplication, will be recorded in the succeeding chapters.

Besides the direct route from the United States and the roundabout one through France our literature has reached Spain in a third way, that might be described as semi-indirect. This third route is by way of Spanish America. The writers and scholars of the republics to the south have shown an interest in our literature which is certainly far greater than the reciprocal interest which we have shown in theirs, since the latter interest may fairly be represented by zero. The full extent of the circulation and the influence of our literature in Mexico and South America is a question that has never been investigated, but the indications are that both circulation and influence have been

<sup>6</sup> The incident is related by Dr. Morris in his dissertation, already referred to. See *ante*, note 1.

large, — in all probability far larger than in Spain itself. We know, for example, that a translation of Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* is in use in the primary schools of Argentina and Chile,<sup>7</sup> a fact which implies a degree of acquaintance and acceptance far greater than can safely be claimed for any American in Spain itself. We are told, moreover, that every child in the Argentine is familiar with *A Psalm of Life*, which, in Bartolomé Mitre's version, is included in their schoolbooks.<sup>8</sup> Now since the literary relations existing between Spain and her former colonies are of precisely the same nature as those between England and the United States, it is manifest that the mother-country must sooner or later gain some knowledge of whatever particularly impresses her children. Evidence of this Spanish-American influence will be apparent at various points in the following chapters. Here it is sufficient to remark that the only two verse renderings of *Evangeline* which I have found are the work, the one of a Mexican and the other of a Chilean, and that the only version of Poe's *Raven* which does justice to the original is that by Pérez Bonalde, a Venezuelan.

These, then, are the two main points to be borne in mind while considering the material presented in the succeeding chapters: that American literature has always been for the Spaniard more or less of an exotic which has exerted little appreciable effect on the native writers of the Peninsula, and that it has reached Spain by three distinct channels, of which the French is the most important.

<sup>7</sup> See *post*, p. 97.

<sup>8</sup> This is stated by Dr. Ernesto Nelson, in an interview published in the *New York Times*, Sunday, 16 Jan., 1916.

## CHAPTER II

### WASHINGTON IRVING

IRVING, one of the earliest important Americans to be translated into Spanish,<sup>1</sup> is the only one herein treated who had any extended personal relations with the Peninsula. The main facts in regard to those relations — his early residence in the country, his production of *Columbus* and *Granada* and his subsequent return as Minister — are too well known to need rehearsal. When, however, we seek to supplement those facts by material drawn from Spanish sources we are bound to be disappointed. In the cowed Spain of the years preceding 1830, when thousands of Liberals were in exile, and in the turbulent Spain, described by George Borrow, of the years subsequent to 1830, the residence and work of the American man of letters produced scarcely a ripple of interest. The merits of the *Columbus* won its author recognition from a small group of scholars, chief among them being D. Martín Fernández de Navarrete, whose *Colección de viajes* had furnished much of the material for Irving's work, but of fame or popularity as we understand the terms he had scarcely a trace. So far as may be judged from a fairly extensive examination of contemporary periodicals, his return to Spain in 1842 as Minister did not interest the Spaniards in the least, and

<sup>1</sup> He was antedated by both Franklin and Jefferson. An adaptation of the latter's work on parliamentary law appeared in 1827; while a "Life of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, drawn from authentic documents" was published in 1798 and a volume of selections from his writings in 1825. But the Jefferson adaptation was purely utilitarian in its purpose, and the total of Franklin translations and criticism is too small to furnish material for a separate chapter.



Irving's own letters of the period are singularly lacking in allusions to literary or other friendships which he may have formed.

Solid evidence of Irving's recognition by Spanish scholars is furnished by the *Memorias* of the Real Academia de la Historia, of which organization he was elected corresponding member on 12 December, 1828. Ten years earlier the Academy had similarly honored Ticknor. In the preface to the seventh volume of the *Memorias*<sup>2</sup> the list of books and documents received by the Academy contains the following note:

"Señor Wasingthon [sic] Irving, secretary of the American legation at London, a writer who is much interested in our history, and who during his residence in Spain examined her antiquities and monuments with a zeal worthy of imitation by the Spaniards themselves, has sent us his works on the Life of Christopher Columbus and the History of the Conquest of Granada, wherein, making use of the light shed by the documents published in Sr. Navarrete's collection and of the results of his own investigations, he has given beauty, by the embellishments of an elegant and enchanting style, to subjects already beautiful in themselves."

Even less satisfactory than this brief note, because wholly perfunctory and impersonal, is the official account, published in the *Gaceta de Madrid*, 3 August, 1842, of Irving's reception at the Spanish court when he presented his credentials as Minister. The *Gaceta* gives first Irving's brief and formal speech on presenting the credentials, and the following, equally formal, reply of the Regent on receiving them:

"I am thankful from the bottom of my heart for the

<sup>2</sup> Published in 1832. The volumes appeared at irregular intervals. The above note is on p. xxx, and the record of Irving's election on p. xlv.



assurance of the good wishes of the President of the United States of America towards my Queen and my country. I reply to the worthy successor of the immortal Washington by wishing him fame and by hoping that each day the liberty and prosperity of the United States may be more firmly established. I am also extremely glad that it is you, the Minister plenipotentiary, who are commissioned to transmit to me the wishes of your government."

At this same audience the Brazilian envoy, Senhor Cavalcanti de Alburquerque, also presented his credentials, and was greeted in similar correct and meaningless terms. When Irving departed and his successor, Saunders, was received by the Queen, the speeches were again the same. At no time, either in the words of the Regent or of the Queen, or unofficially in the *Gaceta*, was there any hint that the American envoy had ever visited Spain before, or that he had ever written anything of interest to Spaniards or to anyone else.

Even his death seems to have passed unremarked. The following note from *El Museo universal* of 8 January, 1860, is the only contemporary reference to it that I have found:

"There has died in New York an historian whom we might almost call Spanish; we mean Washington Irving, ambassador to Spain in 1840 (sic) and the famous author of *The Voyages of Columbus*."

When we turn from the Spanish career of the man to the Spanish career of his works we find more to reward our investigations, though even here the showing is far from imposing. Poe, whose Spanish fame did not begin until nearly thirty years after Irving's, has a far larger and more substantial bibliography to his credit. Of the elder writer's works the most popular have naturally been those which are Spanish in their subject-matter, yet even these had scarcely an overwhelming success. Of the four editions of

*Columbus* the latest was issued in 1854, while no complete version of *The Alhambra* from the original English existed before 1888. There have been two, or possibly three, editions of *The Conquest of Granada*, none of them recent. No other of his works has passed beyond a single edition. Plainly, whatever admiration the Spaniards may have for Irving is not sufficient to impel them to extensive perusal of his works.

That they do admire him is abundantly evident from their references to him, but it is such admiration as we accord to some well known classic which we never think of reading. They realize that he is well esteemed in his own country, that he held a high opinion of Spain and did much towards correcting English and American prejudices, and that therefore he deserves their respect. Consequently, whenever American literature is mentioned he receives high but usually discreetly vague praise.

Typical of this vagueness in commendation is the comment on Irving in the *Diccionario enciclopédico hispano-americano*, a comment whose futility contrasts noticeably with the same encyclopedia's unfavorable but very definite estimate of Poe:<sup>3</sup>

"Irving is perhaps the American author who has enjoyed the greatest fame in Europe and especially in England, where he is looked upon as a native writer; and indeed his pure and colorful style, full of grace and harmony, recalls the tongue of Swift and Addison, while the truth and originality of his descriptions have gained him the name of the Wouvernaus (sic)<sup>4</sup> of Anglo-American literature. . . . All [his] works are noteworthy for their learning and for the brilliance of their style. . . ."

Of the same character is the statement made in the only Spanish work that even pretends to cover the whole field

<sup>3</sup> See *post*, p. 74.

<sup>4</sup> Presumably Philip Wouberman, the Dutch painter.

of American literature, — a wretched little compilation in a series of "All literatures":<sup>5</sup>

"Irving, much admired both by his own countrymen and by the English, has been placed almost in the same rank with Addison, at least in the matter of classic purity and harmonious modulation of style, while as an historian he has been considered the equal of Robertson . . . and as a painter of manners the rival of the best English novelists on account of the rare talent whereby he has revived the habits and customs of old England."

It is when he is not mentioned at all, or is mentioned too explicitly, that the real extent of Spanish first-hand knowledge of "the distinguished American author" becomes manifest. Thus it was possible for a writer in the *Revista de España* to make a long "Critical study of the ancient and modern descriptions of the Alhambra"<sup>6</sup> without once mentioning Irving's name. Still more striking, as exhibiting the erudition of the editor as well as of the contributor, is the citation of Irving in an article on "Literature dealing with the future" which appeared in the *Revista contemporanea*, 15 March, 1901. The author, Victor Oliva, remarks that "the city of the future, the ideal civilization, the easy and settled life of all, is a serious problem which has been much studied and which has given rise to many volumes (Thomas More, *Utopia*; Campanella, *La cité du soleil*; Harrington, *Oceana*; . . . Washington Irving, *Rip Van Winkle* . . .)." Comment seems needless.

So far as may be judged from his published letters Irving himself took little or no interest in foreign translations of his works. Only twice does he mention a Spanish version,

<sup>5</sup> TODAS LAS LITERATURAS. *Literatura norte-americana*. Madrid, La España Editorial, n. d. 16mo, pp. 119, index. The Irving item is on pp. 89 ff.

<sup>6</sup> By D. F. J. Riano, in *Revista de España*, vol. 97, pp. 5 ff. and 183 ff.; March, 1884.

and in both cases his interest is apparently not in the work itself but in the adventures of the translator. Both the references, which occur in letters to Alexander H. Everett, are to the earliest translation, and obviously were not understood by Pierre Irving when he edited his uncle's correspondence. The first reference is in a letter dated from Seville, 14 February, 1829:

"I am glad to hear Don Jorge is likely to get his little work through the press. A Mr. Hackley, who arrived here not long since from Madrid, and who knows Don Jorge, gave me a most amusing account of his perplexities with the censor, who saw libel and treason against the king in the Spanish version of *Rip Van Winkle*." <sup>7</sup>

Five months later, on the twenty-second of July, he writes:

"I am glad that Don Jorge is likely to get his work into print; as the old wives say he has had a trying time of it." <sup>8</sup>

In a note to this latter passage Pierre Irving gives the illuminating information that Don Jorge was "the translator of *The Sketch Book* into Spanish." It is possible somewhat to supplement the biographer's knowledge, though perhaps not so fully as one could wish. Inasmuch as "Don Jorge," in addition to being the author of the two earliest versions of Irving, makes one or two other contacts with American literature, it seems worth while to give fully what little can be gleaned about his life and work.

His full name was George (or Jorge) Washington Montgomery, and according to the Ticknor catalog he was born in 1804. He was probably the son of an American resident in Spain, since a Spanish writer whom we shall quote presently calls him "un joven américo-valenciano." While resident in Spain he published, in addition to his

<sup>7</sup> *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, New York, 1869, vol. 2, p. 370.

<sup>8</sup> The same, p. 401.

translations of Irving, a novel entitled *El Bastardo de Castilla. Novela histórica, caballeresca, original* (Madrid, 1832) which two years later was reprinted, under the title of *Bernardo del Carpio*, by Burdett of Boston. The reprint was edited by Francisco Sales, Instructor in French and Spanish in Harvard College, and was evidently intended for the use of students. Soon after the publication of his novel Montgomery must have come to the United States. He entered the Consular Service, and was stationed for a time at St. John's, Porto Rico. In March, 1838, he was in Washington, whence he was sent by the Secretary of State on a mission to Guatemala. The next year he published an account of his journey,<sup>9</sup> but save that the author seems to have been a Protestant there is little biographical information to be found in the mediocre narrative. He was also the author of a small work called *Illustrations of the Law of Kindness* and of a memorial on the reform of the Consular System, published as House Document No. 467, 25th Congress, 2nd session, neither of which have I seen. He died in Washington in the spring of 1841.<sup>10</sup>

His version of *The Sketch Book*, to which Irving refers, was published not long after the date of the second letter quoted above. The earliest advertisement of it appears in *Diario de Avisos*, 22 August, 1829. It is entitled *Tareas de un Solitario* (A hermit's tasks) and is not, strictly speaking, a translation, but rather an adaptation of certain tales to a Spanish setting. Besides being the

<sup>9</sup> *Narrative of a Journey to Guatemala, in Central America, in 1838*. By G. W. Montgomery. New York, Wiley and Putnam, 1839. 8vo, pp. 195. A copy of the work is in the New York Public Library.

<sup>10</sup> This information is gathered in the main from Montgomery's own works in the Ticknor Collection and elsewhere, and from facts kindly furnished me by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, the successors of the publishers of Montgomery's English works, and by the Librarian of the Department of State.



earliest Spanish version of Irving it is of interest to us because it is linked to another of the major names of American literature. In 1830, the year after the appearance of the Spanish edition, Longfellow, at that time Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin, edited two of the tales for use as a reader by his students.<sup>11</sup> In his introduction Longfellow states that the tales are taken from the *Tareas de un Solitario* and are imitations of Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Young Italian*, but he does not mention Montgomery's name. This omission has led to misunderstandings. The Ticknor copy of the book contains a clipping from the Boston *Daily Advertiser* of 26 June, 1882, which ascribes the work to Longfellow himself, identifying him with the "Solitario" of the title. Altogether there were three American editions of the work, but in none of them is the Spanish translator named.

The nature of the work may be judged from the two stories which Longfellow edited. They are adaptations rather than translations. *Rip Van Winkle*, for instance, has become a native of Granada who goes hunting in the Sierra, meets with a company of Moorish horsemen and is overcome by eating the Oriental sweetmeats which they offer him. The events of the story follow Irving fairly closely, but accurate translation is of course out of the question under such a method of treatment.

Aside from their first brush with the censor the *Tareas* seem to have attracted little attention and were never reprinted in Spain. Two years later Montgomery manifested his continued interest in Irving by publishing a translation of *The Conquest of Granada* in two volumes which are dated respectively April and June, 1831, though no advertisement of the work appeared in *Diario de Avisos* prior to 29 July.

<sup>11</sup> *Novelas españolas*. El serrano de las Alpujarras; y El cuadro misterioso. Brunswick (Maine), 1830.

The translator's short introduction states the subject-matter of the work and discourses eloquent platitudes about its romantic charm. . . . "The great deeds of arms which ennoble the actors in the drama, the religious enthusiasm of the Christian knight and the ardent valor of the ferocious Saracen, are circumstances which sweep the historian into the regions of fiction. But the famous WASHINGTON IRVING, whose fame already reaches from the forests of North America to the farthest confines of Europe, treating this subject with a master hand and with the same skill as in all his other works, has been able to avoid this snare, and to adorn his work with the graces of an individual style, giving it a romantic air without in the least impairing his position as an historian, without omitting a single event or adding any circumstance which is not found in the old chronicles and memoirs which deal with the subject. . . ." Then follows the usual excuse for his presumption in attempting to translate the work, — a desire to introduce to the Spanish public a writer whose works, already translated into almost every language except the Castilian, ought to be of special interest to the natives of the Peninsula.

The deficiency of Montgomery's work is summed up by Domingo del Monte, a Venezuelan writer, in an article on Prescott reprinted in a Sevillian magazine in 1856.<sup>12</sup> This critic says that Irving, having thrown the whole strength of his genius into the composition of his "elegant biography of Columbus" was not content with this demonstration of his study of Spanish affairs, but, "with the by-products of the erudition which he had accumulated for his first work, wove the fabric of his delightful *Chronicle of Fray Antonio Agapida*. In this it seems that by a miracle of magnetic intuition the cultured nineteenth century American writer has identified himself with a Spanish friar,

<sup>12</sup> *Revista de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes*, Sevilla, vol. 2, pp. 754-773.



a contemporary of Cisneros, [and] the superstitious and candid chronicler of his order; uniting in humorous antithesis the adornments of the most florid and gallant language with the fanatic fervor and the narrow and bigoted opinions of a cloistered cenobite. When we read the *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada* we seem to be traversing once more the savory pages of *D. Pedro Niño* or of the *Cura de los Palacios*." But, adds the critic in a footnote, "all this charm has vanished in the Spanish translation made in 1828 (sic) by a young Americo-Valencian whose name I do not remember. The translator had to temporize with the exigencies of his time, and suppressed the most interesting part of the *Chronicle*, namely, the personality of the friar-chronicler."

This statement is perfectly accurate. Not only has the translator omitted every reference to the fictitious Fray Antonio Agapida, but he has also deleted the passages in which Irving's ironical humor is displayed, such, for instance, as the account<sup>13</sup> of how Don Juan de Vera struck the Moor who had scoffed at the Immaculate Conception, and Agapida's statement of the lofty and disinterested motives which impelled the Spaniards to attempt the conquest. Typical of the cautious Don Jorge's excisions is the following:<sup>14</sup>

"De Aguilar was a pious knight, but his piety was not humble and resigned, like that of the worthy Master of Santiago. He imprecated holy curses upon the infidels. . . ."

The rendering is not close; paraphrase and compression are constantly employed. A total of one hundred chapters in the original has been reduced to seventy-seven in the translation, though in no case, I think, has an entire chapter been omitted. The reduction in number is achieved by the union of two or more abridged chapters. Probably most readers will agree that Irving might have improved

<sup>13</sup> Volume 1, chapter 2.

<sup>14</sup> The same, chapter 12.

his work by judicious condensation, but the wrong-headed method which Montgomery, from choice or necessity, adopted, has merely converted a genial though long-winded romance into a decorously dull pseudo-history.

Thirteen years later another translation of *The Conquest of Granada* was undertaken but apparently died unborn. On 18 August, 1844, *El Abencerraje*, a short-lived weekly published in Granada, announced in the following terms the publication of the "*Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*", taken from the MSS of Fray Antonio Agapida by Mr. Washington Irving, and translated from the English by Dor Alfonso Escalante. This picturesque work, adorned with magnificent lithographs, is of especial interest to the people of this province, this region having been the scene of the deeds to which the celebrated writer Washington [sic] so happily introduces us." The work was to be issued in thirty-two page parts, but whether Benavides, the publisher of *El Abencerraje*, also published the translation, is not clear. He may have been only an agent. If he were the publisher, the fact that the periodical ceased publication two weeks after the appearance of the advertisement would explain why I have nowhere else found any record of such a work.

In his *Boletín bibliográfico* Hidalgo lists a "*History of the Conquest of Granada* abridged from the one written in French (sic) by Vashington (sic) Irving, by Adiano Lemerrier, and translated into Spanish from the eighth French edition by J. R." and published at Barcelona in 1861.<sup>15</sup> I have not succeeded in obtaining a copy of this work, which, by the way, was not included by Hidalgo in his *Diccionario general de bibliografía española*.

Only two other references to the *Conquest of Granada* have come to my notice. The first is a casual remark in

<sup>15</sup> *El Boletín bibliográfico español y extranjero*, Madrid, 1860-62. The above item is from vol. 3, p. 43.

*Semanario pintoresco español*<sup>16</sup> that to "describe more beautifully than Wasington (sic) Irving Isabella's and Ferdinand's conquest is very nearly impossible"; the second is a note which Hidalgo in his *Diccionario general* subjoins to his record of Montgomery's translation:

"Two great and important events marked the glorious reign of the Catholic Sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, [namely], the discovery of the New World and the overthrow of the Arab dominion in Spain. Both events have been treated with skill and ability by the famous Washington Irving, an Anglo-American who came to Spain and visited Andalucía: expressly for this purpose examining libraries, studying MSS and noting all the antiquities and monuments which exist in these realms.

"The first of these works (i.e. the *Columbus*) would doubtless deserve a translator who could present it to the Spanish public adorned with the beauties of the Castilian tongue; but besides the difficulties offered by the fitting performance of this task, a distinguished Spanish Academician has already published all the existing materials. The second has attracted more particular attention, because it is a classic subject which recalls the past glories of old Spain, which stirs, so to speak, reawakened knightly feelings by means of those renowned warriors whose names are today the pride of their descendants, and finally, because no writer has treated this material in extenso. The chronicles and memoirs of Pulgar, Zurita, Garibay and Andrés Bernaldez . . . do not in themselves constitute a genuine history of the Conquest of Granada, though they contain the materials which are necessary for such a work, and which have been used in the present [work]. . . . It is written in a florid and romantic style, and adorned with lively and pleasant pictures which make its reading very interesting."<sup>17</sup>

<sup>16</sup> 12 August, 1849.

<sup>17</sup> Hidalgo: *Diccionario general de bibliografía española*, vol. 2, p. 133.

In so far as it implies that the *Life of Columbus* had not been translated, the above statement is misleading, since that *Life* was in fact the most popular in Spain of all Irving's works. It was first put into Spanish in 1833-34<sup>18</sup> by Don José García de Villalta, one of the minor figures in the Spanish Romantic movement. In addition to the translation of *Columbus* he was the author of a Sir-Walter-Scottish, anti-Jesuit novel called *El golpe en vago*, and also made Spanish versions of some of Shakespeare's plays. His rendering of *Macbeth* attained production and prompt damnation on the Madrid stage.<sup>19</sup>

Villalta's prolog to *The Life of Columbus* begins by quoting Navarrete's praise of Irving's work:

"Señor Washington Irving has just given us a notable proof of this (the utility of the *Colección de viajes*) in the *History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus* which he has published with an acceptation equally wide and well-merited. We said in our Introduction that we did not intend to write the life of the Admiral, but merely to publish materials by aid of which it could veraciously be written, and it is fortunate that the first to take advantage of them is a judicious and erudite man of letters, already known at home and in Europe by other meritorious works. Located in Madrid [and] free from the jealousies over Columbus and his discoveries which have prevailed in some European nations, with the opportunity of examining excellent books and precious MSS, of conversing with persons

<sup>18</sup> The four volumes are dated respectively December, 1833 and January, February and March, 1834.

For further facts about García de Villalta see Andrés González-Blanco: *Historia de la novela en España desde el Romanticismo á nuestros días*, Madrid, 1909, pp. 135 ff.; and Enrique Piñeyro: *El Romanticismo en España*, Paris, n. d., pp. 170-71.

<sup>19</sup> A contemporary criticism calls it "un drama furiosamente desareglado." See *Abenamar y El Estudiante*, Madrid, 1838-39, p. 62. The critic was "El Estudiante" himself, — D. Antonio María Segovia.



learned in these subjects, and having always at hand the authentic documents which we have just published, he has succeeded in giving his history a breadth, impartiality and accuracy which make it far superior to those of the writers who preceded him. To this are to be added his methodical arrangement and convenient ordering, his pure, elegant and animated style, the descriptions of various persons who intervened in Columbus's actions, and the examination of various problems, in which the sanest criticism, erudition and good taste are always evident.'"<sup>20</sup>

Villalta endorses this estimate as the best possible praise of Irving's work, and then quotes Navarrete's expressed hope that Irving would correct, in the light of the newly published documents, some minor errors into which he had fallen by following less authentic sources. In the present translation, he adds, these points will be illustrated by citations from the documents in question. The rest of his prolog is devoted to an attempt at vindicating Spanish colonial policy, — an attempt fairly effective in places but inclining to the *tu quoque* method and having no real bearing on Irving's work.

In his version Villalta appears to have made a painstaking and conscientious effort to reproduce the exact meaning of the original; indeed Menéndez y Pelayo says that the translator knew the English language as well as he did his own, and rendered the work under discussion "gallardamente."<sup>21</sup> For some reason, however, his version seems not to have achieved much success, and was never reprinted in its original form. The single edition apparently met all demands until 1851, when an anonymous revision appeared,

<sup>20</sup> Navarrete: *Colección de viajes*, vol. 3 (Madrid, 1829), p. xv. The passage is quoted by Irving in his own defense in the preface to the revised version of *Columbus*.

<sup>21</sup> See "Los historiadores de Colón" in Menéndez y Pelayo: *Estudios de Crítica Literaria*, 2ª Serie. Madrid, 1895, pp. 201 ff.

in one quarto volume well supplied with woodcuts but without preface or introduction, and passed through three editions within four years. *The Companions of Columbus* was issued in the same format in 1854. This edition would seem to have been prepared by someone who had before him both Villalta's translation and the original English. In some places it follows the earlier version almost word for word, while in others it diverges widely. Irving's footnotes, which Villalta had translated in full, are omitted, and there has been compression of the text to the extent of deleting occasional clauses or sentences. Oddly enough, all the Spanish-American editions of *Columbus* which I have examined seem to be reprints of this later version and not of Villalta's.

In Spain as in the United States contradictory views prevailed in regard to Irving's use of Navarrete's *Colección de viajes*. Navarrete's own statement has already been quoted. The adverse view finds expression in *Pensamiento*, an interesting but short-lived magazine published in Madrid during 1841, in a review by Enrique Gil, the poet, of Eugene A. Vail's French work on American literature.<sup>22</sup> As a result of his study of Vail's work Gil comes to the somewhat obvious conclusion that whereas America has produced creditable workers in various fields of literature in no case can they be compared with the greatest names of the Old World. Our list of historians is large and their work is noteworthy, but they cannot be placed in the same rank with Gibbon, Niebuhr, Voltaire, Guizot and others. The chief among them are Prescott and Irving, "the first the historian, equally exact and impartial, of the Catholic

<sup>22</sup> *De la littérature et des hommes de lettres des États-Unis d'Amérique*; par Eugène A. Vail, citoyen des États-Unis, Auteur de la Notice sur les Indiens de l'Amérique du Nord. À Paris, librairie de Charles Gosselin . . . 1841. 8vo, pp. xviii-617. A copy of the work is in the N. Y. Public Library.

Sovereigns, and the second the skilful colorist of Columbus's great enterprise." In a footnote Gil adds: "The expression colorist is here used intentionally, since whoever reads Sr. Fernández de Navarrete's *Collection of Voyages* will be convinced that nothing in Washington Irving's narrative is his own except the color of his beautiful style."<sup>23</sup>

On the other hand, Luis Villanueva, in an obituary essay on Navarrete<sup>24</sup> urges his usefulness to Irving and other foreign historians as the strongest reason why he should be held in esteem by his own countrymen. "Washington Irving in his famous history of the conquest of the New World pays a thousand tributes to our man of letters, quoting his famous work at every step. We have seen original letters of the distinguished English (sic) historian in which he admits having made a whole series of notes as he read the *Collection of Voyages*. Five editions of Irving's work were issued in a single year in London, and in Spain it has been translated by the distinguished man of letters, D. José García de Villalta. See then how great is the importance of D. Martín de Navarrete's work."

What may be considered the final Spanish judgment of Irving as an historian was pronounced by Menéndez y Pelayo at the fourth centenary of Columbus's discovery. No one can accuse Menéndez y Pelayo of lack of knowledge, and it is noteworthy that his opinion of Irving's *Columbus*

<sup>23</sup> Were it not for this statement of Gil's it would hardly be worth while to bring up again the old and absurd charge that Irving plagiarized from Navarrete. No one nowadays would assert that Irving was a thorough and deeply erudite scholar, but in writing *The Life of Columbus* he was simply in the position of one who should undertake a work on some aspect of colonial life in America, using, with due acknowledgment, the published collections of State archives. Such use of raw materials does not constitute plagiarism. And it may be added in the present case that Navarrete's compilation deals almost exclusively with the *voyages* of Columbus. Most of Irving's material for his earlier life had to be gathered elsewhere.

<sup>24</sup> *Semanario pintoresco*, 15 December, 1844.



is higher than that held by most of Irving's countrymen at the present day. The verdict in question is to be found in the great critic's essay "On the Historians of Columbus."<sup>25</sup> He begins by praising the work of Fernández de Navarrete, who had the honor of laying the first solid foundation for the history of the Admiral. "Upon Navarrete's book Washington Irving and Humboldt, not to mention others more recent and less illustrious, worked for different purposes. . . ." After fuller discussion of the Spaniard's accomplishment and of the early histories of Columbus the critic continues:

"Two *Yankee* writers, both endowed with a singular gift of style and an equally great enthusiasm for Spanish things, *romantic* historians in the good sense of the term, that is, disciples of the picturesque school of Thierry and Barante, which has once more made history into a wonderful work of art, were the first to exploit that treasure with the same skill and charm which they earlier and later applied to the restoration of other periods of our history. But William Prescott was able to treat the matter of Columbus only incidentally in some chapters of his *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, a work as solid as it is delightful; while Washington Irving, in his very well known *Life of Columbus*, gave a whole book to the subject. . . . Irving was far from equaling Prescott as an historian; he did not, like the latter, combine erudition with art; he was rather a poetic narrator, a novelesque historian in whom one always recognizes the author of the *Tales of the Alhambra*. His *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*, for instance, is a sort of book of chivalry, historical in basis and in its principal outlines, but full of fantastic details and pure invention: a work, in short, which seems a posthumous offspring of the *Civil Wars* of Ginés Pérez de Hita or of the chronicle of Abulcacim Tarif Abentarique, born from the

<sup>25</sup> *Estudios*, etc., *loc. cit.* See *ante*, note 21.

fertile imagination of the Morisco Miguel de Luna. But the *Life of Columbus* is something very different; and without ceasing to be one of the pleasantest, most interesting, easiest-to-read books which can be found, it is at the same time a serious historical work in which the author, restraining the luxuriance of his pen, has had the good taste not to add fabulous accessories to a reality which is in itself more poetic than any fiction. The novel was provided in the deeds themselves, and Washington Irving had only to relate them, which he did in a manner beyond all praise, extracting the juice from the documents published by Navarrete, reconciling them with published histories and with MSS, almost all of which he made use of, since Navarrete generously aided him with his advice and with his books, [and] since, moreover, he had free access to the Muñoz and other private collections. Irving's erudition, then, deserves respect, the more so as he did not make a parade and show of it, which would have been out of place in a popular book, in a work of art; and for this reason, as well as for the good judgment which he generally shows in doubtful questions, for the singular beauty of his descriptive and narrative style, for his great love for Spain, and for all that he did to make Spanish matters attractive, we owe him a pleasant recollection and the justice of recognizing that, taken for all in all, his biography of Columbus has not yet been superseded and is the one which ought chiefly to be recommended to business men and to amateurs; though, personally, we find even superior in interest and poetic quality his work on *The Companions of Columbus*. . . . Nowadays, unfortunately, books of this sort are not written; but the majority of those who declaim against dramatic and picturesque history achieve thereby no more than a tacit confession of their own impotence.

"It is nevertheless evident that scientific curiosity cannot be fully satisfied with such books, however the author may

strive to keep the claims of history and those of imagination in equilibrium. Thus it is that after Irving's book came another of a very different character in which . . . are undertaken all those minute discussions of physical geography and nautical astronomy which the elegant American avoided, either from lack of competence or out of deference to the artistic harmony of his work. . . ." Hereupon Menéndez y Pelayo passes on to a criticism of Humboldt's *Examen critique de l'histoire de la géographie du Nouveau Continent*, and thence to other historians.

The only work of Irving's, in addition to *Columbus* and *Granada*, to attain book publication in Spain at an early date was *The Alhambra*, selections from which — eight tales and sketches — were issued in a small volume at Paris and Valencia in 1833. The translator was a certain D. L. L., about whom nothing seems to be known, and who was probably merely a publishers' hack. A foreword by "el Editor" expatiates on the special interest which these tales ought to arouse in Spain, and promises that if the volume receives the welcome it deserves, other tales, and perhaps the entire work, will be translated. This promise was never fulfilled, perhaps because the work really received the welcome it deserved. The book was not translated directly from the English but was taken instead from the French version of the previous year, and this devious course, coupled with a fine independence of method on the part of D. L. L., has made the work in places a travesty rather than a translation of Irving. Numerous passages, especially such as might be considered derogatory to Spain, have been omitted, and others have been distorted quite away from their original meaning, as a result sometimes apparently of filtration through the French, but at other times of deliberate choice. The deletion of such a remark as "the smuggler and the robber are poetical heroes among the common people of Spain" is doubtless due to a desire to

placate local feeling; the translation of "the too wary and empty-handed traveller" as "los viageros muy avaros ó muy pobres" is almost certainly the result of taking the work at second hand from the French; but when the words of the old beggar to whom Irving's party gave a loaf of bread are changed from "¡Bendito sea tal pan!" to "¡Bendito sea Dios!" we are presumably confronted with intentional emendation.<sup>26</sup>

Eleven years later there was published in Madrid a translation by D. Manuel de Santa Ana, taken, like the first, from the French version of Mlle. Sobry. This work, which I have not seen, seems never to have been reprinted; the next version of which I have record is a reprint of D. L. L.'s work with the addition of two more tales. The additional stories in this volume, which was published, appropriately enough, at Granada, appear, from their superior fidelity to the original, to have been taken directly from the English, but no attempt has been made to correct D. L. L.'s work in the earlier edition. One would think that a work so inadequate might have been allowed to rest in oblivion, especially after a complete version had been issued, but such was not the case, for an extensively illustrated reprint of the edition of 1833, plus a short biographical introduction, was published at Barcelona in 1910, "with the approbation of the ecclesiastical authorities." So far as I am aware this is the only American work to which Spaniards have paid this somewhat equivocal compliment.

The complete version just mentioned was published at Granada in 1888, and was the work of Dr. José Ventura Travaset, a professor in the University of Granada. A biographical note on Irving was contributed by D. A.

<sup>26</sup> All these passages are quoted from "The Journey." It should be remarked that omissions and deliberate alterations are much less frequent in the tales themselves than in this introductory narrative.



González Garbín, another professor in the same university, and the work was embellished with plans and several illustrations, including a portrait of Irving accompanied by a reproduction of his signature from the visitors' book of the Alhambra. The biography is reasonably accurate, and some bibliographical data relative to the Spanish editions of Irving are given, but no critical estimate of any sort is attempted. A second edition of this work, which may be ranked with the two versions of the *Columbus* as a workmanlike translation, was issued in 1893. The prolog to this second edition says that the first had been very popular. More than seven hundred copies were sold within two weeks.

In addition to these more or less complete works there have been numerous Spanish versions, sometimes published in book form but more frequently in magazines, of single tales or groups of tales from Irving's various volumes. The earliest of these that I have traced appeared in that excellent but short-lived periodical, *El Artista*,<sup>27</sup> the story being the "Adventure of the German Student" from *Tales of a Traveller*. The rendering is spirited, but very free. A note states that the tale was to have been accompanied by one of the magazine's fine lithographs, which was, however, spoiled in the printing. Another note explains Swedemburg [sic] as a "personaje de un cuento de Hoffman."

Irving moreover shared with Poe and Hawthorne the dubious compliment of anonymous translation. Inasmuch as it is impossible to study attentively every tale in the files of dead and mummified periodicals, it is highly probable that the items now to be mentioned form a part only of the total of Castilian "borrowings." The first which I have found is a rendering of *The Waterloo Album* published in 1840 in *El Museo de familias*,<sup>28</sup> the periodical

<sup>27</sup> 1835. Vol. 1, pp. 306 ff.

<sup>28</sup> Vol. 4, pp. 168 ff.

which had the further distinction of publishing, without its author's name, the earliest Spanish version of Hawthorne. Nearly twenty years later, in *El Nuevo Siglo Ilustrado* for 2 and 9 May, 1869, this sketch was reprinted, this time with Irving's name attached. In the same year with the first appearance of *The Waterloo Album* the tale of "Governor Manco and the Soldier," from *The Alhambra*, was anonymously translated in *Semanario pintoresco español*.<sup>29</sup> A long introductory paragraph speaks vaguely of many legends that still survive in and around Granada, but definitely states none except the tradition about King Boabdil on which Irving's tale is founded.

Besides these anonymous versions there are two acknowledged translations of more recent date which are deserving of a word in passing. In 1882 "The Early Experiences of Ralph Ringwood" from *Wolfert's Roost* was Spanished, under the title of *Memorias de un gobernador*, by Juderías Bénder, a professional translator. Accepting at full face value Irving's statement about the origin of the narrative, Sr. Bénder offers it to the public as a sort of historical document, illustrative of the way in which Irving's fellow-countrymen could rise to the most important positions from the humblest beginnings. He feels that the narrative might have gained considerably had Irving not been so scrupulous in his adherence to exact historical fact, but even as it is he finds the work extremely interesting "because it adds to its literary charm the interesting and attractive circumstance of being also a faithful and exact study, by a master hand, of Yankee character."

In 1893 the four tales, which, under the general caption of "The Money-Diggers," form Part IV of the *Tales of a*

<sup>29</sup> 18 and 25 Oct., 1840. The identity of this tale was first brought to my attention by a note in Georges Le Gentil: *Les Revues littéraires de l'Espagne pendant la première moitié du XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle; aperçu bibliographique*. . . . Paris, 1909.

*Traveller*, were published at Barcelona in a profusely illustrated volume called *Los buscadores de tesoros*. The work bears no translator's name, and is without preface or introduction. In the main the rendering is close and accurate, though there are a few interpolations, as where, after the statement that Tom Walker took to carrying a small Bible in his pocket, the translator adds, for the enlightenment of his countrymen who might be unfamiliar with the ways of heretics, the remark that "el buen Tom era protestante."

No effort to translate *Rip Van Winkle* seems to have been made in Spain since Montgomery's adaptation of the story, but a word in closing must be given to the handling of the tale by Gutiérrez Nájera, a Mexican poet. His work, because of its American origin, would not come within the sphere of the present study had Ángel Guerra<sup>30</sup> not made it the subject of one of the papers in his *Literatos extranjeros*.<sup>31</sup> Guerra's more recent work, as we shall find when we come to Poe and Whitman, shows him to be a careful and competent critic, but so much cannot be said for this early volume. The sketch headed with Irving's name opens with a few words on the "delicious misery" of reading sad stories. Guerra continues:

"Read Washington Irving, and if you do not know English get Gutiérrez Nájera so that you may feel for a moment, for an instant only, the desolate anguish of poor *Rip-Rip* (sic)."

He then proceeds to give a summary of Nájera's adaptation of the tale, which is about as close to the original as *Rip-Rip* is to the hero's real name, and thereby convicts himself of never having seen the original English to which

<sup>30</sup> The author is indebted to Professor Federico de Onis for the information that "Ángel Guerra" is the pen-name of José Bethencourt.

<sup>31</sup> *Literatos extranjeros*, Valencia, F. Sempere y C<sup>ía</sup>, n. d. 8vo, pp. 243. The dedication, to Blasco Ibañez, is dated July, 1903.



he refers so glibly. Rip, we learn, is a woodman, happily married, who, overtaken by darkness after a hard day's labor with his axe, falls asleep and slumbers for many years. Awaking, he returns to the village to find everything changed, and his wife in the arms of another man. "*Rip-Rip* again grasped his axe and step by step, slowly, weeping, returned to the woods to die. . . ."

## CHAPTER III

### JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

IF a writer's importance and popularity in a foreign land are to be reckoned solely by the number of translations and editions of his works which have been issued, Cooper and not Poe has been the foremost of all American authors in the opinion of the Spaniards. Even when we make allowances for his quarter-century start, Cooper's bibliography still has a numerical superiority. But further examination reveals a vast difference in Spanish critical attitude towards the two men. Poe has from the beginning been taken seriously as a master of literature, — more seriously than any other American except perhaps Longfellow and, of late years, Walt Whitman. From his first appearance in the Peninsula to the present day, almost every one of the larger editions of Poe has been launched with a full equipment of critical and biographical introductions. On the other hand, I have found but one edition of Cooper which contains even a biographical sketch, and this single exception is less than two pages in length. Two or three brief articles about Cooper are to be found in the magazines of the second quarter of the century, but these are primarily biographical, their criticism going little further than the commonplace (and fallacious) statement that Cooper is an American Scott. He was looked upon, seemingly, only as a spinner of yarns, and his reputation, like that of Mrs. Rowson in America, developed for the most part below the level of criticism. As a setter of literary fashions he was scarcely more than a farthing candle to the sun of Scott, and in Spanish histories of lit-

erature is granted no more than a footnote.<sup>1</sup> The versions in which he was presented to the Spanish public were in most cases the crudest and most mechanical sort of hack-work, turned out at so much per sheet in some Madrileño equivalent of Grub Street, and neither publisher nor public seems to have displayed much judgment in the selection of his works. There are more versions of *Precaution* than of *The Pathfinder* or *The Deerslayer*.

In reaching the Spanish public Cooper followed close on Irving's heels, a translation of *The Pilot* being published in April, 1832. The earliest reference to him which I have found, however, occurs almost six years before that date in *El Repertorio americano*, a Spanish quarterly published in London and intended primarily for the South American trade. One of its departments was a bibliography of books "que pueden interesar en América," among which is listed *The Last of the Mohicans*. The note enumerates the American, English and French editions of the novel and continues:

"Mr. Cooper, the author of this novel, is the Walter Scott of America; his works, inspired by those of the famous Scotsman, are drawn from the history of his country. . . . The siege and capture of Fort William Henry by the French troops under the command of the Marquis of Montcalm in 1757 form the chief subject of this work, which excites a lively interest and gives an admirable picture of the wild nature of the country and of the savage manners of its people."<sup>2</sup>

As we shall see presently, this note is an epitome of nearly all subsequent Spanish criticism of "the American Scott."

It was eleven years after the publication of his first successful book that Cooper at last crossed the Pyrenees.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Blanco García: *La literatura española durante el siglo XIX*, vol. 1, p. 351 note. Piñeyro mentions him only in the quotation from Larra. González-Blanco does not mention him at all.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. 1, p. 295; Oct. 1826.

If the following statement, made by Samuel Morse in 1833, be accurate, Spain was as late as Turkey and Persia, if not later, in discovering the novelist:

"I have visited, in Europe, many countries, and what I have asserted of the fame of Mr. Cooper I assert from personal knowledge. In every city of Europe that I visited the works of Cooper were conspicuously placed in the windows of every book shop. They are published as soon as he produces them in thirty-four different places in Europe. They have been seen by American travelers in the languages of Turkey and Persia, in Constantinople, in Egypt, at Jerusalem, at Ispahan."<sup>3</sup>

Seemingly Constantinople and Ispahan knew Cooper as soon as Madrid did, nor on any strict interpretation of the statement can the Spanish capital claim to be one of the thirty-four cities in which Cooper's novels were published as soon as he produced them, for the facts in regard to Cooper's first introduction to the Spanish public, so far as I have been able to ascertain them, are as follows:

The first of the novels to reach the Peninsula was *The Pilot*, which in *Diario de Avisos* of 10 April, 1832, was advertised as on the point of publication. In less than a month *The Last of the Mohicans* followed, and before the end of the year *The Prairie* and *The Pioneers* had been added to the series, while a second version of *The Mohicans* had appeared in Valencia almost simultaneously with the Madrid edition of that work. This supply seems to have satisfied the early demands for the works of Cooper, at least in book form, and during the seven years following 1832 I have found only one new translation, — a version of *The Bravo* issued at Barcelona in 1834. During the same period, however, other Spanish editions of all the novels above named were published in Paris, while of *The Mohicans* and *The Pilot* Portuguese versions also

<sup>3</sup> Lounsbury, T. R. : *James Fenimore Cooper*, pp. 76-77.

issued from French presses. It was not until 1839 that the publication at Madrid of *The Red Rover* inaugurated the heyday of Cooper's Spanish fame, which endured, so far as may be judged solely from bibliographical data, for almost exactly two decades from that date. But, since the earliest translations form a fairly distinct group, and since moreover they seem to have been the only ones to receive even the most futile of reviews, it may be more convenient to complete the discussion of them before taking up the later works.

All of these early versions were quite shamelessly taken from French translations. There is small reason to suppose that these French translations were the work of a Baudelaire, while the value of the Spanish may be deduced pretty accurately from the satire of Larra, who in the third number of *El Pobrecito hablador*<sup>4</sup> represents "a well-known author who is a man of merit" as saying:

"I have arranged with a bookseller to translate from French into Spanish Walter Scott's novels, which were originally written in English, and some of Cooper's which talk about naval affairs, and it's stuff I don't understand a word of. I get twelve *reals* (about sixty-three cents) per printed sheet, and the days I don't translate I don't eat."

It is seldom safe to take satire at full face value, but in the present case, as we shall see from the reviews, there seems to be no reason to doubt that the versions were of the quality implied by Larra's gibe.

The advertisement of *The Pilot* in *Diario de Avisos* is accompanied by the following "blurb," which shows that the self-recommendations of publishers are scarcely the modern American vice that some critics affect to believe:

"*The Pilot*, like the other works of this modern Anglo-American author, . . . is of an entirely original and un-

<sup>4</sup> Madrid, Sept. 1832; p. 7. Part of the passage is quoted by Piñeyro, *op. cit.*



known sort. The author takes for the basis of all of them notable events relating to the history and antiquities of the New World, the principal characters whom he places on his stage being likewise real. With these data, and guided by his brilliant imagination, he has traced pictures, as simple as they are at the same time sublime and exact, which cannot fail to stir the curiosity and interest of every class of reader. The publisher of this work flatters himself that the public will thank him for his publication, the more so as the diversion and recreation of interesting reading are combined with the least possible cost.”<sup>5</sup> The “least possible cost” was twenty-four *reals*, or about \$1.25, which, though much less than the prices that Sir Walter Scott received for his novels in Great Britain, seems almost extortionate in comparison with the present prices of such books in Spain.

This novel was reviewed in *Cartas españolas*,<sup>6</sup> and from the title as there given we learn that the first volume was translated by D. Vicente Pagasartundua and the second by D. Manuel Bazo. The review says:

“. . . The fact is that the fondness for reading is increasing from day to day to such an extent in all classes of society that it would be useless and indeed dangerous not to supply this appetite with food: we say dangerous because the curiosity already awakened, not finding well-chosen reading at hand, will seek to satisfy itself with what is most imperfect in literature and least beneficial to morals. The purity which rules in all the productions of the Scotsman as well as of the American, and the mild sentiments which they inspire, are so superlative a merit in our eyes that we can do no less than applaud whatever undertakings are now under way in Spain . . . whose purpose is the translation of both novelists. Aside from the moral and literary utility which may result, these collections

<sup>5</sup> *Diario de Avisos*, 10 April, 1832.

<sup>6</sup> 10 May, 1832; vol. 5, p. 163.



cannot but be beneficial also to the progress of our typographical industry, since it is well known that today the book trade, and the activity which it gives to other subordinate branches of the public wealth, ought to count for a great deal in every civilized land. By conveniently furnishing to the public the writings which are so piquing the curiosity of book-lovers, the tribute which we daily pay to the French market is cut down, and thus our industry develops more and more. But in order that this object may be attained it is necessary that the translations be undertaken by a hand that will not entirely blot out the grace and strength of the author who is translated. The director of such enterprises, bearing in mind the single good translation which has been made of Scott, which is *Richard in Palestine* [sic], must not fail to insist that the translators approach as nearly as they can to this model. If the works of Cooper and of Scott were all presented to the public in translations of the type of *The Talisman* or *Richard in Palestine*, it is plain that so many copies of those writers would not be ordered from France, and on this point we shall not cease to agitate.

“*The Pilot* passes, and rightly, for one of the American author’s best novels, and, like everything original, it has served as a model for the numberless pictures which have been made of sailor customs and of the varied scenes which the mariner’s calling presents. The interest which the author is able to impart, not only to the *Pilot* but to the *Ariel* itself, the ship which he saves from the tempest and the shoals, cannot be conceived without beginning the novel; we say beginning, because after sampling the first line we are sure that no reader will lay aside the book until he has satisfied his curiosity. The scenes of the fight between the *Alert* and the *Ariel*, [of] the whale-fishing and the shipwreck, give Cooper the palm for this sort of writing, and the characters of Coffin, the *Pilot* and the amiable

women who share the whole action make him the rival of the Scottish writer.

"We could wish that the editor of the collection would present some novel translated in the style of, and on the same plan as, the one named above, since there is no doubt that it would thus please the public greatly. We shall conclude by saying that in future he should be careful to have all the volumes of a given novel translated by one hand, since unity is gratifying even in the tone in which any event is told or written. The laws of taste are universal in everything that is essential for the perfection of works of art."

It is clear that with the best intentions in the world the reviewer could do no other than admit that he had before him an extremely bad translation, and it is also clear that he was concerned less with Cooper's value as literature than with his probable effect on Spanish morals, and still more on the Spanish printing trade. The jealousy of French influence here revealed is characteristic of a good deal of Spanish criticism throughout the nineteenth century, but the criticism seems to have been quite ineffective, since at the present time (1915) the only publisher who carries in stock even a partially complete set of Cooper in Spanish is a Parisian.

*The Last of the Mohicans* followed the same path as *The Pilot*. The advertisement<sup>7</sup> says that its interest is "so individual that there is nothing which resembles it except Chateaubriand's *Atala* and *The Natchez*. . . . The customs of the American savages are described with the greatest elegance and the most charming simplicity. Their wars, their incredible sagacity, the generosity with which they sacrifice themselves for the persons who have trusted them, the settlers who are brought on the stage, the perilous situations in which they find themselves, and finally

<sup>7</sup> *Diario de Avisos*, 17 May, 1832.

the dénouement, all provide coloring and contrasts so seductive that the reader will not be able to rest until he has finished the book." It further explains that this work is only one of a series of three dealing with the same hero in different stages of his existence. The advertisement of the second volume<sup>8</sup> — the novel, by the way, was translated throughout by one man — states that the reception of the work has been so gratifying that the publisher has decided to add, without extra charge, a fine picture to each volume. *The Mohicans* was reviewed, somewhat more briefly than its predecessor, in *Cartas españolas*:<sup>9</sup>

"... Since novelty is the gift that most pleases the imagination, it is certain that few things can more powerfully stir novel-readers than the presentation to them of the scenes of wild Nature, now modified and again opposed by the ceaseless invasions of civilization in those countries. . . . A voluptuous feeling of noble sensibility is awakened by the spectacle of a hunter who, abandoning the conveniences of civilization, becomes the foster-son of the forests and the friend and confidant of the Indians, at the same time calmly risking his life a thousand times to help all the dwellers in civilization who by one or another disastrous chance find themselves in distress in the plains and wildernesses of the Delawuare [sic] and the Mississippi. The character of the hunter has all the powerful traits of a Patriarch and all the mildness of a Mr. Bott.<sup>10</sup> Aside from the general interest of the whole [story], the novel is particularly interesting by reason of the lamentable end of an interesting woman, Cora, and of a young savage, the last remnant of the chief family of the Mohicans. The plot of the novel is very simple, since it consists merely in [the fact that] an Indian called Maqua swears to avenge himself for a certain injury which he received from a Scotch

<sup>8</sup> *Diario de Avisos*, 8 June, 1832.

<sup>9</sup> Vol. 6, p. 61; 12 July, 1832.

<sup>10</sup> Identity unknown.

governor and to that end does not rest until he succeeds in leading astray in the wilderness the two daughters of the governor, Cora and Alice, whom he was guiding, in company with two other persons, . . . to the fort which their father commanded. It is in the first dangerous strait to which the vengeful Maqua reduces his little caravan that the hunter, the young Uncas and the latter's father appear on the scene to save Maqua's victims from death or captivity, and thenceforth the novel is merely the tale of [Maqua's] efforts to satisfy his revenge and of the means employed by the hunter and young Uncas to free the two interesting sisters from such a horror. This contest of strength and craft greatly enchants the reader through the manner in which the author depicts the exquisite instinct of the savages, through the perfection he gives to his pictures and episodes, and through the details which he relates of the mode of life of those cruel and wandering tribes. As so frequently happens, virtue in this novel does not triumph, and the ferocious Maqua is able to see Cora die, though not to enjoy her, and with his own hand to destroy the life of the unfortunate Uncas when the latter had almost achieved the rescue of the beautiful girl. Few books can be read with so much pleasure as this one, which has the added advantage of being much better translated than a great many others."

To comment on this critique would be to gild refined gold. I have quoted these two reviews almost at full length because they are not only the earliest expression of Spanish judgment on Cooper but also the only reviews, early or late, that I have found. Henceforward Cooper's fame must have advanced almost wholly underground.

That it did advance is evident from the quantity of translations that appeared during the fifth and sixth decades of the century, and from the publication in magazines of two or three biographical articles. To these I shall



return after summing up methods of publication and the remainder of the bibliographical material.

As we have already seen, there was a lull in the publication of Cooper in Spain after the first enthusiasm had passed, though several new editions were issued by Parisian firms. The revival of Peninsular publication may be said to begin with a translation of *The Red Rover*, issued during 1839-40 in eight monthly sections which ultimately were combined to form four small volumes. In the next year (1841) *The Spy*, *The Headsman* and *Mercedes of Castile* were translated, and from this date until the beginning of the sixties the issues were frequent. Leaving aside new versions and new editions of most of the works that had appeared earlier, we find *Lionel Lincoln* translated in 1842, *Wish-ton-wish* in 1852 (a version had been published in Paris in 1836), *Precaution* in 1853 and again in 1861, *Afloat and Ashore* in 1858, and *The Water-Witch* in 1859. The list was augmented in 1882 by *The Two Admirals* in a rendering by Patricio Montojo y Pasaron, then a captain in the navy and sixteen years later commander of the Spanish fleet at the Battle of Manila Bay. To this work we shall return later. At the present day translations of nineteen of the novels are offered by a Parisian firm and two or three are to be had of Spanish publishers. The Parisian list includes eight of which I have found no record elsewhere — *The Pathfinder*, *The Monikins*, *The Chain-bearer*, *Eve Effingham* [*Home as Found*], *Wyandotte*, *The Redskins*, *The Crater* and *Satanstoe* — while of works published elsewhere it omits *The Prairie* and *The Red Rover*, though it includes *Precaution* and *Lionel Lincoln*.

In all probability, however, the selection of novels published in book form represents only a part of the total number translated, for one of the most popular and important features of every Spanish, as of every French, newspaper during the nineteenth century was the *folletín* or

feuilleton, which was most commonly filled with an installment of a novel. The number of novels consumed by this form of publication is very large, amounting to anywhere from six to twelve a year for each paper. It is certain that several of Cooper's were published in this way, and it is entirely possible that every one which was translated into French was thence conveyed into some Spanish folletín. *The Sea-Lions*, for instance, appeared in *La Esperanza*, a Madrid paper, during September, 1856, but never reached publication in book form. The complete investigation of this phase of Cooper's Spanish career, involving as it would the examination month by month of the files of almost every newspaper published in the Peninsula between 1830 and 1860, I have not attempted.

A word or two, however, about the general conditions and methods of folletín publication may be of interest. The folletín usually occupied both sides of the lower fourth of one of the sheets of the paper. Frequently the type was set in page form, so that each folletín, detached and folded, would form a signature of a book of duodecimo or small octavo size. For this reason the files of newspapers are often found minus the folletín, and for this reason also the attempt to read a story in the files reveals a new exasperation added to those incident to all serial publication, — namely, the difficulty of finding the consecutive pages. The novels published in this way might be either original work of Spanish authors or translations. If the latter, they were almost always from French sources. As we have seen, even Scott crossed the Pyrenees instead of taking the direct sea-route to Spain, and his fame and Cooper's was at last eclipsed by the work of the French romantics, Dumas, Sue, de Kock, George Sand, and others of less renown. In connection with Dumas we gain a little light on the methods of Spanish editors in gathering their material. *The Queen's Necklace* had been running in the folletín of



*La Patria* of Madrid, but a note by the editor<sup>11</sup> explains that it became necessary to suspend publication of the story because it had ceased to appear in the *Presse* of Paris, whence *La Patria* had day by day been taking it.

Before quitting the bibliographical phase of the Cooper translations it may be interesting to consider an extreme example of the liberties which Spanish editors and translators have felt privileged to take with his works. A version of *The Red Rover* was published at Barcelona in 1893 as one of a series which includes *Evangeline*, *Miles Standish*, Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, some of Tolstoi's shorter works, and other things of less consequence, and which is announced as a collection wherein the reader "will find without exception the most scrupulous morality; at times gay and festive, at others grave and sententious, at still others instructive, always faultless in substance and form."

The first thing that one notices about *El Corsario Rojo* is its size, — a duodecimo of one hundred and forty-three pages, including numerous illustrations. Manifestly it is impossible that the whole of Cooper's novel should be contained in so small a space, and a rough computation reveals the fact that this translation contains less than 30,000 words, as against nearly 180,000 in the original. Thirty-two long chapters have been reduced to ten short ones. Closer examination shows that the first seven chapters of the translation represent the corresponding chapters of the original, each reduced to less than half its proper length. Chapters eight to nineteen of the original are omitted, being represented only by a brief paragraph of summary at the head of chapter eight of the translation. The remaining thirteen chapters of the English are compressed into three. In short, all the flesh and a good many of the bones of the tale as Cooper wrote it have been discarded.

<sup>11</sup> No. 160; 8 July, 1849.

As with nearly all Spanish distortions of works originally written in English, we are here faced by the possibility that the mutilation of the novel may have been the work of a French translator whom the Spaniard is merely copying. The fact that "dusky S'ip" (addressed to the negro, Scipio) is rendered "Noiraud" would seem to point to a French version intervening between the Spanish and the English. More uncertain is the origin of the remarkable mistranslation of the passage in the fourth chapter which mentions Henlopen and the Gulf Stream, which in the Spanish reads:

"Y la terrible Puerta del Infierno, con sus bancos de arena y sus escollos por una parte, y de otra el Abismo!"

The misunderstanding that has rendered "Gulf" by "Abismo" is obvious, but "Puerta del Infierno" is explicable only on the theory that Henlopen has been misprinted or misread Hell-open. A characteristically inaccurate note to the first chapter avers that the Plains of Abraham are a "plain situated near Newport."

It has already been mentioned that Cooper's Spanish fame was, if not precisely underground, at any rate rarely noticed on the surface. Save on his earliest appearance his works seem never to have been honored by even the sketchiest of reviews, and other references to him are rare.

The earliest evidence of interest in him which I have found, aside from the reviews already quoted, is in that notable magazine *El Artista*,<sup>12</sup> where José Zorrilla y Moral heads a romantic tale with this striking quotation from Cooper: "No temáis nada, la vida no le falta todavía." (Don't be frightened, he's not dead yet). This single quotation, the result of an eighteen-year-old boy's desire to show off his wide reading, is the only instance of the sort I have found.

<sup>12</sup> 1835; vol. 2, p. 103. Zorrilla was born in 1817 and died in 1893.

The next magazine recognition of Cooper is of a more substantial nature. In its issue of 23 June, 1839, *El Guadalupe*, a Málaga publication which lived only forty-four weeks, printed, under the general caption of "Biografía extranjera," a short account of the life and works of Cooper, accompanying the article by a good full-page lithograph of the novelist and heading it with a quotation from Moore. The article opens with a conventional comment on the mercantile greatness and pure democracy of the United States, which is represented, in contrast to the Old World in general and Spain in particular, as a sort of Arcadia or Utopia where intolerance and oppression are unknown, and "where even prostitution retains a remnant of modesty." This flowery prolog introduces a brief biography which is stated to be drawn from the materials in the "Galería de hombres célebres americanos," and which is not altogether accurate; Cooper's birthplace, for instance, is given as Bordentown instead of Burlington. The only critical opinion which is ventured concerns the sea-pictures and sea-characters of the novels, which are said to be as far superior to Smollett's as Smollett's are to all earlier or contemporary achievements of the sort.

The next comment on Cooper occurs in Enrique Gil's review of Vail's work<sup>13</sup> where, in mentioning American novelists, the critic says:

"Washington Irving is sufficiently known to be passed over briefly; but the scenes and adventures of maritime life have received from the pen of Fenimore Cooper so varied and stirring a color and a countenance so original that he may rightly be considered the discoverer and father of this literary type. *The Pirate* [sic], *The Red Rover*, *The Pilot* and the greater part of his works are for his country a source of glory and pride, and because of their truth, simplicity and good taste will always be quoted as

<sup>13</sup> See *ante*, chapter II, note 22.

models of good narrative and lively interest. We find no author who equals him in maritime affairs. No less talent and descriptive skill has he displayed in the scenes of his *Pioneers*, wherein he gives so life-like a portrayal of the forests of the New World, of their native inhabitants, and of the sublime spectacle of their wild and lonely nature. There is nothing remarkable in this easy transition, since all sentiment flows from one source, and whatever land it waters it will fill with flowers."

Summing up his conclusions in regard to American literature in 1841, Gil decides that, though it has many merits, comparison with the literatures of Europe shows that in no direction has it yet produced work of superlative genius. "Cooper is the only one of their novelists who can be admitted to equality with Scott . . .; as a depicter of sentiment none has approached the brilliant gifts of Chateaubriand, and as poets Byron and Thomas Moore, Béranger and Manzoni would eclipse all the American bards." America's true representative he thinks is Fulton rather than any man of letters or philosopher, but the future of her literature will undoubtedly be brilliant.

Twelve years later, in 1853, another biographical and critical sketch of Cooper was published in another short-lived magazine. This was *El Universo pintoresco*, whose thirty-six numbers contained several interesting and important items relating to American literature.<sup>14</sup> In addition to the article on Cooper, which is illustrated with a wretched wood-cut portrait, the magazine published several selections from Cooper's volumes of travels in Europe, — works which, I think, have not been subjected to excessive translation into any language. The criticism begins quite according to Hoyle:

"Fenimore Cooper has long been known as the American Walter Scott; but, although the form of his novels is similar

<sup>14</sup> See *post*, Hawthorne.

to that of the Scotch author, his choice of dramatis personae, his remarkable characters [and] the novelty of his portraits place him in the first rank of original and creative writers . . .” A few biographical details follow, and then the critic continues: “[*The Spy*] revealed talent of the first order and a rare elevation of ideas. Despite the heaviness of some of its dialogs it is a work of great interest and contains sublime scenes. Love of country has never been depicted with such vigor as in the story of the humble pedlar, Harvey Bitch [sic], so resigned in life and in death, so glorious in dishonor, so noble in his humility. This novel, like *Lionel Lincoln* and the *Letters on the Customs and Institutions of the United States*, reveals patriotic sentiments which are an honor to their author and which have contributed much to the good esteem in which he is held by his compatriots.”<sup>15</sup>

“Cooper’s works,” the article continues, “may be divided into several classes: maritime novels . . . ; American novels . . . ; and European novels. . . . When he depicts the customs of his own country, when he describes the struggle between civilization and savagery, when he leads us through the virgin forests of the United States, he is truly great as a narrator and as a descriptive poet. *The Last of the Mohicans* is a masterpiece which has become a classic in every language of Europe, though usually the translations fall far short of the original in exactness and elegance. For the simplicity and interest of its action this novel may be compared with Daniel Defoe’s. These are works which have been popular from the very day of their publication, which are read and appreciated by every class, and which are transmitted as imperishable monuments to future generations. . . .”

More extensive and important than any of the notices so far quoted is the article in *Revista de España*<sup>16</sup> which

<sup>15</sup> This sounds ironical, but cannot have been so intended.

<sup>16</sup> April, 1879; vol. 67, pp. 457 ff.



under the title *North American Literature in Europe* discusses Cooper, Mrs. Stowe and Poe. The article is signed by Rafael M. de Labra, "a Cuban lawyer and journalist, born in Havana in 1840; one of the champions of the abolition of slavery and of the independence of his country."<sup>17</sup> He was the founder of the *Revista hispano-americana*, an excellent magazine, published in Madrid in the sixties, to which we shall have occasion to refer again in connection with Poe. An extraordinary thing about the article which we are preparing to consider is that its extensive introduction and the section dealing with Poe originally appeared in the last-named review over the signature of one Juan Prieto. The Cooper and Stowe sections, however, were there represented only by brief paragraphs, and may therefore be assumed to be of Labra's own composition.

"Neither the present generation," he says, "which knows by heart the novels of Dumas the younger and the entertaining works of Alphonse Karr, nor that earlier one which grew up with *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *The Mysteries of Paris*, the griefs of *Père Goriot* and the passions of *Indiana*, will be able to remember the days, already remote, when the Spanish press used to fill its folletines with the maritime novels of Fenimore Cooper, alternating with the celebrated descriptions and famous tales of Walter Scott. The vogue of the Scottish novelist and the American writer, whose likenesses are evident and of whom comparative studies have so often been made, was extraordinary about 1840, and for a long time the influence of both writers made itself felt in the whole of Continental Europe, and, in our Spain, caused the appearance of a succession of novelists and a list of *mountain and sea*, historical and tragic novels, which for the good of literature and even for the honor of their country were so devoured by the romantic

<sup>17</sup> *Pequeño Larousse ilustrado*.



fury of the contemporaries of *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *The Pilot* that there now remains not a trace of them in those famous shops in la Trinidad and the Calle de San Ricardo where we all buy *The Life of a Gambler* and *Tempests of the Heart*.<sup>18</sup>

"Strictly speaking, Walter Scott and Fenimore Cooper belong to the same school, although the former, by reason both of his priority in time and of the beauty of his style, is considered the master, while the latter claims the superior merit in vivid coloring and exactness of description. . . ." Labra here enlarges upon the difference in the fields chosen by the two novelists, Scott preferring the Middle Ages while Cooper devoted himself to the sea and to the wild life of the primitive forests. These pictures of wild and unfettered existence he thinks appealed so strongly to the people of nineteenth century Europe because their own lives were so settled and regular. He goes on to say:

"Cooper's European reputation, therefore, rests on this basis (i.e., on his portrayals of life under primitive conditions). Despite the fact that he has been translated into almost every known language, including the Oriental tongues, it is difficult to perceive that outside of America he has been regarded as anything more than a most skilful, perhaps an incomparable, painter of the scenes of maritime life and of the savage existence of the American Indians. *The Red Rover*, *The Sea-Lions*, *The Two Admirals*, *Afloat and Ashore*, *The Water Witch*, — these are the titles of the first group. The chief ones in the second are *The Deerslayer*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pioneers* and *The Prairie*.

"And yet, aside from these two groups, which are undoubtedly typical of Cooper and in which are found his two best works, there are others of no less importance, and

<sup>18</sup> I have not been able to identify these two French novels, whose titles in Spanish are *La vida de un jugador* and *Borrascas del corazón*.

of these one is of such consequence that if one lacks it he is ignorant of another of the most marked characteristics of the American writer. I have already said that Scott's favorite (almost his only) period was the Middle Ages. Well, Fenimore Cooper's period is his own, the period of the revolt of the thirteen colonies in 1776, the period of the creation of the North American republic. All his novels (strictly speaking, the great majority of them) deal with this period; his characters (concealed under various names) are the characters of the Revolution; he always treats the life of the Indians in its relation to the origins and development of North American society, and his most famous maritime descriptions are always concerned with some enterprise of the nascent commonwealth. From this aspect he is a truly national writer, as are today Erckmann-Chatrian in France and as today my friend Pérez Galdós, whom I admire for so many reasons, may claim to be among ourselves.

"Typical, from this point of view, is *The Spy*, . . . published in 1821, which first drew public attention to Cooper, who was then thirty-two years old and who had earlier in the same year<sup>19</sup> written another novel (his first), entitled *Precaution*, which is now scarcely known. . . . [*The Spy*] tells, in the main, the dramatic adventures and terrible griefs of an honorable man who through patriotism resolves to assume the hateful burden of a spy, during the War of Independence, in support of the nascent republic, whose beginnings and whose Fathers (especially Washington) are described by a master hand beside the interesting figure of Harvey Birch (the most dramatic of all Cooper's creations, a critic says) who sacrifices for his country not only his life but his honor. Of a similar type are *Lionel Lincoln* (1827)<sup>20</sup> and *The Puritans*.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>19</sup> An error. *Precaution* was published in 1820.

<sup>20</sup> 1825.

<sup>21</sup> i.e., *Wish-ton-wish*.

“But the patriotic or national spirit (call it what you will) is likewise seen in all his other novels, even when their principal purpose is not the narration of an event of that sort. For instance, in *The Pilot* (considered the equal of *The Last of the Mohicans*, the two works being held to be Cooper’s best), although the whole interest is centered in those two mysterious barks which come to the foot of Westminster [sic] to put themselves under the orders of a silent and unknown pilot . . ., the reader cannot but realize that the basis of this adventure is an historical fact and that the pilot, as mysterious as he is brave and magnanimous, is none other than the Scotsman Paul Jones, devoted to the service of the American rebels during their war of independence.

“Less obvious, but no less certain, is this feeling in the wilderness novels (let us thus describe them) of Cooper. These, or the chief ones at least, form a true series, in such manner that the heroes are usually the same, and ordinarily Indians . . .” Here follows a list of the Leatherstocking tales, with Bumpo’s title in each. “The action extends from 1750 to the opening years of the present century. . . . Its scene is the vast and now densely populated region which is bounded by the Atlantic, the Potomac and the eastern slope of the Apataches [sic] and its subject is the progress of colonization, the difficulties of the colonists, the misfortunes of the Indians and at times their desperation on realizing the progress of the invasion, the charms of the wilderness life, the shifting luck of the hunter’s existence, the secrets of the forest, the splendid spectacles of Nature, her struggle with civilization, etc., etc. [sic]. Thus, though at first glance we may not see here the patriotic interest of *The Spy* or even of *The Pilot*, it is in the end not difficult to refer the whole subject-matter of these wilderness novels to the general interest which is contained in the civilizing undertakings of British colonization and in the

development in America of the great republic of Washington and Jefferson. . . .

"There is still a fourth group of Cooper's novels, all but unknown to the mass of European readers, and this precisely because, in contrast to almost all the productive American's works, their subject is the life of the Old World. I refer to the political novels; namely, *La Bruja de las fuentes*,<sup>22</sup> *The Bravo*, *The Heidenmauer* [and] *The Headsman*, . . . wherein the author, seeking his inspiration in the revolutionary democracy of Europe and choosing various subjects from the history of Italy and Germany, endeavors to stir up the masses against the old aristocracies. Outside his natural sphere, Cooper in these novels achieved no great success. . . .

"Moreover, the American writer has, besides all the works mentioned (and I have purposely named only those which are generally known on this side of the Atlantic), others of a different type, which maintain the literary value and the intellectual significance of Cooper's name . . ." Here follows a brief mention of *Gleanings in Europe* and the *History of the Navy*, so devoid of real criticism as to lead one to suspect that the writer's knowledge of the works has been gained at second hand. The article closes with a biographical sketch, for, says the critic, "Cooper was one of those writers whose works are an enlarged and improved translation of the impressions and experiences of their lives."

Aside from this fairly solid and satisfactory article of Labra's the only fragment of general criticism of Cooper which I have found is the article on him in the *Enciclopedia universal ilustrada europeo-americana* now in course of publication by the Barcelona firm of Espasa. This article, after outlining the novelist's life, continues:

<sup>22</sup> Presumably *The Water-Witch*, which the critic obviously has not read.

“Cooper was undoubtedly one of the most popular authors of the past century. His novels have been translated into almost every language of Europe and into several of those of Asia, and even at the present day are reprinted and read with interest. We do not consider greatly exaggerated the title of *the American Scott* which his compatriots give him, granting the important differences that exist between the two authors. It is certain that, jointly with Washington Irving and perhaps to a greater degree than he, [Cooper] was one of the founders of American literature, since everything in his works breathes Americanism, — descriptions, inspiration, thoughts, feelings and characters. Though his descriptions are sometimes cold and prolix they are admirably drawn, as when he paints the woods, the immense rolling plains and the sea, bringing out the grandeur of the virgin forests, the poetic silence of the prairies and of the mysterious lakes, and the admirably depicted characters of the persons who inhabit those regions. Some critics find fault with him for having painted in his works imaginary Indians much more beautiful and generous than they are in real life, a criticism to which he replied by saying that he sought to depict the American Indian in the most elevated state of his moral life, in his existence as a being possessed of a conscience and a soul, and not as he was seen in negotiations with the agents of the federal government, matching his cleverness against theirs and giving free rein to his savage passions. We cannot deny to his works the influence which they exerted in Europe, where they were a revelation of the life and charm of the New World and where they did a great deal to encourage emigration, in Germany as well as in England.”

Of testimony as to the effect of Cooper on his Spanish readers I have found but one instance, if indeed it can fairly be placed under this head.



The single translation of Cooper which can be said with certainty to have been inspired by something more than the daily needs of a Grub Street hack is the version, already mentioned, of *The Two Admirals* which was made by that Captain Patricio Montojo who later, when he had himself risen to the rank of Admiral, suffered defeat at the Battle of Manila Bay. The Captain was first attracted to Cooper's work by the skill with which naval affairs are handled in it. In the brief prolog to his translation he says that "few writers have handled the pen more surely than the author of the present novel in the description of naval affairs. Naturally upright, little given to the extraordinary, and scrupulously moral, he paints the scenes of maritime life with uncommon truth and exactness, and even though he allows to appear in all his works his love for his country he does not therefore depreciate other nations in order to exalt the United States of America." The motive that led to the undertaking of the translation was, however, "the fact that the relations of England with her American colonies at the end of the last century offer a certain analogy with those now existing between Spain and her trans-Atlantic provinces." The rendering is made with care and intelligence, and many footnotes explain difficulties of translation, naval technicalities and, occasionally, errors into which Cooper has fallen. Thus a note, to the scene in the twenty-fourth chapter where Wycherly explains the method of signaling, says that "in all this there is very little verisimilitude, since no commissioned officer, nor even a marine connected with the service, could be ignorant of so common a detail. One notes in the author a desire to make his hero conspicuous even in the most insignificant things." As a painstaking piece of work Captain Montojo's is unique among Spanish versions of Cooper.

## CHAPTER IV

EDGAR ALLAN POE

OF all the American writers whose works have reached Spain Poe is probably the most significant. Though in mere number of translations he is surpassed by Cooper, he has received far more respectful treatment than has ever been accorded to the older man, and from the time of his first introduction to the present day the Spaniards have shown a persistent and steadily increasing interest in his work. Nevertheless there is a curious incompleteness about Spanish knowledge of Poe. As a poet he was scarcely known before the beginning of the present century, and there has never been a complete Spanish edition of even the short stories. Certain tales have been translated again and again, while others have been wholly, or almost wholly, ignored. To be sure, the tales selected for translation are usually the best, but one would think that more than half a century of acquaintance with Poe might have resulted in a rendering at any rate as nearly complete as that of Baudelaire, especially as the Frenchman's work has been, throughout the whole period, the main source of Spanish information about Poe's life as well as the basis of most Peninsular versions of the tales.

To Baudelaire Poe probably owes the respect that has been paid him in Spain, as he certainly owes his popularity. He does not, however, owe to the Frenchman his first appearance in the Spanish press, — an appearance strangely like his first introduction to the Parisian public,<sup>1</sup> though simultaneous theft of the same story by two periodicals was too extraordinary a coincidence to be repeated, and the

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, chapter I.

Spanish case therefore failed to attain publicity. Poe's début was made anonymously.

It occurred in the second number (15 February, 1857) of *El Museo universal*, the predecessor of the present *Ilustración española y americana*.<sup>2</sup> In that number the magazine printed a story called *La semana de los tres domingos*, which proves on examination to be Poe's *Three Sundays in a Week* removed to a Spanish setting. Rumgudgeon has become Raimundo, Captain Pratt is Capitán Martínez, Captain Smitherton is Capitán Carvajal, and all references to Dr. Dubble L. Dee are deleted. With these exceptions it follows the original word for word, even to the fantastic series of vowels by which Poe sought humorously to represent excessive forced laughter. Since the tale is not included in Baudelaire's version it must have been translated directly from the English, as indeed the closeness of the rendering would prove in any case. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the affair is that anyone should have thought the tale worth stealing.

This anonymous rendering was, however, little more than an accident. Poe's real introduction into Spain belongs to the following year, and we are fortunate in possessing, in an essay on Poe by Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, the famous novelist, a full account of how it came about.<sup>3</sup> The essay is in the form of an epistle to a friend and is dated 1858. Its author was then aged about twenty-five, — a circumstance which perhaps explains his high-handed treatment of facts in his sketch of Poe's life.

A few months prior to the date of his essay, Alarcón tells us, a dozen or so copies of Baudelaire's *Histoires extraordinaires* had reached Madrid. At once they created an

<sup>2</sup> *El Museo universal*, vol. 1, p. 22.

<sup>3</sup> *Edgard Allan Poe*, in Alarcón: *Juicios literarios y artísticos*, Madrid, 1883. Presumably the essay originally appeared in some newspaper or magazine in 1858, but I have not succeeded in tracing it.

immense sensation. Fashionable people passed them from hand to hand and could talk of nothing else. "Those who cannot read French were in despair at not being able to take a hand in the game," and such was the apparent demand that two Spanish versions of the tales were shortly to be published, one in Barcelona and the other in Madrid. The purpose of the present essay, Alarcón continues, is to explain what manner of man Poe was and what is the significance of his work, "so that you may know what you are buying, . . . if perchance it occurs to you to spend money in obtaining them (the tales), although the best way would be to find someone who will lend them to you, . . . after the manner of true natives of the Peninsula." As the first step in the interpretation of the American genius Alarcón now proceeds to give a biographical sketch, drawn chiefly from Baudelaire and his own imagination.

"Edgar Poe," he says, "is the Lord Byron of North America, as much by the character of his work as by the principal events of his life," and he expresses surprise that none of the American's biographers has noted this parallel, which he develops at length, its weakness being that many of the "facts" adduced are false and none of them important. "Both were orphans (since to my mind Byron's mother never deserved that sacred name); handsome, haughty and restless from boyhood, they both brought disturbance into the schools and colleges which they attended, being noted for their love for gymnastic exercises, for solitude and for disorder." Both, he continues, visited Scotland in their childhood and traversed the Orient in their youth. Byron died in the service of Grecian liberty, and Poe wished to. Both were good swimmers — "the author of *Manfred* swam the Hellespont like Leander; the author of *Eureka* triumphed over everyone in a regatta on Lake Ohio [sic]." Sexual intemperance discredited the Englishman, alcoholic intemperance the American. "Skeptics,

dreamers, nomads, adventurers, at odds with the laws and customs of their respective countries, they both were targets for the wrath of their compatriots, stirring hate and persecution and having more than once to flee to remote regions in search of a friend who would stretch them a hand, of a hand's-breadth of earth which would uphold them, of a public which would not be hostile to them. We see them alternate between opulence and ruin, the chief ornament of salons, and in constant fear of the police; leading monastic lives, and within a week falling into the utmost excesses and dissipations; charming the public with their writings, and horrifying it with their scandals; assailed by the critics and applauded by the masses; and, finally, we see that the English bard died at the age of thirty-six and the American at thirty-seven, death being for each of them a rehabilitation, a triumph, an apotheosis. . . . In the one case as in the other, national grief choked the voice of criticism, and in the funereal gloom of their quenched existences their inspired and inimitable works shone forth luminous and imperishable."

Having drawn this extraordinary parallel, Alarcón goes on with a more consecutive discussion of Poe's life, still following Baudelaire and his own imagination. In giving Baltimore and 1813 as the place and date of Poe's birth he is following Baudelaire; in stating that the poet came of "a noble and very wealthy family, but [that] nevertheless his parents, being light-hearted spendthrifts, had in time to join a company of traveling actors" he is adding details of his own; and when he goes on to say that Poe had "traversed all regions from St. Petersburg to Cape Horn, from Jerusalem to the lands of the Eskimo, being able to say that all earth was his native land," the imaginative element is still more marked. We are further told that Poe was noted throughout America for his extraordinary beauty, and was at times the idol of the best



society of New York and Philadelphia. I cite these details as being fairly representative of Spanish knowledge of Poe's life, up to the beginning of the twentieth century. He has always been to the Spaniards a romantic hero, in whose career the mythical flight to Petrograd is one of the most salient and characteristic events. Even the *Diccionario enciclopédico hispano-americano* repeats this and other fables and gives the date of his birth as 1811.

Having outlined Poe's life, Alarcón passes on to an estimate of his work:

"The author of the marvelous novel *The Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym* . . . is a sort of literary theorist who has formed an esthetic system which is entirely his own and who seeks *the beautiful* by a road different from that of other writers ancient and modern.

"I think that he ought to be classified among the fantastic poets, it being granted that he establishes his creation far from the real world, and sets out to excite and startle the minds of his readers; but it must be noted that his fantasy seeks the impossible outside of the regions already visited by the faith of mystics, by the inventions of imposters or by the imaginations of poets.

"Up to the present we have seen . . . other fantastic poets who, to startle and terrify their readers, have invaded the real realms of Death or the gloomy field of diseased imaginations, peopled by corpses and apparitions, by souls in torment and by blood-smeared specters. This kind of poetry is the child of the Middle Ages, of religious faith and barbarism . . . and forms a part of the *Catholic mythology*, understanding by that phrase the purely imaginative tales which old women tell . . . of a winter evening . . . to put the children to sleep. . . . Wizards, witches, reanimated bodies, black cats, temptations by the devil . . . furnish material for a thousand tales and legends which we have all heard in our youth and which were finally to be asso-

ciated with ancient mythology and modern philosophy in . . . *Faust*.

"Very well, then: Edgar Poe is not at all of that type; he takes neither the heart nor the imagination for his scene; he is not a dreamer or a mystic; he is a naturalist, a sage, a mathematician. I mean that his battle-field is the intelligence; that which has been in all ages the shield, defense and arm of truth, which has always sufficed to combat every sort of phantasm; the touchstone of idolatry and fear; . . . *reason*, to name it once for all, . . . was the support which the Anglo-American poet sought in order to prove the impossible, the extraordinary, the extranatural, the improbable.

"An unusual undertaking! To be a rationalist and aspire to the fantastic! — Poe triumphed, and this is his glory. His works are a continual *petitio principii*, a skilful application of the most refined paralogism, a simultaneous *being and not being* whose absurdity is not discovered by reason, a constant proof of the power of the human intelligence, but an implicit attack on that same intelligence, so easily surprised by the unrealizable and persuaded by the inconceivable.

"Starting from what is commonplace and taken for granted, relying on what is ordinary in the physical and mathematical sciences, with which he was thoroughly familiar, taking on the one hand some forgotten chimera of the astrologer or the alchemist and on the other the most unrealizable aspiration of the electrician or the mechanician, slurring the accessories and passing lightly over the principle, Poe makes us believe that he has been to the moon and to the Pole, that he has flown, that a mummy spoke five thousand years after it was embalmed, that a pin can be found at the bottom of the sea, that a shipwrecked man can enter the Maelstrom and emerge from it unscathed, that corpses retain self-consciousness! . . . To this end

he employs, along with a humor superior to Heine's, the technicalities of all the sciences and the charlatanry of all the utopias; he makes substantial all that has been dreamed and attempted with the Voltaic cell; he appeals to chemistry, to medicine, to zoology, to all our incomplete and inexact knowledge; he transforms the experimental into the absolute, and seasons his paradoxical argumentation with technical language, with the liveliest of style, [and] with a rhetoric which is palpitant, persuasive, flexible, suited to every subject, now arid, now somber, always picturesque, and admirable for the exactness whereby it makes the reader think and feel precisely what the author intended and desired.

"This scientific poetry, this grotesque and arabesque literature (as he himself once called it, by way of signifying that its forms excluded all human resemblance), this eagerness for making the exceptional general, this phosphorescent light which illumines all his pictures, may be defined, or at least I define it, thus: The secret whereby Poe stirs us as he does, whereby with his most improbable tales he persuades us as he does, consists in a sort of juggling with ideas and words which dazzles and disconcerts the reader. Hence one deduces that he is a marvelous psychologist who sees by intuition — and this is explained by his high-strung existence — how one thinks, how one feels, how one believes and how one doubts; what is the mysterious concatenation of ideas; whence each sensation is born and where it is going to die, and how the intercourse of the physical and the moral, or the contact of the spirit with the body, takes place. . . .

"Even if the *Historias extraordinarias* were not a marvelous display of human intelligence, supremely interesting reading, literary work of great merit for method and style, and an exaggerated summary of man's conquest over Nature, nevertheless I would not hesitate to recommend them

to you as a means of awakening in poetic natures an affection for mathematics and the natural sciences. . . ."

With this recommendation Alarcón's study closes. Although a comparison with Baudelaire's preface to his first volume of translations somewhat damages any claims to originality which it might make, it is nevertheless not wholly unworthy either of its subject or its author.

Apparently the Barcelona edition of Poe which Alarcón mentions was never published, but the Madrid one duly appeared in 1858. The volume contains five tales by Poe and one by "Fernán Caballero," — a combination apparently intended to temper the exotic strangeness of Poe and make him more acceptable to Spanish readers. Two or three other early editions were thus arranged.

The first edition opens with "a word to the public" by Julio Nombela, announcing that the publishers design this work as the first of a series of translations of notable foreign works, and consider these tales of Poe's, "which are noteworthy for their originality as well as for the profound scientific knowledge revealed in every one of their interesting pages," an excellent volume wherewith to inaugurate the series. The author of the prolog is described as "an accomplished and industrious young man who unites superior critical endowments with his exceptional knowledge of foreign literatures."

The person thus flatteringly introduced is Dr. Nicasio Landa, of whom I have been able to learn nothing further. He begins his prolog with a rhetorical flourish of considerable length in which he declares that this is a work which does not have to ask favors of the public, since its position has long been assured. It is, he says, a work that is read with avidity by all classes; it is pleasure-reading which also instructs, scientific work which nevertheless gives enjoyment. It belongs to the oldest species and is at the same time entirely new. Its appeal is to one of the most

universal of human appetites, the desire for marvels. But the marvels of one generation may be the commonplaces of the next. In simpler times or among simpler classes the longing for the marvelous may easily be satisfied, but with sophisticated people in a sophisticated age the task is very difficult. Nevertheless Poe has accomplished this task in his tales, finding the extraordinary in the unexplored regions of science. Such is the immense verisimilitude of the stories that the reader at times surprises himself in the act of receiving a tale as a narrative of fact and has to make an effort to remind himself that it is fiction. In America *The Balloon Hoax* and in France *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar* were taken as literal truth, and the same thing would happen everywhere were the tales not clearly labeled as fiction. To his vast erudition Poe adds an imagination so rich as occasionally to lack proper restraint. "In short, Poe has been the first to exploit the marvelous in the field of science; his daring fancy has reared cloud castles and towers upon the granite foundations furnished him by physics and astronomy, so that one who gazes at them from below is lost in wonder at such grandeur, believing it real, until he sees it vanish at the breath of calm reflection. . . ."

"But," continues Landa, "not all of Poe's works belong to this type. It is undeniable that there exists in the human spirit one of those mysterious aberrations which no known law has succeeded in explaining: a tendency to seek pleasure in pain, excitement in danger. . . . Poe did not fail to speculate upon this singular psychological problem, and has attempted to explain it by supposing the *instinct of perversity* to be innate in man; that is to say, a base tendency which impels him imperiously and irresistibly to do evil, knowing it to be such, and for no reason save that he should not do it. . . ." This theory Landa vehemently rejects, as placing Satan almost on an equality with



God and reducing man to a mere machine. "We do not admit the explanation, but we do admit the fact; we admit that tendency to painful enjoyments, *aerumnabilem voluptatem*, which the spirit sometimes experiences. . . . Poe knew how to touch this string also, to carry the soul of his reader into unknown atmospheres, where one breathes another air and perceives new moral sensations, where one swims through an ocean of vague uneasiness and immense melancholy to that world of nervous diseases . . . whose extraordinary manifestations science is now studying. On reading the minute detail of the series of ideas which leads to the conception of a crime, on noting the powerful logic, the severe analysis to which Poe subjects psychological phenomena to which no one had ever given attention, on studying with him that pathology of the human mind in its strangest aberrations, one feels one's spirit overwhelmed by an atmosphere poisoned with epidemic miasmas, one shudders to contemplate that logic which, starting from a paradox, goes on from deduction to deduction convincing us of the absurd; one feels one's mind subjugated by the implacable fixity of that moral gaze, as glittering as that of a lidless eye. Reason walks, sure-footed and calm, as a somnambulist walks, along the slippery borders of delirium, judgment traverses the neutral and indeterminate tract which separates the exaltation of genius from the paroxysm of madness, and reasonable meditation is at times confused with inoffensive monomania. The characters whom he puts on the stage are in harmony with the abnormality of the world in which they live; Bedloe and Morella, Wilson and Ligeia, pass before our sight half opening the cloak of their mystery; all their faces bear the peculiar pallor of cancer; the slow fever which is consuming them gleams in their eyes; they pass, shaken with consumption, and breathe into our ears the phrases of the semi-delirium of their agony. *The Murders in the Rue*

*Morgue, The Purloined Letter, The Black Cat, The Domain of Arnheim* and, in short, the greater part of his tales, or rather episodes, belong to this class, less instructive but more disturbing than the class we first analyzed; to that unknown world of wild ideas and perceptions whose gates open only to the intoxicating emanations of opium, chloroform or hasheesh. . . .”

Landa’s account of Poe’s life is admittedly taken from Baudelaire, and offers little that needs comment. He takes exception to the Frenchman’s ascription of Poe’s unhappiness to the political and social organization of the United States, rather pertinently inquiring in what age or nation Poe could have been honored or happy. • “The origin of his unhappiness must be sought in the peculiar constitution of his own character and not in democracy.” He points out that although material interests and a positivistic tone preponderate in this country, there never was a land in which freedom of thought was permitted to carry itself to such extremes as here, and cites as illustrations the preachings of Mistress Bloummer [sic] and of those who call themselves *saints of last day* [sic].

Landa concludes his prolog by urging his readers to examine the tales and judge for themselves. He tells them not to be frightened by the title, for there is nothing in the book that will clash with their skeptical prejudices [sic]. “There is as much difference between Poe’s tales and tales of witchcraft as there is between . . . chemistry and alchemy. . . . Poe does not wear the robe of the necromancer but the frockcoat of M. Hume; . . . his scenes are lighted not by the sinister flare of the flames of Avernus but by the brilliant light produced by a Bunsen pile; . . . and those papers in his hand are not parchments covered with diabolical hieroglyphics but the latest hydrographic charts published by the Admiralty.” At the end Landa moralizes a little on the progress of humanity.

Perhaps our grandchildren will find *Hans Pfaal* too commonplace to be interesting and will wonder what we saw in it.

Of the value of these early translations, or indeed of any of the translations, there is not much to be said. Despite occasional grotesque blunders, most of the versions I have had the opportunity of examining are good journeyman work, adequate but seldom distinguished and never equal to Baudelaire's French version. The last-named work has been the immediate source of many of the Spanish translations, but so accurate is Baudelaire that it is often difficult to determine from internal evidence whether a given Spanish rendering is taken from the French or from the original English. The situation is further complicated by the fact that some of the Spanish translators seem to have worked with both Baudelaire and the original before them. In several versions of *The Gold Bug*, for instance, the general turn of the wording seems to point to the French as the source, but I have found no Spanish rendering that reproduces Baudelaire's blunder in turning Jupiter's *pale as a ghose'* (ghost) into *pâle comme une oie*. Usually it is correctly translated as *muerto* or *difunto*, though Manuel Cano y Cueto renders it *gamo* (deer). In passing it may be remarked that no Spanish version seems to have been used more than once. Every publisher who has undertaken an edition seems to have had his own translation made, presumably because it was cheaper than paying royalties.

Poe's success in Spain seems to have been immediate. In the two years following 1858 there appeared three separate collections of tales, and from that date to the present interest has persisted. The volumes vary in size from a small pamphlet containing one or two tales to a large and handsome octavo containing a dozen or more. During the first decade of his Spanish vogue a number of Poe's stories appeared also in various periodicals, at least one series of the tales being published in the folletín of

a newspaper, *Las Novedades*, before its issue between covers. Of the magazine appearances of individual stories two are of special interest.

Both are to be found in *El Mundo pintoresco*, a short-lived illustrated magazine published in Madrid from 1858 to 1860. The first item is signed by Vicente Barrantes, novelist and historian, and is entitled *El gato negro. Fantasía imitada de Edgardo Poe*. Imitation would seem to be an elastic word, for this is in fact Poe's tale retold without change other than the modification of some of the more gruesome details.<sup>4</sup> This adaptation elicited, about six months later,<sup>5</sup> a translation by Pedro de Prado y Torres, introduced by a paragraph of criticism and explanation. The writer says that having seen Barrantes' "imitation of the type [of tale] cultivated by Edgar Poe, the fantastic American who died last year [sic]" he had thought that readers might be interested in another composition of Poe's which he translates directly from the English, "without giving any guarantees or declaring [himself] to be convinced of the truthfulness of the supernatural scenes described in the narrative. . . . Poe," he continues, "should be read with some little reserve, for though he was able as a man of letters to win a distinguished position in his own country, he has yet sometimes given out as veracious narratives and adventures things that are in fact the products of his heated imagination, which was at times diseased and visionary. This type of literature is not cultivated in Spain, and we are glad that Sr. Barrantes has given us a sample, which he has modified a little to suit Spanish taste. . . ." Then follows a translation of *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar*, as to the literal truth of which the writer has cannily declined to commit himself.

The next important piece of criticism is the one already

<sup>4</sup> *El Mundo pintoresco*, 6 and 13 Nov., 1859.

<sup>5</sup> The same, 17 June, 1860.

mentioned <sup>6</sup> as appearing first in Labra's *Revista hispano-americana* over the signature of Juan Prieto and as being reprinted twelve years later with Labra's own name attached to it. The *Revista hispano-americana* displayed throughout its whole career an unusual amount of interest in American affairs. It published a series of articles on the government of the United States and another series on William Ellery Channing.<sup>7</sup>

Prieto opens his study of Poe <sup>8</sup> by remarking that properly to comprehend Poe one must read him in the original. This is the more necessary because the selections of tales thus far offered to the Spanish public are, he considers, ill-chosen, though no translation can conceal the startling originality, the power of analysis and the realistic vigor wherewith Poe interests and dominates his readers.

Poe, Prieto continues, has been the target for many censurers. Some have called him mad; others have attributed the inspiration of his works to gin rather than to the man himself; still others, reflecting upon the dark and violent background of all his pictures, have revived an ancient literary controversy on the place of the ugly and horrible in art. Some, again, maintain that Poe's works are problems in algebra rather than works of the imagination, while others assert that in his effort to give unity to his work he destroyed all the individuality of his characters and all conflict of passions or interests. But, however severely the critics may treat his work, they all recognize that he possessed extraordinary talents, and that he united imagination and great reasoning power with a truly wonderful knowledge of literature, of philosophy and of the mathematical sciences.

<sup>6</sup> See *ante*, pp. 47-48.

<sup>7</sup> *Rev. hisp.-amer.*, vol. 1, pp. 38, 151, 221; Nov., Dec. 1864, Jan. 1865.

<sup>8</sup> The same, vol. 6 (1867), p. 22.



In Europe, says the critic, Poe is known only as the author of original tales, but it must be remembered that his reputation depends wholly neither on "his *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, wherein the somber originality, the humor, the realistic taste and the descriptive power of the American are fully seen, nor on his lofty cosmogonic poem *Eureka*, nor on his more modest but always wonderful compositions in verse, like *The Gorbel* [sic], nor on his chaste novels (Poe's chastity is unique; I do not at the moment recall any of his works in which love plays any powerful part) *Ligeia*, *The Domain of Arnheim* and the famous *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*. Aside from all these Poe has written many works of criticism; . . . discourses upon various points of metaphysics and esthetics, delivered in some of those lectures so common in the United States and England; . . . very serious disquisitions upon the physical and mathematical sciences; . . . all these being works which prove [his] vast reading and sound talent. . . ." Nevertheless, Poe's place of honor in the intellectual advance of the United States is due to his purely literary achievements as tale-writer and poet, — the qualities, namely, whereby Europe has judged him.

Prieto disavows all intention of discussing the merits of the contradictory critical opinions cited in a previous paragraph, since those opinions, he contends, do not in the least affect his thesis, which is that "Poe is an original — perhaps a unique — and extraordinary writer. Everyone will understand the value of these qualities when he considers how rare is that species in our day; but the fact is of still greater importance when the United States is under discussion, for American men of letters are loudly accused of being imitators of the Old World. Current Brijant [sic] derives from Klopstok [sic]; Longfellow from Uhland; Irving from Addison; Melville from Rabelais or Swift; Cooper from Walter Scott; Emerson from Carlyle; Pres-

cott from Robertson; and thus, wisely or foolishly, people seek for many others some link with the writers of Europe. But Edgar Poe defies all research into his paternity; Poe is a truly original American writer.

"As for the absolute importance of his work," adds Prieto, "I am not far from agreeing with some of the criticisms already cited; but the weakness of this criticism is apparent the moment we recognize that Poe's work, being his own, could not be otherwise than it is. His faults are not careless ones, not errors capable of correction by the author himself: he might have rewritten his compositions a hundred times, and a hundred times they would have been the same, for Poe's work is Poe himself. . . ." Its extravagance, its gloom, its mathematical method, might indeed be changed, but the remainder would no longer be Poe. "You may say that this type of literature is unhealthy, delirious, inadmissible as art, reprehensible. I am not going to argue that now. . . . It is a difficult question, a whole problem in itself, perhaps the vastest and most transcendent problem in literary esthetics. What type of literature best suits our century? Let us confine ourselves to the statement that Poe captivates and fascinates his readers. . . ."

Prieto now begins a biographical sketch of Poe, following Baudelaire and making the most of the tales of drunkenness, though the Spaniard indignantly repudiates the notion that all Poe's inspiration was due to drink. "I will not deny, however, that gin may sometimes have added greater darkness to the background of his pictures and a deeper gloom to the heaven of his spirit," but to say more than this is absurd and an insult to Poe's genius.

"But much greater attention is undoubtedly deserved by the part which purely scientific culture plays in Poe's work, by the author's notions of the natural, physical and exact sciences. This aspect of the matter is exceptional,

the more so if we consider that [Poe's] day was many years prior to the time when the French and German popularizers began by means of their *causeries* to place the advances of physics, chemistry and astronomy within reach of the common people, or to introduce them, with greater or less (usually scant) success, in the composition of works of purely literary interest. Before Poe Europe found entertainment in Hoffmann, and really, aside from the purely imaginative and fantastic elements, there is scarcely any resemblance between the two writers."

In conclusion Prieto declares that there is an evident and notable coincidence in the development of so new and strange a type of literature in the New World, where mechanical invention has been carried to such incredible lengths and where all the efforts of industry and of material science seem to have been centered. As the best means of illustrating the peculiar character of Poe's work he supplements his critique with a translation of *The Black Cat*.

One point in Prieto's essay deserves particular notice. Like most of the earlier European critics of Poe he had a greatly exaggerated notion of the depth and extent of the American's erudition, but unlike most of those critics he saw the essential difference between the author of *The Purloined Letter* and the author of *Die Elixire des Teufels*. The ordinary Continental critic would have added one more to Prieto's catalog of American writers who derive from European sources by saying that Poe was an imitator of E. T. W. Hoffmann.

Of the several translations that were published in the decade following 1858 none that I have had the opportunity of examining contains any criticism. This neglect is, however, atoned for in the note on the life and works of Poe which Manuel Cano y Cueto, the Sevillian poet, prefixed to the volume of translations which he published in

his native city in 1871. This writer, who produced the work under discussion at the mature age of twenty-two, holds anything but flattering opinions of the United States. The dollar, he says, is our god, our only god. "Burning negroes in chains, establishing polygamy in the paradises of the West, posting on walls advertisements doubtless as a consecration of boundless liberty, of *cures for nine-month illnesses*, such are some of the characteristic traits, some moral instances, of the noble country of Franklin, the inventor of show-case morality, the hero of a century given over to materialism. It must be noted that the United States is not the right country to produce poets. Factories everywhere, covering the blue of heaven with their coal smoke; traders everywhere; shopkeepers everywhere; cold and naked churches: not a monument, not a memorial, not a marble, not a Gothic temple, not a ruin, to attract thought to the past and to God. How can poets be born in the desert? In that society, materialistic to degradation and positivist to infamy, only traders should be born. . . ."

After several paragraphs of comment on the unhappy fate of writers who have to struggle against a hostile environment the critic goes on to quote, without quotation marks, Baudelaire's tribute to the "vampire-pedagog," Rufus Griswold, and also the Frenchman's version of the way in which an American, while perhaps conceding Poe's genius, would receive the suggestion that the poet's surroundings were not favorable to the development of his art. Cano y Cueto adds that Poe's position in America was comparable to that of a scorpion placed in the midst of a circle of fire. "When a man dies [as Poe did] it is not suicide. It is society that flings him into the fire." Finally, after giving a biographical sketch condensed from Baudelaire, the Spaniard thus sums up Poe's literary importance:



"Edgar Poe is undoubtedly the founder of a new genre. His imagination is strange; there is in it something of the scalpel, something mathematical, so to speak. He is not a dreamer like Hoffmann. Hoffmann's imagination was unregulated, cloudy, essentially German. Poe is the poet of feeling: his *Annabel* [Lee] shows the giant inspiration which fully unfolds itself in *Eureka*, in *The Raven*, a poem of mysterious and supernatural tone, and above all in his stories; [he is also] the author of fertilest imagination, who speaks no word that has not a purpose, that does not tend, directly or indirectly, to the perfection of a premeditated design.

"We must," the critic concludes, "take account of Poe's restless, irregular and ill-fated life in order to understand his tales. The muse of the Terrible has inspired many of them; there is no writer of modern times who has so great a faculty for making stories out of the inmost sensations of the soul."

For more than three decades after the publication of Cano y Cueto's version Spanish criticism of Poe seems to have been in abeyance. New translations continued to appear frequently, but most of these either had no introductions at all or only the briefest of biographical sketches. An exception to this rule is the beautifully printed volume of tales, translated by E. L. de Verneuil and published at Barcelona in 1887, which renders the whole of Baudelaire's study of Poe. At some time during this period, perhaps in the eighties, Jules Verne's study of Poe was also translated.<sup>9</sup> Nothing is to be gained by quoting the sentence or two of conventional comment to be found in some of the brief biographies prefixed to translations, but two slightly longer comments are worth giving as representing opposed points of view. The first of these is from the article on

<sup>9</sup> *Edgardo Poe y sus obras; Noches de Torcuato Tasso*, por Julio Verne. Barcelona, Salvador Manero Bayarri, editor, n. d. 8vo, 2 cols., pp. 63. (Hispanic Society.)



Poe in the *Diccionario encyclopédico hispano-americano*, an article whose short-comings in the matter of Poe's biography have already been referred to.<sup>10</sup>

Poe, this article says, "was gifted with an original talent and with an imagination, rich but feverish and unhealthy, which under another mode of life would have produced better works. It may be affirmed that he left only fragments, and those not very extensive. He preferred extravagant and horrible subjects. Excessive drinking and solitude stimulated his intellect, which from childhood had been not altogether healthy. In truth he was original in appearance only, since he [merely] reproduced, in an exaggerated form, the fantastic ideas of Hoffmann and Jean Paul Richter or the fearful visions of his own dreams. His work was devoid of moral content. In his poems, which form a small volume, there is sentiment and melody, and the descriptions are usually admirable."

Different and more enthusiastic is the judgment of D. Alfonso Hernández Catá, who contributed a preface to two collections of tales in circulation at the present day. Catá's account of Poe's death, by the way, is the most startling I have seen. According to him the poet died "a victim of that horrible malady known as spontaneous combustion." Of Poe's place in literature he says:

"Among rare artists and among complex and labyrinthine spirits Edgar Poe deserves preeminent place. A man of profound knowledge on the most diverse subjects, he erected upon already known scientific truth a beautiful illusory castle of probable truths glimpsed by his lucid prophetic mind. Gifted with an extravagant imagination of infinite exuberance, he understood the admirable logic of the absurd as no one else has. Poe is the poet of the perplexing, of the cruel, of the maleficiently miraculous, of the enormously terrific, of the macabre, of the abnormal,

<sup>10</sup> See *ante*, p. 59.

and he has impressed our minds with the most artistic sensations of disquiet, of foreboding and of fear. . . .

"Never since Shakespeare has the English language been handled with such art. Poe had the secret of euphony and fine phrase: between his thoughts and his sentences there is always an indissoluble connection. . . . He knew which was the inevitable word, which the mitigating and consoling one; he knew what things make us laugh or weep, and, master of inspiration and of language, he could always master our will, . . . making our spirit run the whole gamut of emotion, from grotesque merriment and vaguely sad placidity up to the brutal and agonizing horror of intolerable fear. He has made us yearn with his heroes, weep with their misfortunes, fear with their forebodings. His work will endure eternally, because it is the child of beauty and of grief."

"Like Witman [sic]," Catá concludes, "Poe has had imitators in every literature of the world, and his productions have served as models for works by authors so illustrious as Jules Verne, Gautier, Gaboriau, Parville, Lautremont, Charles Baudelaire and Maeterlinck."<sup>11</sup>

Still another preface deserves passing mention, not because of its criticism, for it contains none, but because of its possibilities. This is the "Fragment of a study" which Rubén Darío, the distinguished Nicaraguan poet, contributed to the volume of translations of Poe's poems published at Madrid in 1909. This gave promise of being a notable piece of work, but as it now stands it consists only of an impressionistic sketch of New York and an account, based on Ingram's biography, of Poe's ancestry and personal appearance.<sup>12</sup> Himself a great poet, Sr. Darío

<sup>11</sup> Poe: *Narraciones extraordinarias*, Madrid, S. Calleja, n. d. Pp. 7-13.

<sup>12</sup> A translation of the impression of New York was published, without intimation of its previous appearance, in the *N. Y. Times*, Sunday, 29 Nov., 1914.

would seem to be preeminently fitted to write a sympathetic critique of Poe, and it is much to be regretted that this study remains a fragment.

The work to which Sr. Darío's study is prefixed is noteworthy as being the only volume of Poe's poetry thus far published in Spain. It contains renderings by D. Carlos Arturo Torres of *The Bells*, *Ulalume*, *To Helen* and *Dreamland*, as well as Pérez Bonalde's version of *The Raven*. For some reason both Sr. Torres and D. Guillermo Stock, the author of a volume of translations published at Buenos Aires, have preferred the long and mediocre blank-verse poem *To Helen* over the really great stanzas bearing that title. The one notable item in the volume is the Venezuelan poet's rendering of *The Raven*, — a rendering in every respect worthy of the original, and one that has gained wide popularity in Latin America.<sup>13</sup>

Two years before the date of the volume just mentioned another verse rendering of *The Raven*, by D. Ignacio Marisco, was published in *Ateneo*<sup>14</sup> with a pompous and inaccurate introduction by D. Amado Nervo, who makes some of the customary remarks about Spanish neglect of American literature, especially our poetry. The most modern Spanish writers, he says, know something of Walt Whitman; the Academicians and some of the younger men are acquainted with Longfellow; Bret Harte is known only by his stories. "Poe's extraordinary tales are recognized, but few souls have descended to the depths of the abyss of his poems. Bryan [sic] and Delpit<sup>15</sup> are not recognized and all the others are totally unknown." Marisco's

<sup>13</sup> The earliest edition of this translation known to me is that published in New York in 1887. For an instance of its popularity see Franck, Harry: *Zone Policeman* 88, New York, 1913, p. 141.

<sup>14</sup> Madrid, April, 1907; vol. 3, pp. 334 ff.

<sup>15</sup> Presumably Albert Delpit, the French novelist and poet (1849–1893), who was born in New Orleans.

version, thus introduced, is metrically good, but the translator produces a peculiar effect by rendering *lamplight* as *gas*. This provides a good and much needed rime for *jamás*, but is rather a shock to old-fashioned notions of what constitutes the romantic.

The most adequate as well as the most recent Spanish judgment on Poe is the article on his centenary<sup>16</sup> by that Ángel Guerra whose futile sketch of *Rip Van Winkle* we have already noted.<sup>17</sup> The essay on Poe is very different, and goes far to justify Andrés González-Blanco's description of Guerra as one of the four greatest living Spanish critics.<sup>18</sup> It reveals an adequate acquaintance with the chief biographies and criticisms of Poe as well as with his works.

Guerra begins with a discussion of the neglect and contempt with which Americans treated Poe during his life and after his death, failing for a long time to recognize "one of the most gifted poets of modern times. The old scruples of the Yankee soul have not been subdued by the passage of a century. At bottom the same stubborn hostility to the life and work of Poe continues. He has had inch by inch to reconquer a renown which old Europe would have sowed on all the winds of fame. What probably has never been awakened, doubtless because it has never existed, in the American soul, is an ardent and disinterested appreciation of Poe. Literary fervor and enthusiasm are not to be improvised in a day. . . . What devotion can a mystic awaken in a nation of action and struggle, of force and aggression?" . . .

Poe's compatriots, Guerra thinks, have been most of all repelled by his irregular life. "They do not understand that without this irregular life there could never have

<sup>16</sup> *El centenario de Edgard Allan Poe*, in *La España Moderna*, April, 1909.

<sup>17</sup> See *ante*, p. 30.

<sup>18</sup> *Historia de la novela en España*, etc., introduction.

flowered in that tormented spirit the horrible visions which fill with spectral shadows and cries of anguish that art of unrest, of mysteries and of deliriums! . . . His art somberly reflects his life. The voice of his personal grief sobs continually in his verses with the prolonged wail of despair and fear. The beloved memory of the consumptive Virginia . . . is a sharp thing which stabs Poe's soul, leaving in it a mortal and bleeding wound. Thus the poet cries out rebelliously instead of weeping like Heine,—resigned and melancholy, a sob mingling with smiles. . . .

“His spirit was not formed by the surrounding social medium. Taine's critical system cannot be applied to Poe. Neither land nor climate nor historical tradition nor social pressure of the ideas and customs of his time contributed to the molding of his art. . . . It was life, his own personal life, without the intervention of outside influences, that melted Poe's soul into violence. The ruin of his nature brought about his lack of mental balance.” Guerra holds that Poe's character and work were the inevitable result of his heredity, of his undisciplined early life and of the tragic outcome of his marriage. “Hence are born those outbursts of fancy which are no more than a liberation from the miseries and cruelties of reality. . . . Poe's art gives us the clue to his life, but, with even greater force his work reveals to us the whole burden of his existence. [The two] are so completely interpenetrated that it is impossible to separate them. In no other author is it possible to find so firm a union. When we read his tales we have the feeling that behind them hovers the perturbed spirit of a drunkard and a madman whom these abnormalities made into a great artist. Throughout his verses we seem to hear the voice of a neurotic who summons his memories and exaltations with splendid incoherence, like the most distant echo of a remote life.

“Edgar Poe has nothing of the American. He is some-



thing apart, completely exotic if you will, in Yankee intellect and literature. The spirit and character of the United States are impressed upon all her thinkers and writers except the independent author, the renegade patriot, Edgar Poe. He turns out of the current, isolates himself, proclaims himself a rebel, and so his personality stands out in higher relief." . . .

Strange and even paradoxical as it may seem, Guerra continues, the United States has always maintained a rectilinear spirit. "A people composed of alluvium, of the detritus of other nations and races, has attained a unity of character and a rectilinear spirit which have transformed it into a solid nationality." This unity of character he ascribes to the common desire for liberty and spiritual independence which actuated all the early immigrants, who left their homes rather than submit to restrictions. "So deep is this feeling in the Yankee people . . . that it still endures, developing self-reliance in the national life. . . . All their great men have been 'professors of energy.' . . .

"The same dominant trait is marked in the artistic and intellectual life of the United States. The inflexible morality of the Puritans has always been predominant. It was and is the ideal of her thinkers and the inspiration of her poets. Throughout her philosophers, as throughout the artistic pages of her men of letters, the deep imprint of Puritanism is discernible. . . . Her earliest writers, . . . such as Cotton Mather, are theologians rather than men of letters. When the true artistic renaissance began the writers did not deviate in the least from this traditional rectilinear spirit. With this orientation it developed, progressed, grew in magnitude and intensity, until it reached the splendors of the highest culture and art. All her men of intellectual eminence, from Franklin to Emerson, are moralists, as [are] her poets from Longfellow to Walt Whitman and her novelists from Irving to Nathaniel Hawthorne. Even

in our own day the complete background of a moralist is discerned behind the humor of Mark Twain.

"The philosophy and art of Poe are the only exceptions to a movement so deeply channeled. He withheld his talents from all the influence of the spirit of his country, and moreover avoided also the influence of English literature, which was then predominant in the efforts to establish a national literature in the United States. Washington Irving, the initiator if not the creator of this native literature, though he preserves an autochthonous basis, is broad and cosmopolitan, a sort of hybrid, with the entrails of his art romantic and its form perfected in classic clearness and correctness. All his work might be engrafted upon English literature, like a lost branch upon the century-old trunk whence it was lopped.

"At that time England was still successful in maintaining the hegemony of her great poets; the neo-hellenism of Keats, the lyrics of the Lake school created by Wordsworth, and the poetry of Coleridge's inspired ardor had easy access to Europe. The ascendancy of these writers had a great influence upon North American writers also, except upon Poe. If one seeks an affinity, perhaps a contact, for the latter's art one must go to the early German romantics. His most direct relationship is with Hoffmann, also a neurotic and also of unrestrained imagination. The genesis of Poe's art is in the romantic literature of Germany. His philosophy is a pallid reflection of Goethe's deep criticism. . . . But in Goethe, as in Schiller, there was also the innovator in literary esthetics. The tragically tumultuous passion of *Werther* was bound to have a broad and deep echo in all the literatures of the world. There originated the romantic cycle which fills with its splendors one of the intensest periods in the literatures of all nations.

"Poe also felt the pull of this new literary renaissance, in opposition to classicism, which from the very first enthralled

all spirits. But not fully. Because a study of his complex and intricate work upsets all criticism. Was he a romantic? Was he a mystic? Both spiritual attitudes may be found in his works, but one cannot determine from them a fixed character and a definite classification. Perhaps at bottom he was no more than a tremendous ironist.

"There are two purposes to be found in the tales of Edgar Poe. His intention is always to reproduce states of consciousness and at the same time sensations of horror, shaking the soul and reducing the most impassive to painful shudders. In his narratives he is wary, cold, and therefore implacably cruel. Step by step he goes on elaborating, in long and careful preparation, the final effect, which is always a tragic impression. He lulls us to sleep, he interests us, in order, by his conquering spell, to madden us with fear at the latter end. He has the astuteness of the beast of prey that plays lightly and innocently with its victim so that at the last, with a sudden and formidable blow, it may dash it to pieces with its claws. For me the reading of Poe's tales has the strange fascination of the clinical table whereon the operator first anesthetizes the patient and then rends his body with rapid strokes of the knife. After the influence of the chloroform has passed the sick man feels the keenness of the pain of the wound and the fear of the mutilations. Somewhat similar is the impression left by Poe's tales. They enthrall, they enchant, but they leave a trace somewhat like the scar, never to be effaced, which the incision of the bistoury leaves in the flesh.

"I cannot explain certainly which it is that produces most anguish in the mind, whether the elevation of those morbid states of consciousness which are deep and scarcely discernible but which are felt rising like a chill breath from the depths of the soul, or those visions of a sinister reality, of fears, hallucinations, lugubrious presentiments of mystery, bitter and inexplicable glimpses of death, or perhaps

the horror of blood, the fatal impulse to crime, things which are alive because the impression they make transmits them to us with a warmth of truth which dominates us.

"His whole art is fantastic; but, by a strange paradox, it presents itself as an overwhelming reality, and covers its most monstrous visions with corporeal appearances whose clearness and reality are extraordinary. The emanations of his brain disguise themselves in human form; his prejudices are translated into gestures, into grimaces, into something monstrously grotesque, like old caryatides. Though his imagination is unrestrained . . . his heroes never bear any resemblance to the pretty puppets of a fairyland. No; in Poe there is close correspondence, perfect union, between what has been lived and what has been dreamed, . . . what Lemaître called *la logique secrète des folies*. . . .

"Poe succeeds in burying very deep the purpose which he seeks to develop in his tales. Now it is impulsive fatalism, the moral vertigo which impels to crime, blindly, in spite of our will; now it is the unrest of remorse . . .; now the obsession of death and the life of the dead who come to deflect the course of our own existence, making the mysterious more powerful than the real, and mad imagination rather than the dictates of well-balanced reason to govern our actions. . . .

"All these philosophisms he presents in the most unusual way. He makes us feel, or rather suffer, vitally. These intellectual terrors are not vague. They are incarnate, and reveal by hidden means the sensations of fear whereby the illusory narratives have stretched our nerves to the point of pain." . . . Guerra here illustrates Poe's method by citations of *William Wilson*, *The Tell-Tale Heart*, *The Black Cat*, and *The Fall of the House of Usher*. He continues:

"Perhaps more strangely, and certainly more profoundly than in his stories, is Poe revealed in his poems. With him,

as Heine said of Hoffmann, 'poetry is a disease.' His imagination is [there] extended with greater amplitude in regions fuller of terror and mystery. The landscapes he dreams are fantastic, with the strange distances of Patinir's canvases." . . . There is, says Guerra, a nightmare quality about them; they are haunted by ghosts of memories, by strange spectral forms. "Who, on reading *The Conqueror Worm*, has not felt a tragic thrill, a nameless fear, what Victor Hugo would call 'a new shudder'? . . . *The Raven*, his masterpiece? It by itself is the letter patent of a great poet. Those few stanzas are the equivalent of an epic. . . . All the infinite sadness of human despair seems to weep in the desolation of those verses, somber as destiny, impenetrably mysterious as death."

Sr. Guerra now takes up the growth of Poe's reputation. "When they buried the remains of that unfortunate man," he says, . . . "the Yankees thought that they had also buried in oblivion the talent of their greatest poet, the most original and profound [of them all], including Longfellow and Walt Whitman. . . . A huge silence enveloped the name of Edgar Poe in the United States. Was his genius not recognized? It may easily not have been at first, for his literary work, gallantly rebellious, opposed the literary tastes and even the esthetic ideals which in his day were still predominant in that land of his birth which nevertheless was not his spiritual country, his adopted fatherland. . . .

"The glory of the final rehabilitation of the poet was reserved for a European, for Baudelaire, his spiritual brother. . . . Edgar Poe's native land is America; his spiritual birth must be sought in Germany; his elevation to immortality, with justice done to his supreme merits, is in generous France." . . . Guerra mentions some of the chief European studies of Poe, and goes on to say that "the greatest recognition of Poe's genius is in the influence which



his art has for half a century exercised upon European letters. I say nothing of the scientific novel, which began with *The Gold Bug* and *Hans Pfaal* and which later had so vast a development . . . in Jules Verne and, at the present time, in Wells's prophecies of the future world.

"[Poe's] spiritual impress is well marked in the novels of the naturalistic school. It reverberates with the illusory elevation of remorse in Dostoeffsky and in Tolstoi, in Zola and in Rod, and as for the tragic vision of life, with its skilful effects of terror which violently shake the soul, where did Barbey d'Aureville, Maupassant and Lemonnier go to learn their trade? Where did Maeterlinck find that mighty force of mystery, that hidden life . . . which is so intensely evident in his dramas from *The Intruder* to *The Blind*? Whence are derived the frightfully eloquent silences of Rollinat? Whence all Baudelaire's strange atmosphere, and Jean Lorrain's sadism? The point of origin of all these types of contemporary literature must be sought in the art of Edgar Poe, the marvelous seer of fantastic worlds, the poet of the terrifying enigma of mystery, somber and fateful as the raven of which he sang. The impressions of horror which his compatriots and contemporaries disregarded later fascinated them; sometimes in their primitive simplicity, as Poe in his day produced them, sometimes more intense, more cruel and exquisite, deeper and clothed with more artistic form, as they were reproduced by the great novelists, dramatists and lyric poets of modern times."

Comment on Sr. Guerra's work seems superfluous. While none of his views are of startling originality, his essay displays a degree of first-hand knowledge of his subject which is rare among Spanish critics who have undertaken to write about American life or letters. Whether we agree with his views or not we recognize that they have been reached only after extensive and thoughtful study.

Though Poe's vogue in Spain has been extraordinary, it does not seem possible to prove that he has exerted any real influence. There are, to be sure, one or two avowed imitations of him in the magazines of the sixties,<sup>19</sup> and search in the files reveals others not avowed which clearly show their origin. In *Revista contemporanea*,<sup>20</sup> for instance, there is a tale, under the general caption *Historias increíbles*, entitled, "Un recién nacido de ciento setenta años." The story tells how an old man, by the transfusion into his veins of a child's blood, was enabled to live his life over again, backwards, ending by shriveling up to the size of a new-born babe, but with the face of extreme old age. It seems to be a plain attempt to produce a new shudder, à la Poe, but fails, chiefly because the author did not grasp the importance of creating a proper atmosphere at the beginning of the tale. Doubtless careful reading in old magazines would reveal other similar cases, but I have not the slightest evidence of there having ever been anything resembling a Poe school or cult in Spain. In fact the most important testimony I have found to Poe's influence on Spanish writers shows him producing opposition instead of imitation, though it gives confirmatory evidence as to the extent of his popularity in the sixties. In his introduction to two *Historias vulgares* José de Castro y Serrano, the novelist, says:<sup>21</sup>

"Not long ago a great New-World genius (the Anglo-American Poe) astonished the present generation with his extraordinary tales (*Historias extraordinarias*). These

<sup>19</sup> In *D. Diego de Noche*, Madrid, 10 May, 1868, a story called *¡Tarde!* is labeled "imitación de Edgard Poe." It is not a copy of any particular story; in fact the nearest English analog I know is Cigarette's ride at the end of *Under Two Flags*.

<sup>20</sup> 30 Sept., 1882; vol. 41, pp. 200 ff.

<sup>21</sup> In *Cuadros contemporaneos*, Madrid, 1871, pp. 275-276. The whole passage is quoted in González-Blanco: *Historia de la novela*, etc., pp. 348 ff.

being based on a philosophical principle, the sublimation, namely, of the marvelous, which the human heart never has abandoned and never will abandon, the skilful narrator was able to stir and terrify the literary world, despite the fact that Hoffmann had existed many years before him. The reason is that Hoffmann started from the fantastic in order to arrive naturally at the marvelous, whereas Poe started in search of the marvelous from the real and actual; a procedure which disturbed the mind with greater violence than any other method, for the very reason that it displayed all the circumstances of verisimilitude. If one could have said of Ernest Hoffmann's *Fantastic Tales* that they were insane, one can say of Poe's *Extraordinary Tales* that they are drunken. The giddiness which overcame their author as he conceived them overcomes the reader as he peruses them; both lose commonplace feeling to be lifted to extraordinary feeling; after reading these tales it is impossible to sleep.

"We, whom the unhappy author has robbed of more than a few hours of calm, experienced, from the moment when we first read him, a yearning to protest against the method pursued by the genius, which [protest], had we been gifted with a talent equal to his, we should at once have put into effect, opposing the commonplace to the extraordinary; that is to say, telling the tales which we knew, but guaranteeing sleep after reading them.

"Thence dates the first of the tales which we here present. . . . If the type becomes fashionable, with what delight will we set to work to write Commonplace Tales (*Historias vulgares*)!"

Thus we see that though Poe won no distinguished followers he at least stimulated a healthy reaction, which, for the purposes of the student of comparative literature, is almost as good.

## CHAPTER V

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE \*

AMONG the American authors who have reached the Spanish public Hawthorne's experience is unique. So far as mere bulk is concerned his translations are almost negligible in comparison with those of half-a-dozen of his countrymen, but they derive interest and importance from their extremely early date and from what might be called their spontaneity. For once at least some Spanish translators seem to have been guided by a genuine and original preference of their own instead of by a day-after-the-fair aping of the latest literary fad in France. This generalization, however, probably does not apply to the earliest version of all.

The first translation bearing Hawthorne's name which Miss Browne records in her bibliography <sup>1</sup> is *Le Journal d'un Croiseur sur la Côte Occidentale de l'Afrique*, published in the *Revue Britannique* in 1845-46. But Hawthorne was of course only the editor and not the author of this work, so that in fact the earliest recorded translations are the German versions of *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables* which appeared in 1851. A German version of the *Twice-Told Tales* followed in 1852, and three tales (*David Swan*, *Rappaccini's Daughter*, and *Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe*) were published in French in 1853. That other tales were known in France at an early date

\* The material here presented in regard to the earliest translation of Hawthorne was published in *The Nation*, N. Y., 7 Jan., 1915.

<sup>1</sup> Browne, Nina E.: *A Bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, Boston, 1905.

we learn from Hawthorne's note to the later editions of *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*, which was plagiarized by no less a man than Alexander Dumas the elder.

But five years before the French version of Bridges's *Journal*, and eleven years before the earliest recorded translation of Hawthorne's genuine work, there appeared in *El Museo de familias* of Barcelona, a highly moral periodical which suffered the traditional fate of the good, an anonymous tale called *La vieja doncella de Boston. Leyenda americana*.<sup>2</sup> Thirteen years later a tale, likewise anonymous, entitled *La anciana doncella de Boston. Leyenda americana* was published in *La Ilustración*<sup>3</sup> of Madrid, the prototype though not the direct ancestor of the present excellent magazine of that name. Examination shows that both tales are versions, or rather perversions, of Hawthorne's story of *The White Old Maid*, which was first published in the *New England Magazine* for July, 1835, and collected in the second edition of the *Twice-Told Tales* in 1842.

Both Spanish versions exhibit many interesting variations from the original. For instance, the White Old Maid's name is changed from Edith to Maria, and the other woman, whom Hawthorne left nameless, is christened Georgina Fenwicke. The nebulous subtlety of Hawthorne's ending being evidently incomprehensible to the translator, the venerable minister is made to relate a circumstantial account of the events which led up to the scene with which the tale opens and of the subsequent career of Edith's rival, who, it seems, had gone to England and achieved the highest social success at court. Hawthorne's extremely brief conversations are expanded, the additions having a marked tendency towards melodrama.

If either of these publications stood alone we might at

<sup>2</sup> *El Museo de familias*, vol. 4 (1840), pp. 366-367.

<sup>3</sup> *La Ilustración*, vol. 5 (1853), pp. 439 ff.



once conclude that the variations from the original were the work of some wrong-headed Spanish translator. The double publication, however, forbids the acceptance of so simple an hypothesis, for the two versions are not identical. They agree in all the particulars enumerated above, and in many others less striking, but the verbal variations between them are of such character and number that it is impossible to believe that the version of 1853 is a reprint, however careless, of that of 1840. On the other hand, the differences are just such as would naturally arise in two independent renderings from a version in another language. To make this point clearer I quote in parallel columns the opening paragraphs of the two versions, adding below the corresponding portion of the original English:

Dos estrechas ventanas con hondos alfeizares daban paso á los rayos de la luna que iluminaban un vasto aposento, cuyos muebles y adornos eran antiguos y suntuosos. La claridad que penetraba por una de estas ventanas reproducía en una alfombra de Venecia los matices de los vidrios pintados y su débil transparencia. La otra ventana, colgada con una doble cortina de seda amarilla, permitía que cayese perpendicularmente el pálido resplandor de la luna sobre la alcoba, el lecho y el rostro de un joven que al parecer estaba descansando. La escena era extraordinaria y pintoresca y una de aquellas fantásticas realidades que sorprenden á los espíritus menos poéticos.

Gozaba el joven de un profundo sueño, ¡Pero qué sueño! el último de todos, el único que no turban

Dos ventanas estrechas y profundas abrían paso á los rayos de la luna que alumbraba una vasta cámara, cuyos adornos y muebles eran antiguos y suntuosos. El resplandor que atravesaba una de estas aberturas reflejaba en una alfombra de Venecia los abigarrados matices de los vidrios de color y su debilitada transparencia. La otra ventana, adornada con una tupida cortina de seda amarillenta, dejaba caer á plomo una tintura pálida sobre la alcoba, el lecho y el rostro de un joven que en el reposaba. Era una escena extraordinaria y pintoresca; una de aquellas realidades fantásticas en las cuales la imaginación no quiere creer, y que asombran los espíritus menos dotados de poesía.

El joven, dormido, gozaba de un sueño profundo. ¡Pero qué sueño! el último de todos, el

las bulliciosas pasiones. Estaba envuelto en una sábana blanca y sin movimiento. De repente pareció como si sus inmóviles facciones se reanimasen y renaciese la vida en aquel pálido semblante. La ilusión era cabal. Producíala un accidente natural: habíase movido la cortina interpuesta entre la ventana y el lecho del difunto, al abrirse la puerta del aposento. Entró una joven hermosa, de severo y apasionado rostro y fisonomía española, y acercándose suavemente al lecho, enlazó al cadáver con un abrazo convulsivo. No era la ternura sola la que respiraba en su semblante; echábase de ver además un violento triunfo acompañado de dolor interno. Pareció como si el cadáver se moviese otra vez y quisiera responder á aquel estrecho abrazo; pero era la misma ilusión que producía el idéntico resultado. Otra vez volvió á abrirse la puerta dando entrada á otra persona que, anegados los ojos en lágrimas, se acercó á los mortales despojos del joven. Miráronse entrambas mujeres un buen rato sin hablarse, y ambos permanecieron en pié como dos estatuas al lado de un sepulcro. En nada se parecían: la una era el símbolo de las pasiones violentas; la otra representaba la sensibilidad, la ternura, y el dolor.

“Bastante me lo disputastéis en vida,” exclamó la primera; “dejádmelo muerto: es mío.

único que el tumulto de las pasiones no turba jamás. Un lienzo blanco le envolvía. No se movía absolutamente: pero de pronto pareció que sus inmóviles facciones se reanimaban, y que la emoción de la vida renacía en su lívido rostro. La ilusión era completa. Un accidente natural la ocasionaba: la cortina colocada entre la ventana y el lecho mortuario se había movido al momento que la puerta del aposento entreabría. Una joven hermosa, de alta talla, de rostro serio y apasionado, de fisonomía española, había entrado, y acercándose suavemente al lecho, estrechaba al cadáver con un abrazo convulsivo. No era solamente la ternura la que respiraba en aquel semblante característico; sino yo no sé que violento triunfo mezclado con un dolor interno. El cadáver pareció moverse una segunda vez, como si quisiese corresponder á aquel vivo abrazo. Era la misma ilusión que producía el mismo resultado. La puerta acababa de abrirse nuevamente por mano de otra joven, que con los ojos arrasados de lágrimas, se acercó á los restos mortales del desgraciado joven. Las dos mujeres se miraron largo tiempo sin decir palabra, y permanecieron allí inmóviles como dos estatuas junto á un sepulcro. En nada se asemejaban. La una era el símbolo de la violencia de las emociones; la otra representaba la sensibilidad, la ternura y el dolor.

— Sí, vuestro es," respondió la otra; justo es que os pertenezca el que habéis reducido á cadáver."

Y derramó copiosas lágrimas.

*El Museo de familias*, vol. 4 (1840), pp. 366 ff.

— ¡Bastante me le habéis disputado vivo! exclamó la más altiva; dejádmelo muerto; ¡es mío!

— Sí, vuestro, respondió la otra; el cadáver del hombre á quien vos habéis causado la muerte os pertenece . . .

Y rompió en amargo llanto.

*La Ilustración*, vol. 5 (1853), pp. 439 ff.

The moonbeams came through two deep and narrow windows, and showed a spacious chamber, richly furnished in an antique fashion. From one lattice, the shadow of the diamond panes was thrown upon the floor; the ghostly light, through the other, slept upon a bed, falling between the heavy silken curtains, and illuminating the face of a young man. . But how quietly the slumberer lay! how pale his features! and how like a shroud the sheet was wound about his frame! Yes; it was a corpse, in its burial-clothes.

Suddenly, the fixed features seemed to move, with dark emotion. Strange fantasy! It was but the shadow of the fringed curtain, waving betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as the door of the chamber opened, and a girl stole softly to the bedside. Was there delusion in the moonbeams, or did her gesture and her eye betray a gleam of triumph, as she bent over the pale corpse — pale as itself — and pressed her living lips to the cold ones of the dead? As she drew back from that long kiss, her features writhed, as if a proud heart were fighting with its anguish. Again it seemed that the features of the corpse had moved responsive to her own. Still an illusion! The silken curtain had waved, a second time, betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as another fair young girl unclosed the door, and glided, ghost-like, to the bedside. There the two maidens stood, both beautiful, with the pale beauty of the dead between them. But she, who had first entered, was proud and stately; and the other, a soft and fragile thing.

"Away!" cried the lofty one. "Thou hadst him living! The dead is mine!"

"Thine!" returned the other, shuddering. "Well hast thou spoken! The dead is thine!"

The variations between the two versions are sufficiently obvious. Of the points in which the two agree in depart-

ing markedly from the original, attention may be called to three or four. Thus Hawthorne's simple "floor" has been covered with "una alfombra de Venecia"; the "diamond panes" of his windows have become stained glass; the "silken curtains" of unspecified color are "amarilla" or "amarillenta"; and the haughty maiden has acquired a "fisonomía española." The most cursory reading will reveal similar agreements throughout.

The obvious conclusion to be drawn from the substantial agreement and verbal difference of the two versions has already been mentioned; namely, that a translation in another language intervenes between them and the original. Inasmuch as Spain, at the time these translations were published, was a literary vassal of France, the natural assumption is that the original perversion of Hawthorne's tale was the work of some French journalist or hack, and it is entirely possible that the Spanish editors who in their turn stole the story were unaware of its author's name and of its real source. The period during which this French version can have appeared is at most five years; that is to say, from the closing months of 1835 to the opening months of 1840. When this French translation is traced it will have an almost incontestable claim to be known as the earliest translation of Hawthorne into any language; in the meantime the appearance of the tale in *El Museo de familias* may claim to be the earliest definitely recorded translation. Despite the questionable taste and the imperfect comprehension of Hawthorne's methods which it reveals, this series of translations is a remarkable recognition of the commanding power of his genius, — a recognition given at a time when his name was still unknown to the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen.

The translations that followed these two appearances of *The White Old Maid* are of a quite different nature, and show a much juster appraisal of the American's genius, as



well as a first-hand acquaintance with his works. The first evidence of this acquaintance is found, in the same year that saw the second publication of the tale just discussed, in the columns of *El Universo pintoresco*, an illustrated magazine whose thirty-six numbers were issued between 10 January, 1852, and 30 December, 1853. During the latter year this paper published five tales from Hawthorne, only one of which bore his name. The first of these was *The Snow Image*, anonymous, but, like *The White Old Maid*, with the subtitle "cuento americano"; it was published during April and May, 1853.<sup>4</sup> Three months later<sup>5</sup> *Rappaccini's Daughter* appeared, being described as a "cuento fantástico por Nathaniel Hawthorne" [sic]; in the same number as the last instalment of this *The Man of Adamant* was published anonymously as *Ricardo Dighy* (sic). *Leyenda americana*; and in the next number *Little Daffydowndilly*, similarly orphaned, was "dedicated by *El Universo* to next term's pupils."<sup>6</sup> The series of translations closes, a month before the career of the magazine also came to an end, with *My Kinsman, Major Molineux*,<sup>7</sup> unsigned, like the two previous tales.

How the translator discovered these tales or in what way he regarded them we have no means of telling, since he nowhere appends so much as a word of explanation or criticism. From the fact that he rendered them faithfully, with no additions and only a few trivial omissions, we may, however, infer that his appreciation of Hawthorne's merits was far juster than that of the first adapter of *The White Old Maid*. The spirit and accuracy of the renderings show furthermore that their author had a competent knowledge

<sup>4</sup> *El Universo pintoresco*, nos. 20 and 21; 30 April and 15 May, 1853.

<sup>5</sup> The same, nos. 27, 28, 29; 15 and 30 August and 15 Sept., 1853.

<sup>6</sup> *El pequeño Narciso*: Cuento americano dedicado por el *Universo* á los escolares del próximo curso. The same, no. 30; 30 Sept., 1853.

<sup>7</sup> The same, no 34; 30 Nov., 1853.



of English. He was, moreover, evidently in possession of more than one volume of Hawthorne's tales, since *Rappaccini's Daughter* is in the *Mosses from an Old Manse*, while the other four tales are in the *Snow Image* volume.

Two years later a second series of five tales was translated. Three of these appeared in that *Ilustración* which we have already encountered as the medium in which *The White Old Maid* was published for the second time. This paper had been founded in 1849 by the publishers of the *Semanario pintoresco*, the first Spanish illustrated magazine to achieve success enough to enable it to live through twenty-one volumes. Both papers came to an end in 1857. On 2 July, 1855, *La Ilustración* published a translation of *Little Daffydowndilly*,<sup>8</sup> following it later in the same year with *David Swan*<sup>9</sup> and *The Great Stone Face*.<sup>10</sup> All three of these bear Hawthorne's name, — variously spelt Awthorne and Hawtorne — and the translation of *David Swan* is in addition signed with the initials T. E., presumably those of the translator. The only definite statement that can be made concerning him is negative; namely, that he was not the author of the translations that had appeared in *El Universo pintoresco*, for the two versions of *Little Daffydowndilly* are wholly distinct, though both are accurate and give every indication of having been taken from the English directly.

In view of the close connection between the two periodicals, it is reasonable to assume that this unknown T. E. was the author of versions of *The Birthmark*<sup>11</sup> and *The Man of Adamant*<sup>12</sup> which were printed in *Semanario pintoresco*

<sup>8</sup> *La Ilustración*, vol. 7, p. 271; 2 July, 1855.

<sup>9</sup> The same, p. 300; 30 July, 1855.

<sup>10</sup> The same, pp. 446 and 454; 5 and 12 November, 1855.

<sup>11</sup> *Semanario pintoresco*, 2 and 9 Dec., 1855; pp. 388 and 395. The title is changed to *La mano roja*.

<sup>12</sup> The same, 23 and 30 Dec., 1855; pp. 408 and 412.

during December, 1855. Both stories bear Hawthorne's name, correctly spelt. As in the case of its previous publication, *Ricardo Digby* has been substituted for the original title of the last-named tale, but despite this fact the two renderings are independent. Were it not for the accuracy of the translations one would be tempted to assume a common and probably French origin for both versions, but such closeness to the original as we find in all these renderings makes such a theory questionable, though by no means impossible. It should be noted further that David Swan's name is spelt *Swand*, the form it assumes in Miss Browne's entry of the French version of 1853. In the absence of more detailed information in regard to Hawthorne's career in France the question cannot be settled either way; lacking evidence to the contrary, we may be permitted to give the Spaniards credit for discovering him without foreign aid.

Eight years after the publication of the group of tales just discussed another rendering of *The Birthmark* was issued, this time in *El Museo universal*, the immediate forerunner of the present *Ilustración*.<sup>13</sup> Hawthorne is nowhere mentioned in connection with the tale, which is signed with the initial F. Its origin is proclaimed, however, by the subtitle "cuento norte-americano." As a rendering it is much less accurate than the earlier one, and may have been filtered through the French.

The bibliography of the first issues of Hawthorne's tales in book form is not wholly clear, because I have been unable to trace what is said to be the first edition. It therefore seems best to begin by giving what I have definitely ascertained in regard to the second edition.

This bore the title *Cuentos mitológicos* and was issued at Madrid towards the close of the year 1875. The translation was the work of M. Juderías Béndér, a professional

<sup>13</sup> *El Museo universal*, 21 and 28 June, 1863; año 7, nos. 25 and 26. The title is changed to *La Mancha*.

translator whom we have already met in connection with Irving. During the period just mentioned he was almost incredibly diligent, producing versions of most of Macaulay's *Essays*, of the greater part of his *History*, and of several biographical and historical works from the French, besides stories from Hawthorne, Irving and Poe. The volume of "mythological tales" contained five tales from the *Wonder Book* — *The Pygmies*, *The Argonauts*, *The Paradise of Children*, *The Golden Touch* and *The Three Golden Apples* — as well as *David Swan* and *Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure*.<sup>14</sup> The first three of these stories had earlier in the same year been published in *Revista europea*,<sup>15</sup> and a critical article on them, which forms the preface of the volume, also made its first appearance in the magazine.

Nowhere in this volume is there anything to indicate that it is not a first edition, and the magazine publication of some of the tales just before the issue of the volume would tend to confirm an impression that it was such in fact, but a note at the beginning of what claims to be the third edition declares that the first edition was published in 1866, and that the 1875 volume was the second. The period during which the first edition is said to have been published is the interregnum between the suspension of Hidalgo's *Boletín bibliográfico* and the establishment of Murillo's *Boletín de la librería*; I have found no contemporary record of the publication, nor has my search for a second-hand copy been successful.

The second edition seems to have been fairly popular, for it was already exhausted when, in 1882, Manuel Tello, a Madrileño printer, began to issue a "collection of tales and legends by English and North American authors." The collection consisted of a number of 16mo. volumes,

<sup>14</sup> Rechristened *La vida es sueño* and *Castillos en el aire*, respectively.

<sup>15</sup> 21 and 28 March, 11 and 25 April, 1875; vol. 4, pp. 105 ff., 149 ff., 225 ff., 309 ff.

containing about ninety pages each, the first six volumes being almost wholly devoted to Irving, Poe and Hawthorne, the last-named being given the most space. The stories from the edition of 1875 were distributed through the first four volumes of the series, to which tales by other authors were added to bring the books up to the requisite size. The only newly translated Hawthorne story seems to be *The Hollow of the Three Hills*, which is included in the first volume of the series.

This series of translations appears to have supplied all existing demands for Hawthorne's tales; at any rate, the only subsequent Peninsular version which I have found is a Catalan rendering of *A Rill from the Town Pump* in D. Rafel Patxot i Jubert's selections from "Prosadors nord-americans." There is, however, a South American rendering of the *Wonder Book* which has circulated in Spain also and which for this reason as well as for its own intrinsic value deserves notice here.

This version is the work of D. Carlos Navarro Lamarca, Doctor in Law and Social Sciences of the University of Buenos Aires, Doctor in Historical Science of the University of Madrid, and author of a *Compendio de la Historia general de América*. Dr. Lamarca's translation of the *Wonder Book* is the result of a deep and genuine interest in Hawthorne, an earlier fruit of this interest being the critical study of the novelist which is quoted later in this chapter. The work has been used with great success in the primary schools of Argentina and Chile. For the sake of simplicity and brevity the introduction and end-links dealing with Eustace Bright and the children have been omitted, rather to the advantage of the tales themselves. In his foreword the translator points out that "each of the tales is a symbol and a moral lesson."

Spanish criticism of Hawthorne is confined almost entirely to two articles. The first of these, written by D. M.

Ossorio y Bernard as an introduction to the 1875 edition of Bänder's translations from *The Wonder Book*, was published also in *Revista europea*.<sup>16</sup>

It opens with a sketch of the development of the short story as it received additions from the hands of various masters: the amorous tale of Boccaccio, the fantastic tale of Hoffmann, the folk-tale of the brothers Grimm. "From the fantastic it passed to the analysis of the whimsical or the extravagant, and Edgar Poe found in the disorder of his own life the most powerful element of a new variety, which was destined to produce countless imitations. In our own country we have at the present time very gifted writers, whether they appeal to sentiment like Fernán Caballero, or typify a whole popular literature, like Antonio de Trueba, or rule the world of the fantastic and penetrate the region of the extravagant like José Fernández Bremón.

"For this very reason it is not easy to stir public attention with a new volume of stories, and when those which Sr. Juderías Bänder has translated came to my hand I could not help asking with justifiable apprehension: Do these tales meet any demand? Do they offer any novelty?

"Fortunately for the translator and the publishers the tales to which I refer will not pass unnoticed, like so many imitations of more or less established genres. In the first stories of the collection there is seen an almost new genre, the mythological-burlesque, ably handled by Hawthorne. It is not, as might be supposed, the comic type dominant in modern literatures, but intentional, intelligent and gay criticism: the picturesque narration of events of the pagan mythology, applied in its conclusions to the difficult problems of the present; an entertaining reading which neither makes game of its teachings nor seems even to have a didactic trend, but which nevertheless exposes prejudices

<sup>16</sup> 22 August, 1875; vol. 5, p. 318.



of sage antiquity which are held in great numbers by modern societies."

In support of his assertion that the genre is not wholly original with Hawthorne the critic quotes a version by Trueba of the tale of Hero and Leander. In so doing he seems to show that he did not, after all, really understand Hawthorne, for Trueba's verses are pure burlesque, which Hawthorne's stories most certainly are not. However, he continues:

"It is true that Trueba, in the foregoing as in his other mythological poems, has confined himself to themes which have more of the epigram than of the true narrative, and that he has not developed as he might have done the infinite material which ancient idolatry prodigally offers: it is equally true that other modern writers have attacked the type with so puerile a fear that they have been unable to utilize the large possibilities of pleasing the public which are inherent in it. Hawthorne, on the other hand, perfectly understood the charm which such tales would have the moment they were given the development of which they were capable, and his stories justify his confidence. In *The Argonauts* he relates Jason's heroic enterprises, the ordeals which he had to undergo to achieve the dethronement of the king of Iolcus, the arming and departure of the *Argo*, Medea's protection of the hero, and, finally, the attainment of the Golden Fleece, by which last feat he was to regain the throne of his ancestors; in *The Pygmies* he carefully and comically analyzes the constitution of their state and the wars which they waged with the cranes, the admirable contrast of these individuals with their friend and ally the giant Antæus, their mutual relations, the giant's struggle with Hercules and the vengeance which the Pygmies tried to take on the latter for causing the death of their friend; in *The Paradise of Children* the author rehearses the frank curiosity of Pandora, the cause of the misfortune of her

friend Epimetheus, and, what is more serious, of the whole human race, because she let loose all the troubles, evil passions, cares, diseases, infamies and perversities, though to fight against such enemies they could thenceforth count on the aid of Hope; *The Golden Touch* shows that wealth does not constitute happiness and that to turn things to gold at a touch is a horrible torment rather than a sure happiness; and *The Three Golden Apples* recalls one of the greatest enterprises of Hercules. In each the mythological tale has been carefully preserved, though it has borrowed traits and details which redouble its interest. Its personages support, in the most human manner possible, the semi-divine character which ancient credulity lent them, and the lessons which arise from the action develop a moral concept which notably aids the narration.

"The two last tales included in the collection stand apart from the earlier ones, but [both] . . . supply by their philosophical tendency and their agreeable form the lack of the characteristics which distinguish the others. Perhaps to give unity to the book it would have been well to dispense with them, but their unquestionable merit and the fact that they are the work of the same author justify the publishers' decision to increase the volume for the benefit of their readers." . . . The article closes with liberal but fairly justifiable praise for Sr. Béndér's capability as a translator.

Similar compliments form the main part of a review of the *Cuentos mitológicos* which appeared in *El mundo americano*, a Spanish magazine published in Paris.<sup>17</sup> As the reviewer remarks, good translators are scarce in Spain. He believes, however, that Sr. Béndér might have done even better by making his rendering freer, since "by adhering too closely to the original he has failed to reveal all its satirical implications, thus robbing the narrative of

<sup>17</sup> Vol. 2, p. 19; 15 September, 1876.

some of its wit. In fact, the jesting allusions which the author lets fall, casually, as it were, in regard to the question of women's rights and many other political and social problems which are agitating the United States, lose their salt and pepper in Spanish, because these questions are unknown in Spanish lands. We believe that with certain works of genius, such as comedies and tales, the translator should endeavor to produce the same effect as the original, even when he has to take some liberties in order to do it." . . . The article closes with the expression of a desire to reprint the tales in *El mundo americano*, but this intention was never carried out.

The second important article on Hawthorne is the only one in which a general appraisal of his work has been undertaken. This article is the work of Dr. Carlos Navarro Lamarca, whose translation of the *Wonder Book* has already been mentioned. It was published in *Helios*,<sup>18</sup> a Madrileño literary review which lived only thirteen months but which during that short time printed a considerable series of articles by Dr. Lamarca on foreign literatures.

The article on Hawthorne begins by distinguishing between two types of writers. "There are writers, especially poets, who produce purely ideal works, fragments of their imagination woven with moonbeams and beautified with the characteristic light of their artistic spirit. There is in them no distinction between the imaginative power which portrays and the thing portrayed. The dream is inseparable from the dreamer. An example [is] Longfellow's *Hyperion*.

"On the other hand there are spirits whose creative imagination springs from their profound knowledge of the real world and from their sympathy with it. They deal with man, his passions, his soul, his very life, as they really are, and in all their infinite variety. Shakespeare is the most

<sup>18</sup> June, 1903.

perfect example of this imaginative type. Such is the clarity of his light that it never occurs to us to think of the source which produces it. As in the clearest noonday we forget that the sunlight which blazes in the universe is part of the universe itself, so it is with the dramaturge in his inspired works. We see in them a world so varied, so beautiful, so rich in changing tones, that it occurs to no one to reflect that the illuminating medium by which we discern such colors emanates from a single star. . . .

"Between these two classes of creative imagination there is another which also presents to us the real world, but lighted by a splendor so pale, in comparison with the foregoing, that our mind does not lose sight of the source which produces it and perhaps gives more importance to [the source] than to the objects it illuminates, precisely because it is always accustomed to see those objects in the full light of day. If the things illuminated were not familiar to us the radiance would not seem to us so mysterious, we should not be surprised by its vague but uniform tints, its fading colors, nor should we be able to penetrate into the *lunar atmosphere of the novelesque*" . . .

The critic now quotes from the prolog to *The Scarlet Letter* Hawthorne's assertion that moonlight is the best medium for the novelist to work in. He then continues:

"The moonlight of the novelesque. No one realizes it as Hawthorne does. His characters are not idly and dreamily woven of moonbeams like those of the pure idealists; they are sketched firmly and distinctly, but are always seen through a strange and fantastic light, the contemplative light of the particular idea which was floating in his mind when he conceived each one of his novels.

"Some English writers, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott and even the playwright of Avon himself, make their work a medium or stage for the delineation of characters and present them not from a limited spiritual aspect but in all

their psychological integrity, sketching various of their aspects and shadings with the same distinctness.

"Others subordinate their characters to the dramatic interest of the plot, using them only to intensify the coloring of the action they describe. Hawthorne's tales and novels belong to neither of these two classes. Their unity is ideal, their characters are real and [clearly] defined, but always illuminated with a strange brilliance. The works of the gifted Puritan of Massachusetts are not, strictly speaking, novels, they are ideal situations, psychic anomalies, developed in a series of pages of mystic and opalescent radiance.

"The absurd fiasco which crushes the attempt to renew in old age the illusory hopes of youth is crystallized by Hawthorne in a fantastic novelesque miniature with theosophical implications (*The Wedding Knell*); the absolute isolation of the deep interior life of every heart and the terror inspired by outward signs of such isolation are translated by the novelist in a drawn and melancholy picture (*The Minister's Black Veil*); the morbid psychological antagonism which obsesses the soul of a neurasthenic, amid the insane admiration which he professes for his beautiful wife, and the persistent and penetrating horror which a blemish on her cheek causes him are portrayed by the inspired [author] with unsparing pathological detail (*The Birthmark*). — And this spiritual characteristic of Hawthorne is still more prominent in his great novels.

"In *The Scarlet Letter*, for instance, we see a single dominant concept divided into scenes of powerful brilliance. The concept is the profound disturbance which the sin of David and Bathsheba produces in the once beautiful souls of those whom it directly affects; the lover, the adulterous wife, the strange offspring. The ghostly light of that sin illuminates the whole work. The novelist subordinates even the character of the wronged husband to the artistic



development of the other three. [The husband] is not the Hebrew Uriah dying bravely and resignedly at the siege of Rabbah and crowning himself with warlike glory; he is the dark and satanic incarnation of implacable nemesis, pursuing his wronger until he overwhelms him in the red and flaming waves of Dante's Phlegethon. There are in this book two mental concepts on which Hawthorne concentrates his whole imaginative power. The first is the false position of the priest who grows in respect and popularity in his parish as a result of his own sin, since the cry of passionate anguish which rings continually in his heart, rent by remorse, teaches him to know the hearts and sound the consciences of his parishioners, counseling them wisely in their troubles. — His character reminds us of Ibsen's Councillor,<sup>19</sup> possessed by the guilty feelings which fill a weak soul placed in such a position, — self-contempt, too passionate to be converted into self-love, penitential vacillation choked by insane outbursts of blasphemy, finally the exquisite grief of satisfied ambition side by side with consciousness of his shameful falseness. — The artist's second marvelous creation is the unfortunate offspring of the criminal passion. He gives the child, Pearl, by inheritance a nature rebellious, malignant, not devoid of tenderness but at the same time delighting, perhaps drawn by a mysterious fascination, in wounding the sorest places in Hester's heart. The horrible scarlet A is her favorite plaything. She will not come near her mother unless the latter has on her breast the fateful letter, the stigma of her shame. The despairing emotional extremes which rack the unhappy adulteress are painfully impressed on our hearts.

"There is in the book one marvelous scene which unites all these passions" . . . This scene, which the critic translates almost in extenso, is the famous one, from the twelfth chapter, of the market place at night. The quotation closes

<sup>19</sup> *The Pillars of Society*.

with the apparition of Chillingworth by meteoric radiance. Dr. Lamarca continues:

"Such is Hawthorne's strange and fantastic night, in which the hysterical delirium of the minister, the steadfast silence of Hester, the horrible shadow of Roger and the mocking and infantile laughter of the child on discovering the cowardice of her unrecognized father form an amalgam of human elements as gloomy and macabre as [any] that one could see in the mephistophelean caldrons of Walpurgis Night. . . .

"In *The House of the Seven Gables*, another of Hawthorne's novels, we contemplate a picture painted solely to impress on our minds the concept that the malignant influences of a criminal act are sometimes transmitted with cumulative force through generations and centuries. As the crime at Pomfret, in Shakespeare's *Richard II*, pursues the House of Lancaster throughout the tragic historical cycle which ends with the terrible and fatal delirium of the bloody Gloucester, so the shadow of a criminal past weighing upon the inhabitants of the old New England mansion hovers like a dark cloud over the entire novel, and even its most trivial details always recall the horrible past from which the events spring. The miserable shop which the old maid opens in the ancient mansion is not new. An unfortunate ancestor of the family had opened another, more than a century before, which pursues the reopening with its fatal mark, and the steps cannot be cleansed because they are moulded with the corrosion of guilty generations. The faded portrait of the ancestral Pyncheon which hangs on a wall, the grass of the garden with the decaying vegetable blackness of neglect, the vitiated race of aristocratic fowls which wanders sadly about the yard, all these seem to call up the gloomy past and its poisonous influence.

"The chief representative of the family dies of the same disease, in the same armchair and with the same symptoms

as his predecessor, the founder of the accursed race, and by his death sheds a sudden light that clears up the dark crime committed years before. Judge Pyncheon dies suddenly, in his chair and with his watch in his hand. It recalls all the engagements of the day, the Quaker meeting he was to preside at, the business appointment, the personal expenditures, even the little philanthropic act which he had planned to perform if time and his purse permitted. It reproaches the Judge for his delay." . . .

The critic now quotes Hawthorne's apostrophe to the dead Judge and goes on to say:

"In the same manner and throughout the twenty-four hours that the Judge's body remains undiscovered Hawthorne continues to mingle with the supernatural portrayal of the death which he keeps vivid the sentiments which make us cling to our wretched life, the prejudices, the sarcasms of social sentimentality, the wise incentives of ambition, in order that he may fling them, wrapt in their chilling irony, at the livid corpse of the magistrate, producing in our hearts a repellant sensation of fear.

"A still more notable example of this morbid spirituality is found in *Transformation* (i.e. *The Marble Faun*). Donatello, Count Foscano, the natural man, the reincarnation of the Faun of Praxiteles, lives the happy and spontaneous life of the demigods of the forests and awakens to real life only through remorse for an impulsive crime. He passionately loves Miriam, a young artist of ardent temperament, brilliant gifts and mysterious origin, who is pursued and tormented by a half-man, half-devil, to whom she is united by some mysterious bond (which Hawthorne leaves in the shadow) which she strives in vain to unloose." . . . The critic now narrates Donatello's murder of the mysterious tormentor, and then quotes Hawthorne's description of the effect which the act produced upon the Faun.

"This scene," he continues, "reminds us of the delirious

fantasies of the creator of *The Raven*, but in Hawthorne such monstrous anomalies are not superlatively original inventions of physical horror as they are in the tales of Poe.

"Hawthorne never pours his hate upon human nature. He depicts it always in its tenderest and most elevated aspects. When he draws the repugnant and the horrible in souls he depicts also their remorse and spiritual struggle, leaving impressed upon our hearts the sad sensation of anguish for those noble and half-angelic souls which suffer Manichean imprisonment in a malignant and demoniacal body from which they strive in vain to escape.

"Hawthorne's imagination was *inquisitorial*. They say that the novelist descended from the famous 'Witchcraft Judge,' whom Longfellow immortalizes in his *New England Tragedies*. Perhaps he inherited from his ancestor that tendency to the mysterious, that attraction, which so fascinated him, towards the contemplation of mental phenomena.

"His pages are full of suggestions of this sort. 'It would be curious to imagine,' he says in one of them, 'the complaints and discontent which would arise in the world if some of the so-called calamities of the human race were abolished . . . for instance, death.'

"In another [story] he suggests to us a new version of Boccaccio's tale of Isabella, showing us a young girl who, not knowing that her lover has died and is buried in his own garden, nevertheless feels an indescribable impulse of attraction towards the flowers which grow about his tomb, [flowers] which have unusual beauty, exquisite perfume and robust splendor, and treasures them carefully in her bosom, perfuming her chamber with them.

"A hundred more examples of this brahminical tendency (so to speak) of Hawthorne's imagination could be cited. He seems, indeed, to have inspired his friend and contem-

porary Holmes, who thought of the human species as a sort of physio-psychological omnibus which brings its ancestors back to earth again in new form and condition. The famous 'Witchcraft Judge,' associated perhaps with some other, literary, ancestor, reappeared in the most original novelist and shaped his spiritual, fertile, but always restless genius. His magical fantasy served him rather for exploring mysteries than for obeying his creative impulses. He would set himself a psychological problem which he had thought of and on which his imagination would work in order to solve it, and as such problems were almost always connected with the human conscience his imagination, striving to keep pace with and to serve his intellect, could not help depicting strange and brilliant anomalies and solving their mysterious equations. Hence the fascinating spirituality of his works."

Comment on Dr. Lamarca's work seems unnecessary. It is a type of which we have not in the course of this investigation encountered enough specimens to dull our appreciation of their worth. Intelligent appreciation, based upon careful first-hand study of the works treated, is always valuable, and in the present case the value is enhanced by rarity.



## CHAPTER VI

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LONGFELLOW may fairly be said to be the only American poet in whom the Spaniards have shown an enduring interest, for, as we have seen, they regard Poe primarily as the writer of strange tales, and Whitman's vogue is still too recent to be estimated justly. Longfellow has, moreover, been unusually fortunate in escaping French influence while on his way to Spain. It is possible, and even probable, that some of the Spaniards who have studied him and translated his works may first have heard of him through French sources and may even have become acquainted with his poems in some of the numerous French versions, but if they did so they used the French merely as a stepping-stone to the original English. There is, so far as my observation extends, no such evidence of dependence on trans-Pyrenean translations and criticisms as we have found in the case of Poe.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, Longfellow seems to have reached the Peninsula by two separate channels, the one direct from the United States and the other round about by the way of Spanish America.

What seems to be the earliest translation of all was published neither in Spain nor in Spanish America but in New York City, though it was of course intended for the Latin American market. The work in question was a version of *Evangeline*, the publisher Edward C. Jenkins, the date

<sup>1</sup> In this connection it is well to bear in mind that a knowledge of English on the part of educated Spaniards was no longer the rarity in the '70s and '80s of the last century that it had been when Irving and Cooper, and even Poe, were first translated.

1871, and the translator D. Carlos Morla Vicuña, a Chilean diplomat then on service in the United States. The translator's preface and estimate of the poem may best be discussed with the other criticisms of Longfellow, but it may be noted here that the version, which is rather free, consists of some three hundred stanzas of ottava rima. The change of meter is explained by the translator's statement that the hexameter has never become acclimated in Spain and that "the importance of the work and the poetic richness of its style demanded the noblest and most musical of Castilian stanzas."

All told, I have found six distinct versions of *Evangeline*, five Spanish and one Portuguese, besides a sixth Spanish version announced as in preparation at the present time (1915). Only two of the five versions were published in Spain, however. The other three are American products and consist, in addition to Morla Vicuña's, of a bald and commonplace prose rendering published at Bogota<sup>2</sup> and of a verse translation, in six-line stanzas riming aabcbc, by D. Joaquín D. Casasus, a Mexican poet.<sup>3</sup>

The first appearance of *Evangeline* in Spain occurred five years subsequent to the publication of Morla Vicuña's version and quite independently of it. A prose rendering of the poem formed part of a volume called *Oro y Oropel*, the work of D. Vicente de Arana, which was published at Bilbao in 1876. The book consists of translations and original work in about equal proportions, the former being the "gold" and the latter the "tinsel" of the title. Among the translations from the English, in addition to *Evangeline*, are Tennyson's *Dora*, *Enoch Arden*, and *The May-*

<sup>2</sup> By Rafael M. Merchán. The third edition was published in 1888. I have not seen the earlier ones.

<sup>3</sup> The second edition is dated Mexico, 1901. I have not found the first. A gaudy edition with pictures by H. C. Christy was published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co. in 1905.

*Queen*. All are in prose. In his introduction Don Vicente says that verse should be used in translating verse, but only if one is able to do it *very well*. He does not mention Vicuña's version, and probably was not acquainted with it. His own rendering, though in prose, is accurate and spirited,<sup>4</sup> and the fact that no second edition of the work has ever been called for tends to shake whatever faith one may have in the soundness of the Spanish public's judgments on literary translations from other languages, especially as the only other version of *Evangeline* which has been published in Spain is a clumsy piece of hack-work in no wise comparable to Arana's beautiful prose.<sup>5</sup>

Three years after the publication of *Oro y Oropel* a Portuguese version of *Evangeline* was issued at Lisbon. It was the work of Dom Miguel Street de Arriaga and was in some sort an authorized translation, since Dom Miguel submitted first his rendering of the prolog, and later the complete work, to Longfellow for approval or criticism. The introductory discussion, by Xavier da Cunha, of American literature in general, quotes a few sentences from the two letters which the translator received from the poet. They are kindly and encouraging, but scarcely enthusiastic. More interesting than the translation are the "Duas palavras de introdução sobre a litteratura americana" which preface the work. The "two words" extend to sixty-two pages, and convey the impression that their author is a direct descendant of the ingenious gentleman who wrote *English as She is Spoke*. He has evidently gotten posses-

<sup>4</sup> The first adjective can scarcely be extended to Don Vicente's footnotes. A note on the word *loup-garou*, after relating the tradition, continues: "To those who are interested in etymologies we would say that *garou* comes from the Teutonic language, from *gar*, which means 'completely,' and *ulf*, 'wolf.'"

<sup>5</sup> The version referred to is the one by D. Alvaro L. Nuñez, published at Barcelona in 1895. Like Arana's, it is in prose, but there the resemblance ceases.

sion of a volume of the popular songs of the '60s and '70s and assumes the collection to represent the flood-tide of American poetry. He quotes, at full length and in tolerably accurate English, such gems as *What is Home Without a Mother* and *Here's Success to Port*, with many others of the same quality, whose beauties are dwelt upon with vast enthusiasm. American literature, says the ardent critic, has for the Portuguese been represented in the past only by the maritime tales of Fenimore Cooper, the eccentric fantasies of Poe, the tales of Washington Irving and "above all by the magnificent work in which the talented Beecher Stowe took up the noble fight against the horrors of slavery," and he accordingly welcomes the present volume as making a great American poem accessible for the first time to his compatriots.

Numerous other poems of Longfellow's have reached the Spanish public, and some of them seem to have become rather popular. The earliest versions that I have traced are the work of the noted Valencian poet, Teodoro Llorente. They form part of a volume of translations, entitled *Leyendas de Oro*, which was published in 1875, the year before the appearance of Arana's *Oro y Oropel*. Longfellow is the only American represented in the collection, which includes poems from a variety of sources, English, French and German. The three Longfellow poems — *Excelsior*, *Enceladus* and *Sandalphon* — are translated in a competent fashion, the version of the last-named being the best from a technical point of view, since it preserves the meter and movement of the original, whereas *Excelsior* is rendered in *romance* and *Enceladus* in stanzas of five hendecasyllabic lines riming ababb.

During the years following the appearance of Llorente's volume numerous single poems of Longfellow's were published in Spanish magazines. *Revista contemporanea* of Madrid is especially notable for the number of versions it

published. The series begins on 30 June, 1877,<sup>6</sup> with a version of *Daybreak* by E. Godínez, who has been successful in preserving the stanza-form and much of the movement of the original, as may be seen from the opening couplet:

Surgió un viento del mar tranquilo y lacio,  
Diciendo : « Nieblas, fuera del espacio. »

Six years later the *Revista* published, under the general title *España en Massachusetts*, a version by C. Soler y Arques of *The Spanish Student*.<sup>7</sup> To its introduction, of meager value as criticism, we shall have occasion to refer again. In 1884 Victor Suárez Capalleja, whose critical studies of Longfellow are destined to occupy the greater part of this chapter, contributed verse translations of *The Rainy Day*, *Weariness* and the last three stanzas of *Endymion*.<sup>8</sup> Three years later<sup>9</sup> we find a prose rendering by Rafael Álvarez Sereix of *Resignation*, and finally, in 1896, prose versions, by Ruperto J. Gómez of Bogota, of *The Burial of the Minnisink*, *Snow-Flakes*, *The Light of Stars*, *Hymn to the Night* and *Suspiria*.<sup>10</sup>

Among publications in other magazines it is sufficient to note a version of the sonnet *Wapentake*;<sup>11</sup> a second version of *Daybreak*, this time by Teodoro Llorente;<sup>12</sup> *A Psalm of Life*, translated by Manuel Fernández Juncos of San Juan, Puerto Rico;<sup>13</sup> and anonymous prose versions of *The Rainy Day*, *The Day is Done*, *It is not always May* and *Hymn*

<sup>6</sup> *Revista contemporanea*, vol. 9, p. 479.

<sup>7</sup> The same, vol. 45, pp. 154, 281, vol. 46, p. 32; 30 May, 15 June, 15 July, 1883.

<sup>8</sup> The same, vol. 53, p. 330; 15 October, 1884.

<sup>9</sup> The same, vol. 67, p. 630; 30 September, 1887.

<sup>10</sup> The same, vol. 102, p. 583; 30 June, 1896.

<sup>11</sup> By M. A. Caro. *La España Moderna*, August, 1892.

<sup>12</sup> The same, July, 1910.

<sup>13</sup> *Nuestro Tiempo*, November, 1903.



to the *Night* in *Renacimiento* of Madrid,<sup>14</sup> an excellent magazine which during its brief career showed considerable interest in our literature.

In addition to these magazine publications there have appeared two volumes of translations. One of these, known to me only by title, was printed in New York about 1897, and contained numerous versions of the shorter poems, for the most part the work of a group of Colombian poets, though Llorente's fine renderings were included. The other volume was published in Barcelona in 1893 and contains prose versions of *Miles Standish*, *The Falcon of Ser Federigo* and *The Birds of Killingworth*. The work is pedestrian and undistinguished, though perhaps a little better than Nuñez's *Evangeline*, to which it is a companion volume.<sup>15</sup>

The amount of Spanish criticism of Longfellow is large, but it has the disadvantage of being almost wholly the work of one man, at whose hands the poet has undergone more thorough analysis than any other American except Walt Whitman has experienced in the Peninsula. This man is Victor Suárez Capalleja, whose name has already been mentioned in connection with the magazine translations enumerated above. He was a native of the province of Oviedo, born in 1845. He graduated in theology, but spent the greater part of his life in the service of the libraries of Valencia, Valladolid and Madrid, dying in the last-named city in 1904. He was an accomplished linguist and a student of history and archeology. In addition to his studies of Longfellow he wrote several theological works and translated the patriotic poems of André Chénier.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>14</sup> *Renacimiento*, April, 1907.

<sup>15</sup> The work is anonymous, though the brief "noticia biográfica y literaria" is signed M. C. The editor appears to be unaware that the tale of the falcon is from Boccaccio.

<sup>16</sup> I am indebted for this information to the kindness of D. Francisco Rodríguez Marín, Director of the Biblioteca Nacional.

Capalleja's work on Longfellow is in several stages. The first consists of an article, presumably brief, published in a Madrid paper soon after the poet's death;<sup>17</sup> the author himself states that the material in it was used again in the later studies. At almost the same time he contributed a longer obituary and criticism to *La Ilustración*.<sup>18</sup> By the end of the year his work had grown to such size that when *Revista contemporanea* published it as *Studies of the Life and Works of Longfellow* it was necessary to divide it into seven instalments.

Though the article in *La Ilustración* contains little critical material that was not rehandled later it may be well to give it brief separate consideration. The critic first outlines the poet's life and then turns to the poems themselves:

"Perhaps the best known of his compositions," he says, "especially in Spain, where it has been translated, is his famous ode *Excelsior*. . . . It reveals the inextinguishable ardor of a Christian soul, drawn on by the attraction of the infinite. . . .

"But the greatest flower of his poetic crown is *Evangeline*, a poem which will live as long as the tenderest and most delicate idylls of Theocritus and Gesner. . . . In its nobility and loftiness of tone, the emotional force of its grace, the Raphaelesque purity of its form, it may be compared with the best of ancient and modern literatures. In it America awakes and leaves far behind the romanticism and the vain and sensual poetry of aged Europe. [Longfellow] teaches, not by dogmatizing like a pedant, a longwinded professor, but by revealing to the spirit the intuition of a superior art and ideal, wherein love is purified and raised to the sublime regions of charity and sacrifice.

"Another of the works which have given justest renown to Longfellow is *Hiawatha* (1855), wherein, the Hesiod of the New World, he seeks to give America aboriginal gods

<sup>17</sup> *El Imparcial*, Monday, 17 April, 1882.

<sup>18</sup> 22 April, 1882.

by poetizing her prehistoric origin. It is an idyll whose originality consists in the savage's perpetual dialog with Nature. . . . It does not achieve the pathos of *Evangeline*, but it contains beauties of a superior sort, and deserves to be placed among the greatest productions of our century. It is not a poem so much as a succession of [apologs],<sup>19</sup> fresh and simple, which exhale the perfume of the virgin forests and primitive Nature. In it one finds no savages discoursing like wise philosophers about the corruption of Europe, but one sees American Nature, living in herself and developing herself according to her instincts, reproduced in her artless simplicity by a sagacious observer and an exact and most faithful painter.

"Longfellow's glory was radiant and immense. He was acclaimed throughout America as her greatest poet; nevertheless, dour Puritanism did not regard with favor the idealization by a son of Massachusetts of savages and Jesuits, her eternal enemies. . . . For this reason he wrote, in 1858, the poem entitled *Miles Standish*. . . . This poem has nothing of the epic quality; it is the eternal story of the old man supplanted in the affections of a girl by a younger and more fortunate rival. . . ."

After mentioning *Judas Maccabaeus* and *The Divine Tragedy* and telling of the poet's death, Capalleja thus concludes:

"Longfellow therefore died in the shadow of the cross, crowning his ode *Excelsior*, the cry of the Christian soul, with these biblical poems, which glorify all the grandeurs of the Catholic religion. The veneration of the centuries will give him a place beside Virgil for his freshness and sweetness; beside Gesner for his brilliant depictions of Nature; and beside Manzoni for his tender and religious spirit."

<sup>19</sup> The original reads *epilogs* (*epilogos*), which is presumably a misprint.

It has already been noted that Capalleja's elaborate series of *Estudios* in *Revista contemporanea* ran through seven instalments. These instalments contain much extraneous matter, which can be connected with Longfellow only by a violent effort, and also a large amount of "fine writing," but even when these superfluities are purged away, there remains a noteworthy body of criticism.

The series opens with about a page of rhapsodizing upon the marvelously poetic quality of American scenery. "Even the very origins of the New World are an abundant source of inspiration; every mystery is poetic, and geological and archeological mysteries envelop the cradle of young America." The critic then comments on the long-continued lack of literary interest in American things, a lack which he attributes to the overwhelming force of the classical Renaissance in Europe. Chateaubriand, he says, was the first to reveal to Europe the infinite beauties of the American world. "In the present century, criticism having broken the ancient molds and rehabilitated the poetry of the Middle Ages and the Orient, bringing into the common store scorned or misunderstood masterpieces such as the Finnish *Kalevala*, the German *Nibelungenlied* and the Spanish *Romancero*, the American muses have been inspired by the emanations of their native soil, creating a Parnassus of their own. The poets no longer see the colors of that splendid sky through a false prism. . . ." In proof of this assertion he quotes various passages from Spanish-American poets such as Flores and Llona.

Having paid his respects to the poets of Spanish America, Capalleja turns to the United States. "North America," he says, "although a country of tradesmen and engineers, correctly described as the land of the dollard [sic], has not been able to resist the influence of the poetry which besieges it on every side." This back-handed compliment introduces a survey of American poetry from the very beginning;

namely, from *The Bay Psalm Book*, which is profanely described as "un libro de versos." Next are mentioned Ann Bradstreet, James Ralph, Timothy Dwight, Joel Barlow, and others, the progress of American poetry up to the beginning of the nineteenth century being summed up in the following words:

"All these poets did not reveal the genius of a people: they sang of America, but they did not express her, for they did not understand her; they took for their theater Europe, where, after the fashion of Franklin, they depicted primitive man in elegant salons and acted as followers to a society which they criticized while they imitated its foibles and vices. Among these [writers] we may include Washington Erving [sic], poet, critic, novelist, historian and editor, who lived a long time in Granada, collecting the tales of the Alhambra and the traditions of that Andalusian land.

"A school which is founded upon memory and imitation," the critic goes on to say, "is foredoomed to death. Such was the fate of this one, which yielded its place to the true American genius which, because of the materialism, afflictive to noble and elevated spirits, that used to rule and still rules that society, and because of the lack of chivalrous and religious ideals, breathed out, as Wilson asserts, its first sighs in mournful elegies and funereal odes, revealing melancholy sentiments, not theatrical like those of Byron and Chateaubriand, but sincere and profound. Death had a fascination for those poets, who took pleasure in scrutinizing his horrors and in traversing his silent kingdom. Percival — 1830 — sang of phthisis; Peabody did not wish to be mourned for when he died, because he considered death the tutelary genius and hope of the world. This necromania reached its highest point in a poem called *Thanotopsis* [sic] . . . , written at the age of eighteen by MacCullen [sic] Bryant, who has for half a century been one of the chief *litteratos* of North America. . . ."



Capalleja next proceeds to speak of various women poets and of Richard Henry Dana, Halleck and O. W. Holmes. It seems needless to quote his opinions of these persons, the more so as those opinions, in some cases at any rate, are plainly second- or third-hand. No man who had read her poems could have included pious Lydia Sigourney in the catalog of those poets whose works were "permeated with an affected and undigested Byronism." At length, having exhausted his list of smaller fry, the critic continues:

"Let us hasten to gaze upon the sun in the zenith, to contemplate the prince of North American poetry, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who stands out among the other children of the muse as Chimborazo among all other mountains. . . ." Hereupon he begins an account of the poet's life, accurate enough, but reticent of personal details. There is no mention, for instance, of Longfellow's marriages and their tragic ends, though later in the series<sup>20</sup> the burning to death of the second Mrs. Longfellow is referred to in passing.

The narrative of the poet's travels naturally leads the critic to speak of *Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*. Of the former he says that it contains no deep interpretations, "but the form is elegant, the style lively and full of delicacy, scattering, as it were, at each step of his journey, keen impressions, odd anecdotes and elevated thoughts. In . . . *Hyperion* the hero, by reason of his lively and romantically sensitive imagination, finds himself exposed to many tests; but his life has for its motto the noble thought which is the soul of the tale: 'Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart.' Such is the morality of this novel, [which is] composed with great skill and exquisite taste."

<sup>20</sup> See *post*, p. 125.

In his account of Longfellow's studies Capalleja is of course careful, like most Spanish critics who mention the American, to draw particular attention to the version of the *Coplas* of Manrique. In telling of the poet's life at Cambridge he quotes from *To a Child* the passage which describes the Craigie House; translated into *romance*, he says, "at my request by my friend the Granadan poet D. Miguel Gutiérrez." But the most notable portion of the biographical study is the report of the poet's death, in which the author, with pious mendacity, makes explicit what he had hinted in the earlier article in *La Ilustración*:

"At the end of last March he quitted this nest (Craigie House) with the flight of the just, having received the last rites of the Catholic religion, for those exalted dwellings to which his harmonious lyre had invited humanity . . ."

This flight of the imagination is followed by a description of the poet's personal appearance, manners and habits, and by a list of his works from the earliest to the *New England Tragedies*. The discussion of the works then begins:

"We have said that Longfellow attempted every type of literature, but he did not reach the same level in all. In his dramas and tragedies, which might better be called tales in dialog, we discover that he did not thoroughly understand the stage: the situations are slackly portrayed, the characters are feeble and the action develops with a slowness incompatible with the warmth and movement which such performances demand. The archeologist and the lyrist are too evident in the dramatist, padded a little with the tinsel of romanticism. Under the influence of the latter school he wrote in 1851 a fantastic drama called *The Golden Legend*. . . ." Here follows a brief account of the source of the legend, with a paraphrase and summary of its plot. Though he does not care for the story, Capalleja nevertheless considers that its employment of the supernatural "as a support for a moral idea" is preferable to

"the art which submerges itself in the mire of materialism" and represents man as helpless in the grasp of external nature. This opinion, however, does not prevent his giving the following humorous moral, to be deduced from the happy ending of the *Legend*:

"Virtue may therefore hope for its reward even upon earth, especially in the case of young women who devote themselves to the cure of sick Princes."

"It is true," he adds, "that the warp of this drama is weak, its plot nil, its situations devoid of consistency and scenic value; but the interest is sustained by digressions, new points of view, a multiplicity of incidents and particularly by the color and luxuriance of the style, which adorns enchanting scenes wherein the poet has disseminated with delicate pencil the perfume which breathes from Christian beliefs, from faith in God, from charity and sacrifice. There are many, perhaps more than a hundred, imitations of *Faust*, in which ordinarily hell triumphs, making Satan an agent in the divine work, revealing its incoherence and its injustice in order to flatter our pride and our passions. It does not happen thus in Longfellow: the Prince of Darkness exhausts his efforts in impotent machinations, and all his perfidious plots and tricks are laughed away by the sincere simplicity of a young woman. . . ." The critic now gives a prose paraphrase of the first two strophes of the epilog to the *Legend* and exclaims: "Bravo, most noble poet! Thou also makest a fountain of living water to spring in souls torn by the frozen blasts of doubt and skepticism," and more in the same vein.

*The Spanish Student*, he continues, offers further proof that Longfellow's muse was not dramatic. "So far as their conception is concerned, the first three acts of this drama have some merit, but it declines in the later ones; the plot is weak, and, for all that it makes use of the apparatus of bloated romanticism, fails to give weight to the common-

place situation which forms the theme. It is known that Longfellow . . . was seeking to imitate the great English dramatist, but he does not succeed, being besieged by the influence of romanticism, which . . . he had imbibed in great gulps when traveling in Europe." Though he does not wish to applaud the exaggerations of romanticism, in themselves a daring protest against the excesses of pseudo-classicism, Capalleja finds it impossible not to admire "the sincere enthusiasm of the generation of 1830, who applauded with hand and heart those scenes of knightly gallantry . . ., those reveries on the brink of precipices, those laments before historic ruins. . . . Alas! that period of luxurious and careless youth was to yield its place, not to a manhood prudently enthusiastic and temperately disciplined and free, but to the dotage of old age, to impure realism, to the deification of matter, which is today the enslaver of art, as if the latter had to receive in repugnant stupidities and indecencies the chastisement for her hasty arrogance.

"Longfellow's muse suffered no such degeneration; she did not furl her wings of song to trail them in the mire of the streets, but, true to the virile motto *Excelsior* which she so early had chosen, she ascended the steps of art to the serene regions of faith, hope and charity. . . . It occurred to [Longfellow] to depict the primitive epoch of the Puritan colony by means of dramatic compositions, not eulogizing the period like the learned mob but castigating its fanaticism and ignorant stupidity. Courage was needed, and the bold enterprise was carried out by the poet with rare energy. . . . *Giles Corey* carries us back to those spectacles of shameful trials for witchcraft of which Boston and its environs were the scene as late as the first part of the last century [sic]. Rather than dramas these productions are cruel satires on 'the heroic age,' and show us the Zion of Massachusetts as an inferno ruled by wrong and by stupid coarseness.

"Longfellow has been hard on the Puritans, his compatriots, because he saw in their sect a narrow and icy formalism, opposed to Christian charity, the vivifying fountain of all virtues. His religious ideal is that of a majestic and virile society, free from hypocrisy and superstition, a stranger to hatred and to all degrading sentiments, and exclusively desirous of the good, like Catholicism. As the years passed, this militant zeal for moral grandeur, for strength, for sacrifice, grew more powerful in him. Hymns to patience, to resignation and to obscure merit, superior in moral value to the uproar of the most splendid actions, resound from his lyre, as we shall see when we examine some of his best lyrical compositions."

From *The New England Tragedies* the critic turns to *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. After outlining the plan of the series and summarizing the tale of *King Robert of Sicily*, he gives a prose rendering of *The Challenge of Thor*, sketches the *Saga* briefly, and concludes with the Theologian's (premature) thanksgiving that the reign of violence is over. His comment on this utterance I shall quote almost at full length for the light which it sheds upon the mental attitude of the critic as well as for its intrinsic interest:

"It has always pleased us, as Catholics and as men, to see violence and fanaticism, the resource of feeble spirits, yield place to charity as manifested in tolerance and persuasion, and such is the holy mission of the Catholic Church, received in the *docete omnes gentes* of her divine founder; but bear well in mind that theological tolerance, which is an impiety in religion, an absurdity in philosophy, and which creates indifference, the death of all true religion, is never to be confounded with political tolerance, imposed by the necessities of the times and the variety of circumstances, which a wise and farseeing policy is obliged to accept as the *minima de males* until the nations shall, in God's good time, return to the center of unity broken in



an ill-omened hour by the reformers of the sixteenth century. In times of deep-rooted beliefs people did not use to judge as they do now, and fire and sword came to the aid of the syllogisms of the schools, raising all over Europe scaffolds for the imposition or the extirpation of religious ideas. To bring this contrast into greater relief, Longfellow ascribes to the theologian of Cambridge a hair-raising Spanish tale of the time of Torquemada, without considering that he might more properly have recalled the fagots lighted by Calvin in Geneva, the horrors which devastated Germany, and the ferocious sentences of the Star Chamber of Elizabeth of England, a bloody tribunal which, unlike the Spanish Inquisition, had in its favor neither purity of intention nor the excuse of necessity nor the exigencies of what we call public opinion. . . . Those times passed: halos of liberty refresh the nineteenth century; but can our century, the century of secret police and martial law, congratulate itself, having abolished the Inquisition, on having caused humanity and justice to progress? Do we not see today the sons of the philosopher of Ferney implacably persecuting, in the name of a degrading Republic, peaceful citizens who under the shelter of the laws are leading lives dedicated to prayer and instruction, and of whom it may be said, as Tertullian said of the Christians of the first centuries, *that their crime was their name?* The Inquisition, the pioneer of faith and of society, which with firm moderation and consummate prudence kept watch in the name of God over the dearest interests of mankind, disappeared, to be replaced by another, cruel and impious, destined to satiate the rancors and hatreds of a bastard political faction. History, the mistress of truth, will impartially judge to which of the two the nations owe the larger sum of justice, of liberty and of law."

Having thus relieved his feelings, Capalleja continues:

"But the type in which Longfellow most excels is the

lyric, uniting tenderness and strength, delicacy and emotional power, which he expresses in figures now lively and cheerful, now bold and pathetic. We have never liked effeminate laments, the theatrical sobs which delight the sniveling muse of certain poets who, seeking their inspiration in cowardly enervating pessimism, try to regulate the world by dint of complaints and maledictions.<sup>21</sup> . . . Not thus is Longfellow's muse; always pure, always compassionate, always courageous, it displays the ardor and the incessant toil characteristic of American genius. No one depicts better than our poet the grief which has given him to drink of its bitterness but which has been powerless to bow him down. . . . [He] always lifts his gaze bravely to exalted regions, keeping, like a bold swimmer, his head above the waters of affliction. . . ." The critic here quotes a somewhat clumsy verse rendering, perhaps his own, of *A Psalm of Life*, exclaiming:

"What virile and energetic tones! . . . In all literature, ancient and modern, we know no loftier composition, none which expresses with more ardor and courage man's mission upon earth and concept of life. It seems that our poet has sought to adorn with the riches of his fancy the definition which the Angel of the Schools,<sup>22</sup> following the Stagirite philosopher, has given of life, calling it *fruitful movement* (*movimiento fecundo*). What ease and naturalness in his verses! To compare the beatings of the human heart to the taps of the soldiers' drum is very original and not only poetically beautiful but also physiologically exact."

Longfellow's domestic afflictions are next touched upon briefly, by way of introducing a good verse translation by Sr. Baquero Almansa of *The Ladder of St. Augustine*. This is followed by numerous rapturous exclamations and the

<sup>21</sup> This paragraph begins the second instalment, *Revista contemporanea*, vol. 42, pp. 303 ff.

<sup>22</sup> Thomas Aquinas.

assertion that if "we did not know that the . . . poem was by Longfellow, a native of the United States living in the midst of the nineteenth century, a century of doubt and of coarse materialism, we should attribute it to a San Juan de la Cruz or a Santa Teresa de Jesús. . . ."

Capalleja next discusses *Excelsior*, which he, quoting from his article in *El Imparcial*, calls "the *Sursum corda* of the American muse, the cry of the poet's soul, ever the more valiant as labors follow one another in life and as years jostle years." A paragraph of rhapsody on the Christian spirit of the poem, together with some strictures on "satanismo byroniano" as exemplified by *Hernani*, is followed by a quotation from his article in *La Ilustración*<sup>23</sup> and by Llorente's version of the poem. Capalleja supplies a translation of the third stanza, which the Valencian poet had omitted.

"The three preceding odes," the critic says, "veritable jewels, not only of North American literature but of the world's literature, are sufficient to give any bard the rank of great, and they furthermore form a complete system of manly and energetic philosophy. A *Psalm of Life* is the vigorous affirmation of the will and the deeds which make a man, and it protests equally against the Epicureans' philosophy of pleasure and against the belittling and unfeeling philosophy of the Stoics. . . .

"*The Ladder of St. Augustine* gives us this same philosophy purged of all earthly affections, if we may thus express it, and refined in the crucible of the purest mysticism. It is now no longer action alone, which may be the child of haughty egoism like that of Dr. Faust in Goethe's famous drama, but action guided through the paths of perfection to reach the peaks of sanctity if we bravely tread down 'low desire.' . . . In *Excelsior* he shows us the holy joys of the martyr, who, in the midst of torments which

<sup>23</sup> See *ante*, p. 115.

he might escape by sprinkling a pinch of incense before the idols, discerns the crown of immortality reserved for the valiant warrior and dies exclaiming *io triumphe!*

"Song and philosophy of the man, song and philosophy of the mystic, song and philosophy of the martyr: that is what these three immortal odes are; rather we should say they are fragments of a single one, whose first strophe rises from the earth and whose last descends from the skies."

Having thus extolled these lyrics, the critic undertakes a refutation of the belief that poetry and metaphysics are incompatible, and then briefly relates the collapse of the "rose-colored and empty optimism" of Rousseau and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. This done, he devotes many pages to a history of pessimism, from Biblical times to the present, paying particular attention to the pessimism of the nineteenth century, which he illustrates by discussing typical figures, — Byron, Chateaubriand, Heine, de Musset, Espronceda and Campoamor.<sup>24</sup> This extended digression he justifies on two grounds, first, the necessity of warning youth to flee "such poisoned springs," and, second "and most important, because the author of *Excelsior* was, not only by instinct but also by art and reason, an enemy of this languid muse, and in sketching . . . his notable character and in studying his lyrical compositions, we have used the black shades of pessimism to throw into greater relief the simple and robust muse of so illustrious a bard, who stands erect like a proud cedar among weeping willows.

"To Longfellow, life is a battle whose reward is in heaven, the world is the scene of the conflict, and man is not a victim of an implacable and egoistic destiny, but an athlete who by the bitter sweat of his brow increases and gives worth to the flowers of his diadem.

<sup>24</sup> The digression carries Capalleja over into the third instalment of the *Studies*. Our quotations recommence in vol. 43, p. 22.

"As to our immortal Calderón de la Barca the Christian idea that *life is a dream* is dominant, so to the North American singer what counts most is the idea of action, of will, of duty throughout complaints and weariness. . . . Sometimes he is melancholy — where can be found greatness without melancholy? — but this feeling is born neither of pride nor of egoism but of the compassion which every unfortunate awakens in his charitable heart. See with what delicacy he describes the end of a snowy *Afternoon in February*, and note how great is the art whereby he is able to unite the growing darkness of the evening twilight with the grewsome shadow of the funeral procession." An excellent verse rendering of the poem, preserving both the form and spirit of the original, is given; its source, Capalleja tells us, is "a New York paper which is published in our tongue." He exclaims:

"Yes, most noble poet, thy heart responded with sighs to the doleful tolling of the bell: thou wert thinking that perchance that corpse was leaving behind a beloved wife and pledges of his love: thou hadst a great heart! . . . This same emotion of compassionate melancholy is revealed in a multitude of works such as *Endymion*, *The Goblet of Life*, *The Rainy Day*, — jewels in which classic beauty glows in the radiance of Christian charity."

The critic next mentions the publication of the *Poems on Slavery*, singling out for quotation the last stanza of *The Warning*. He continues:

"Longfellow's genius did not suffer, as so many have, from an excursion into politics. He felt that in that arena of intrigues and wretchedness the nobility of his soul was stifled, and [therefore] returned to his favorite muses, producing works light but perfectly finished in all that pertains to feeling and style. They are, none the less, guilty of a trifle of monotony by reason of their color of musty romanticism, unbecoming his matured art, from which one



had a right to expect better things. The chief of these [poems] are *The Bridge*, *Nuremberg* and *The Belfry of Bruges*, pleasing evocations of those memories of Europe which were so dear to his fancy. . . .”

Capalleja now quotes the poem “wherein the poet forcibly and nobly denounces the ill-omened spirit of war,” changing the title, for no apparent reason, to *The Arsenal of Wolwich* [sic]. Baquero Almansa’s rather flat verse translation, which is given, wholly omits the last two stanzas. The critic again indulges in exclamation:

“What spontaneity, movement and freedom this work presents! To compare the rifle-barrels to the pipes of an organ is very novel and at the same time very natural. Another poet would have puffed himself up in cursing the inventor of swords and rifles, parodying Martial; but our poet, with sobriety and grace, hears the instruments which summon to battle seized by many peoples: as his genius glances at and passes over the blood of the conflict and the horror of the assaulted city one would say that even the recollection of slaughter suffocated his muse, and he ends with a malediction which is very fitting and worthy of his benevolent soul.

“Longfellow wrote these verses in 1845 in the midst of universal peace and of the brilliant utopias which over-confident contemporary politics was arranging. Orators, poets, and the founders of imaginary republics governed by intelligence and virtue were a power. What sentiment save profound disdain could be inspired in a poet at that time by the warlike instruments? To Longfellow the arsenal at Wolwich [sic], like the torture chamber which he had visited at Nuremberg, was a monument of a barbarism which had passed away for ever. . . .

“[But] energy and elevation are not the only gifts of Longfellow’s muse; she has also an ingenious imagination. All his poems end with a stroke, an expression, an unex-

pected turn of thought, original and frequently very beautiful. . . ." *Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass*, translated in verse by Miguel Gutiérrez, is quoted in illustration of this statement, with a warning to the reader that it is impossible to convey the soul of poetry in translation. Capalleja adds:

"Not only is Longfellow gifted with an opulent imagination, which enables him accurately to call up past events and to combine them in new and beautiful forms, but he also possesses delicacy of emotion and tenderness of heart. It would be surprising should we find in a poet of so high a flight the same aridity and dryness of soul as [we find] in those geniuses who, as one of his biographers says of Goethe, ecstatically adore the divinity of their own brains; geniuses whom power flatters but does not fear, and whom the public admires but does not love. Longfellow — to his glory be it said — is not of this class. Everything that suffers makes him suffer; everything simple stirs him; everything modest attracts and fascinates him. . . ." This assertion is illustrated by *Children*, in a miserable version by Gutiérrez,<sup>25</sup> and by *Birds of Passage*. The critic goes on to say:

"The dominant trait in Longfellow, as a child of the nineteenth century, is that of romanticism, but he is not disfigured by the contortions, the feverish rages and the pretentious absurdities of that school. . . . He took the color and animation of the romantics, but with great care

<sup>25</sup> Note, for instance, how completely he has altered the meaning in his rendering of the fourth stanza :

Que sería el mundo  
Si no hubiera niños?  
¡Ay! Ante nosotros  
tinieblas veríamos,  
Y á nuestras espaldas  
desierto inñinito.

Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind  
us  
Worse than the dark before.

to preserve the correctness, the grace and the sobriety of the classics. . . . Professor of literature, archeologist, learned in the histories and the models which Greece and Rome have left us, our poet did not fail to employ the ancient mold, composing poems which he impressed with the lion's claw. Note the following, called *Enceladus*, classic in its background, its form and the vigor wherewith the titanic enemy of the gods is portrayed. . . ." He quotes Llorente's version of the poem, but gives no evidence of understanding its real meaning—namely, that it refers to the liberation of Italy. The Valencian's rendering of *Sandalphon* is also quoted, as a further example of Longfellow's varied knowledge and of his interest in out-of-the-way stories and legends.

So far, says Capalleja,<sup>26</sup> we have spoken only of Longfellow's shorter poems, "but our poet would not be a great poet, in the fullest meaning of the term, if he were not capable of a higher flight, of a more potent effort. . . ." He quotes a poem in which Andrés Bello, a Venezuelan poet, prays for "an American Maro," and asserts that the answer to the prayer is found in Longfellow, "who has imprinted the soul of an artist and a Christian on *Evangeline*, the sweetest of idylls, an immortal poem which will live as long as *Daphnis and Chloe* [or] *Paul and Virginia* . . ., as long as man is thrilled with enthusiasm by literary beauty and by moral purity."

The immediate success of the poem is mentioned. "Truly," Capalleja comments, "its originality merited such success. It was not made up of more or less feeble echoes of Europe, of reminiscences of other poets, but was completely new, fresh and pure, stirring the soul with untried emotions and touching unknown chords in its depths;—such are the descriptive beauties, the stirring action, the

<sup>26</sup> This passage marks the beginning of the fourth instalment of the *Studies*, vol. 43, p. 217.

exquisite feeling and the glowing morality which give worth and loveliness to *Evangeline*. . . . Never, since Byron, has the English language been used with more purity, correctness and elegance than by Longfellow in this poem. . . ."

The critic now devotes a number of pages to the historical basis of the poem, taking full advantage of the opportunity to enlarge upon the virtues of Spanish, and the vices of English, colonial government. This introduction completed, he quotes, in the splendid prose of Vicente de Arana,<sup>27</sup> the prelude to the poem itself. He then proceeds, summarizing the story and giving prose renderings of occasional short passages, until he comes to the description of the youth of Gabriel and *Evangeline*, at which point he makes use of Morla Vicuña's version in ottava rima.<sup>28</sup> The same translation is again drawn upon<sup>29</sup> for the description of the Mississippi, which, Capalleja thinks, "is, even after Chateaubriand's, one of the most admirable descriptions to be found." He calls attention to the fact that Longfellow is anachronistic in making *Evangeline* finally become a Sister of Charity, since that order was not introduced into the United States until after the beginning of the nineteenth century.

"Such," he says, "is this poem which by reason of the nobility of its inspiration, of its simple and effective grace, of its purity of form, worthy of Murillo's pencil, deserves comparison with the most beautiful and delicate creations of the human soul. . . ." With the statement of Philarète Chasles, the French critic, that the poem lacks passion and is truly inspired only in its descriptions of Nature, he takes issue as follows:

"No passion in this poem? We grant it if the French critic means thereby the violence and contortions of the

<sup>27</sup> See *ante*, pp. 110-111.

<sup>28</sup> See *ante*, pp. 109-110.

<sup>29</sup> The summary of the story carries him over into the fifth instalment, vol. 43, pp. 303 ff. The reply to Chasles begins on p. 310.

demoniac, the wild posturings which in the delirium of madness call upon hell, seeing themselves scorned by heaven . . . ; but if by passion we are to understand the emotion which stirs and shakes the soul to its uttermost depths, which persists throughout time and space in every instant of life, . . . this we find in *Evangeline*. . . . A snow-covered volcano is, in the case of *Evangeline*, something more than a mere metaphor; it is a truth which throbs in the very vitals of the poem: that such was the poet's purpose is seen clearly expressed at the end of the prelude. . . .

"If this idyll is beautiful from the literary point of view and from its truly marvelous description of the exuberance of Nature in young America, it is not less beautiful and radiant from the moral and religious aspect. . . . Its dénouement will appear gloomy to those who desire that novels and poems should end in a commonplace marriage or in the guffaws of a bacchic orgy; but such fictions are not faithful representations of life, which is really a cross that may be beautified by one's own strength aided by the grace of God; which though it has its Tabor, has also its Calvary." To make clearer his opinion of "happy endings" Capalleja now proceeds, with execrable taste, to imagine for the poem another conclusion, whose scene should be laid in Salt Lake. He further improves the occasion by castigating the Darwinians in a footnote, and then resumes the discussion of the religious value of the poem:

"This admirable poem is not only moral and religious; it is, furthermore, Catholic. Who personifies human right and dignity, trampled upon by brute force? A poor village priest, armed only with a wooden crucifix, his speech pervaded with piety and gentleness. What protests are raised against the outrages of despotism? Humble paternosters stammered through sobs and tears by the resigned victims. . . . Yes, this poem is Catholic; for Catholicism alone, a vast pyramid of light and truth, can offer such splendid



beauties, so many marvels, as those which give worth to *Evangeline*. . . .

"The success of *Evangeline* was brilliant in the extreme,<sup>30</sup> and it seemed that Longfellow's inspiration had definitely found its goal, establishing itself for ever on American soil. Nevertheless, romantic memories and dreams of Germany called him, and under their influence he published *The Golden Legend* in 1851. . . .

"At that period there was beginning to develop in the United States a certain antagonism to the Old World; their newspapers and reviews treated Europe with that arrogance and haughty disdain which the new generations display towards their ancestors; a powerful and trusted party, the Knownotings [sic], was preaching Americanism as if it were a new religion from which, as from Judaism, the profane peoples were excluded; a party which sought to draw its reproductive power from its native soil. Then were found in all their glory mediums and spirits, as if the supernatural, taking leave of skeptical Europe, were claiming the hospitality of the lakes and the wilderness. To complete this gathering there was needed only a theogony which should emulate those of India, Greece and Egypt, endowing America with autochthonic gods; a task which could be performed only by a poet familiar with the thankless labors of archeology. . . . To poetize the prehistoric origins of young America was to give them the halo of an illustrious genealogy, placing her among the noblest races of humanity, — an enterprise worthy to stimulate and tempt the genius of Longfellow, who performed it when he published his poem of *Hiawatha*." After quoting the opening of the poem as far as "In the eyry of the eagle" the critic adds:

"As this introduction shows, it is not Longfellow's intention to sing of modern America nor of the classic subjects

<sup>30</sup> This marks the beginning of the sixth instalment, vol. 43, p. 406.

of Franklin and of Jefferson, but of savage antediluvian America in her virginal purity, incarnating the hero of this primordial nature in the indigenous god Hiawatha. . . . America, therefore, may congratulate herself on having in Longfellow her Musæus and her Hesiod: he has endowed her with a theogony which may rank with the Egyptian, the Greek and the Scandinavian, with this difference, namely, that the gods of *Hiawatha* do not personify brutal passion, fierceness, violence and slaughter, but vivifying labor, beneficent industry and love for the weak and unfortunate. . . ."

Capalleja summarizes *The Peace-Pipe*, and goes on to say:

"The reader will already have guessed the plan of the work, which is the exposition of the sublime dogma of the redemption that is to be revealed in a simple and spontaneous manner among the aboriginal Americans. An untiring investigator of ancient documents, Longfellow discovered among the Indian tribes the existence of this tradition, common to all races. . . ." Of the close of the poem the critic remarks:

"In this moving close is to be discerned the muse which inspired *Evangeline*, a muse which is the friend and comforter of the afflicted and the dispossessed. Others might be able to make great poems by celebrating, in epic verse with classic reminiscences, the triumph of civilization over barbarism, without their cold hearts caring a straw for the wails and tears of so many unhappy savages, persecuted and hunted like wild beasts in the depths of their forests. . . . What melancholy breathes in the last scene of *Hiawatha*! . . . One would need a heart of brass not to be moved to pity for that unfortunate race which an inhuman government is about to drive from the land where their fathers sleep and to exterminate. Perhaps Longfellow's generous soul wished, by the presentation of such

mournful sights, to soften his compatriots and remind them of the duties of humanity; but alas! his voice has not been heard, because, since the publication of *Hiawatha*, the Indian tribes have seen their position grow worse. . . . And yet, 'the prophet of the prayer' who, with the cross in his hand, sets foot on American soil and sleeps beneath the hospitable roof of *Hiawatha*, symbolizes a different civilization. . . . Today the Catholic Church is continuing her peaceful and civilizing mission in the heart of the western forests and mountains, the refuge of these unhappy tribes; she is teaching them, is giving them the good tidings, while the vaunted apostles of 'modern thought' see that it is simpler and quicker to exterminate them. . . .

"Considered as literature, *Hiawatha* does not attain to the pathos of *Evangeline*, but it is adorned with beauties of a superior sort and may incontestably be ranked among the most notable productions of the century. Properly speaking, it is not a poem but rather a succession of fresh and simple pictures which exhale the aroma of the prairies and virgin forests of America. . . ."

In concluding his study of the poem the critic refers to the question as to whether Longfellow had made use of real Indian myths or had merely transplanted the *Kalevala*. He admits the use of the Finnish epic, but maintains that the strong American color of Longfellow's work makes it to all intents original. From *Hiawatha* he turns to *Miles Standish*:

"The publication of *Hiawatha* crowned Longfellow's muse with glory: everywhere in the United States he was acclaimed the foremost, but he had not satisfied all the fastidious requirements of the Yankees. Puritan pride could not regard favorably the decoration by an Anglo-Saxon, a son of Massachusetts, of Acadians, of hated Jesuits and wretched savages, with all the splendors of poetry, as

if the haughty American Union lacked an Achilles worthy to inspire a Homer. . . . Was it not Longfellow's duty to show to Europe, in harmonious verses, the providential calling of the Anglo-Saxon race, a privileged and biblical race? . . . Such were the complaints of the Puritans of Boston, a gloomy and exclusive sanhedrim; to pacify them Longfellow in 1858 composed his poem *Miles Standish Courtship* [sic], whose characters are fervid Puritans just landed from the *Mayflower*. . . ." The summary and estimate of the poem, which are thus introduced, add nothing essential to what the critic had said in his earlier article.<sup>31</sup> "The characters," he says, "are very real, but bourgeois and devoid of brilliance."

After mentioning the *New England Tragedies* Capalleja passes on to the poet's last works, *Judas Maccabæus* and *The Divine Tragedy*. These, he says, "reveal the religious sentiments of the earliest adherents of Christianity, fixing and determining their beliefs. The former gives an exact picture, with the rich palette which is appropriate to it, of the most brilliant epoch of the Jewish nation. . . . Supremely picturesque descriptions, vigorous touches which reveal the thoughtful inspiration of the sage, coupled with romantic fervor, knowledge and exact portrayal of character, profound thoughts beautifully expressed, — these form the web and the ornament of this poem." A footnote suggests that Longfellow may have gotten his idea from the *Macabeo* of the Spanish rabbi, Miguel de Silveyra.

"In *The Divine Tragedy*, Klopstock's *Messiah* perhaps coming to his mind, [Longfellow] presents, in successive scenes and with strokes worthy of his Christian soul, the birth and doctrine, the miracles and the sublime passion of the Redeemer of the world. One still notes on his palette *i segni de l'antica fiamma*, but repressed, since his soul, wearied of luxurious futilities, found its food only in the

<sup>31</sup> See *ante*, p. 116.

infinity which religion offered it; he renounced, therefore, the idolatry of art in order to cling to the cross, *spes unica* of the man and the genius, the final goal of that Excelsior to which in the ardor of his youthful muse he had subjected the insatiable and extravagant desires of mankind."

Approaching the conclusion of his study,<sup>32</sup> Capalleja begins his summing-up by reiterating the contrast between Longfellow and the poets who "deify humanity in themselves." He quotes, and agrees with, Philibert Soupé's opinion,<sup>33</sup> which ranks Longfellow with Crabbe, Wordsworth, Bürger, Uhland and Manzoni, and denies him place beside the greatest creative geniuses.

"No," the Spaniard agrees, "Longfellow is not a supreme genius who girds about, with the grandeur of his thought and the might of his inspiration, the visible and the invisible, earth with her thorns and hell with its horrors; but neither is he one of those wretches to whom the muse of the nineteenth century poets prostituted herself, singing, with the pride of Lucifer, of vengeance, blasphemous hate, and evil, personified in Satan. . . . His faithful, simple and innocent muse neither mocks and satirizes, regarding life as a comedy, nor curses with heroic pride, regarding it as a tragedy, but [regards it] as a drama in which man, neither the slave nor the tyrant of Nature, in the struggle of good and evil, in the conflict of principles, should make his royalty supreme, displaying his energy and activity and saving himself from sin by means of lofty inspiration. Knowing the grandeur of his mission and at the same time conscious of the dignity of the century, he, like Manzoni, keeps his genius free from servile praise and from cowardly excess: he does not flatter tyrants, nor does he

<sup>32</sup> This marks the beginning of the seventh and last instalment, vol. 44, p. 179.

<sup>33</sup> See Larousse: *Dic. univ.*, art. Longfellow.



lavish incense still more shameful upon the mob, but professes a stern and profound cult and sings not to unbridled license but to liberty. . . .

"Many poets, having achieved political liberty, seek to transfer it to the sphere of art and poetry, thereby neglecting the study of the metaphysical theory of the beautiful. Not thus Longfellow: he sang with reflection, which is the conscience of inspiration, and he would have considered it a treason on the part of the priest, of the minister of poetry, to deck doubt with tinsel, to sink the soul in despair, and, with the microscope under his eye, to make man vile under pretext of analyzing him. . . .

"Without subjecting himself to either the classic or the romantic mold, though inclining towards the latter, he understood, with the intuition of genius and the reflection of the poet . . . that poetry . . . ought to depict things, though ennobling and purifying them, without losing itself in the vagueness of an absurd pantheism, without trifling with the pompous and empty toys of sentimentalism; . . . that, being, as a poet, what the column of fire was to the Hebrew nation, he ought to lead his brethren to the promised land of honor, of labor, of order and of morality, battling against misanthropy, inertia and indifference; . . . that he ought to reflect, not on the specious fallacies of a century which is seeking and not finding its equilibrium, but on celestial clarities. . . .

"Other North American poets, such as Bryant, Dana, Halleck and Holmes, drew transatlantic poetry from its cradle; but Longfellow shows us poetry virile and proud, as the completest expression of American genius: the United States may, therefore, congratulate themselves on their poet. . . ."

Most of the other Spanish criticisms of Longfellow are like sardines in comparison with Capalleja's whale. There are, however, one or two herrings, the best as well as the

earliest one being Morla Vicuña's introduction to his version of *Evangeline*:<sup>34</sup>

"*Evangeline*," says the translator, "is above all an American descriptive poem. The scenes of pastoral life are depicted in even their most delicate details with such art and perfection that the attentive reader imagines himself beholding a real picture, the work of a masterly pencil, rather than a written description.

"Still more fascinating is the impression which the portrayal of the magnificent aspects of the virgin Nature of this continent leaves upon the mind. The poet, with the sublime audacity of genius, has hovered above the stupendous landscape, and, with an eagle glance, has at the same time grasped the imposing whole and been able to penetrate to the very depths of its mysterious refuges. The whole life of a great painter and the most colossal canvas would not have afforded time and space sufficient for the depiction of so extraordinary a spectacle. Poetry, bolder and more powerful than those material elements, has succeeded in embracing within its borders that beautiful panorama, and to Longfellow has fallen the honor of producing the perfect frame which encloses it.

"Philarète Chasles maintains that the author of *Evangeline* has been above all else faithful in copying American nature, not permitting his imagination to alter in the slightest degree the reality of the objects he describes. Such an opinion would lead one to suppose that Longfellow is not original, and would reduce him to the rank of those low-grade artists who, incapable of creative work, frequent the galleries of the great masters as simple copyists of great works. While agreeing perfectly with the opinion of the French critic, I nevertheless do not agree with this consequence which seems to follow from his assertion. Lamartine has said that the imagination is a mirror which

<sup>34</sup> See *ante*, pp. 109-110.

we carry with us and in which Nature is reflected. The most beautiful imagination is the clearest and most truthful mirror, the one which is least clouded with the breath of our own inventions. Genius does not create, it copies.

"It is true that Longfellow has introduced nothing wholly his own in his descriptions, he has not befogged the mirror with his own fantasies, and it is precisely this which makes his praise and constitutes his claim to merit. His beautiful imagination confines itself to reflecting sincerely, and copies Nature as genius alone can copy.

"So palpable is this truth that, the same work having been undertaken by two equally gifted though very different spirits, one may discern in their productions the analogy of fidelity. The magnificent descriptions in *Evangeline* of exuberant vegetation, of mighty rivers, and of vast prairies inhabited by a prodigious variety of animals which wander masterless, at once call to mind the richly colored pictures of the heart of this same country which Chateaubriand has left us in the prolog of his *Atala* and in the pages of his *Natchez*. The Catholic mission, vanguard of civilization, buried in the primeval forest; the venerable and paternal priest who directs it, and the tender worship offered in the forest sanctuary by the simple savages, fascinated by the sweetness of religion, [these things] struck the imaginations of the French novelist and the American poet in ways sufficiently different to leave the originality of both demonstrated, but with a certain spiritual similarity at bottom which shows that genius was common to both.

"Poetry was all written before time was, says Emerson, but only to the finely organized is it given to penetrate into that region where the air is music, where those primal warblings are heard. . . ."

Vicuña now turns to a discussion of the "dominant spirit" of *Evangeline*, and decides that "morality, purity,

love of duty, the sacredness of the affections and of the family, profoundly impressed upon the poem, constitute its soul and are, as it were, its secret inspiration." He quotes the opinion of "el crítico americano Whippley" [sic] to the effect that Longfellow occupies "a middle position between the poetry of present-day life and that of Transcendentalism." He adds a quotation from Cardinal Wiseman in praise of *Evangeline*, and also Poe's condemnation of moral purpose in poetry, not because he approves of Poe's view but merely that both sides of the question may be fairly stated. Admiration for the poem, he tells us, has impelled him to translate it, and he intends that the translation shall serve as a counterblast to the skeptical tendencies of the times, the more impressive because it is the work of a Protestant.

The remaining criticisms are still briefer. One long essay, the introduction to the Portuguese version of *Evangeline*, contains no criticism at all of Longfellow, though it goes into raptures over what it considers to be representative American poems. The appendix to Arana's *Oro y Oropel*, however, yields an interesting note. Arana had submitted his version of *Evangeline*, before publication, to D. Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch, the dramatist and bibliographer, and from one of the latter's letters, under date of 9 August, 1875, the translator quotes the following passage:

"*Evangeline* is the work of a great poet, who seems fonder of describing things than of describing, portraying, or making to speak human beings. The poem is extremely beautiful; nevertheless, I consider its weakest part to be the story of Gabriel, which might have been made as interesting as that of his betrothed. Did the author not realize it? But let us not complain: let us take with pleasure and applause what is given us, without asking for extras: it is a good sign when an author leaves his readers desirous of more reading."

"It is true," says Arana, commenting on this judgment of Hartzenbusch's, ". . . that the reader notices how little the poet speaks of Gabriel; but we must consider that Evangeline is the heroine of the poem, and that if Longfellow had made Gabriel as interesting a character as his affianced, the poem could not have been called *Evangeline*, but *Gabriel and Evangeline*. If the author speaks little of Gabriel, if he shows him desirous of change and forgetfulness, while his betrothed spends her life seeking him, it is in order that the ardent love, the admirable perseverance, the immense sacrifice, of the young woman may stand out in greater relief. Gabriel is a worthy young man, a true lover, but nothing more. Evangeline is the sublimest personification of love, constancy, patience, abnegation."

Arana's volume was twice noticed in *Revista de España*, and on both occasions attention was called to Longfellow's poem. The first review<sup>35</sup> declares that even if *Oro y Oropel* "had not contained many other beautiful things it would deserve praise on the sole ground of having made known to us Longfellow's *Evangelica* [sic], one of the most admirable poems of the contemporary muse and indisputably one of the most lovely poetical works of the century." The second notice<sup>36</sup> devotes some space to outlining the story of *Evangeline*, but adds no new criticism.

It seems to have been Longfellow's fate to be used as a stalking-horse by Spaniards who did not approve of the literary and scientific trend of their day. The criticism thus far quoted has amply illustrated this spirit, which is to be seen again in the three brief notes now to be mentioned.

The first of these is Soler y Arques' commentary on his

<sup>35</sup> *Revista de España*, vol. 54, p. 142; Jan. 1877.

<sup>36</sup> The same, vol. 55, pp. 281-286.



version of *The Spanish Student*.<sup>37</sup> His introduction he devotes chiefly to an enumeration of foreigners who have displayed interest in Spanish literature, George Ticknor being mentioned as one who did "Spanish letters a service almost great enough to make us ashamed." The translator praises Longfellow's picture of Spanish life, though the colors, he adds, are perhaps laid on a trifle heavily. At the end of the last instalment he thus passes judgment on the work:

"Let the work have what defects you will; but drama or novel — novel rather than drama, probably, in the eyes of even the author himself — there is no doubt that its every part has been inspired by a profound literary and ethnographic knowledge of the Spain of past centuries. . . ." The translator admits that the scene in the Archbishop's palace in the second act "might be pronounced exaggerated and just a trifle grotesque," but aside from this he has nothing but praise for the work and concludes by saying that it is worthy of being widely known in Spain as a wholesome antidote to the ultra-realistic dramas then in vogue on the Spanish stage.

The second of these brief notes is the preface, signed M. C., to the Barcelona edition of *Miles Standish*.<sup>38</sup> M. C. begs to differ with those critics who regard American literature as merely a continuation of that of England, since it is possible for literatures to differ widely in spirit and content even though they be written in substantially the same language. Of his biographical sketch of Longfellow it is sufficient to quote the statement that the publication of *Evangeline* placed its author "thenceforward beside Trumbull, Dwight, Barlow, Freneau, Pierpont, Sprague, Cullen Brynat [sic], Rodman Drahe [sic] and other American poets." The preface closes with the statement that

<sup>37</sup> *Revista contemporanea*, vol. 45, pp. 154, 281; vol. 46, p. 32.

<sup>38</sup> See *ante*, p. 159.

America "counts [Longfellow], and justly, among her most erudite men of letters, among her most productive and illustrious poets, [and] among her most distinguished novelists. His language is chaste, his style rich in elegant turns and most beautiful metaphors, without, however, abusing either. In some of his passages one notes a biblical savor which rounds and embellishes them much more than [would] the pomposity to which Anglo-American writers are so addicted. He has a feeling for Nature and interprets and portrays her without uncovering her nakedness as the modern naturalistic school delights to do. The most irreproachable morality shines in all his works."

Precisely similar in tone is the introduction, signed only with the initial A, to Nuñez's version of *Evangeline*,<sup>39</sup> the companion volume to *Miles Standish*. The poet's life is briefly sketched, and the argument of the poem stated in a few sentences. *Evangeline*, says A, is "an enchanting idyll which flatters the soul and impresses it sweetly, now with the holy and patriarchal customs of the Acadian colonists, now with the sad narrative of unhappy *Evangeline*'s sufferings. The poet knows how to lift up to God the hearts of his readers and to inspire in them noble and Christian sentiments: the close of the work is steeped in a mysticism which stirs the heart of even the most careless.

"May these books be welcome in our homes; and with their healthy and vigorous narratives may they serve as an antidote to the subtle and enervating poison of the fashionable pornographic literature!"

In the casual references to Longfellow occasionally found in the work of Spanish critics two things are noticeable. The first, already referred to, is that his version of the *Coplas* of Manrique serves the critics as a memory-tag, as is only natural; the second is that *Excelsior* is the best

<sup>39</sup> See *ante*, p. 111, note.

known of his original poems.<sup>40</sup> The following passage from a note on the centenaries of Longfellow and Carducci<sup>41</sup> will illustrate both points:

"... Of Longfellow, a sweet and agreeable singer and a master of technic, a home-poet in whom every delicacy finds its echo, there is little to say that is not well-known. His centenary has not been observed among us as it should have been; but it is only just to recognize that nevertheless there have been found those who have given appropriate praise to that famous poet who was, moreover, a Hispanist to whom we owe beautiful translations of our classics which have helped to popularize certain names and works among the Anglo-Saxon race. His version of the *Coplas* of Jorge Manrique still sounds pleasantly in some Spanish ears, though not all are able to appreciate it; and the beautiful soul of Longfellow still speaks to us and still cries *Excelsior!*, whether through his own original verses or through their brothers by Llorente."

Of popularity and influence, save as these can be deduced from the translations and criticisms already cited, little can be said. That *Evangeline* and such a poem as *Excelsior* have been popular is clearly evident, but that Longfellow has exerted any real influence on Spanish thought or Spanish literature is more than doubtful. One remark, however, which I have found, seems to suggest that the high esteem in which he is held by most Spanish critics is resented by certain others. In his study of "Lyric and epic poetry in Spain in the nineteenth century" which serves as an introduction to *Florilegio de poesías castellanas*,<sup>42</sup>

<sup>40</sup> E.g., cf. a review by Melchor de Palau of Blanco García's *Literatura española en el siglo XIX*, in *Revista contemporanea*, 15 July, 1891. The reviewer mentions "La voz de *excelsior*, popularizado por Longfellow."

<sup>41</sup> *Cultura española*, May, 1907.

<sup>42</sup> Madrid, 1902.

Juan Valera speaks in high praise of Alarcón's *Alegría*, adding:

"In truth I do not understand, unless as a craze for extolling the foreign and belittling our own, why *Alegría*, and other little poems, written by Velarde, of rural life at the present day, are not esteemed as much, or almost as much — though the comparison may be odious — as Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea* or Longfellow's *Evangeline*."

## CHAPTER VII

PRESCOTT, EMERSON, WHITMAN

### 1. WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

SPANISH interest in Prescott was to be expected, in view of the subjects selected by that historian. Accordingly we find the publication of a version of *Ferdinand and Isabella* begun in Madrid as early as 1843. This translation was the work of D. Pedro Sabau y Larroya, and "was to have consisted," Hidalgo tells us,<sup>1</sup> "of four volumes, but the first parts only were published" at this time. Two years later, however, the enterprise was taken up and completed by the firm of Rivadeneyra and Company, noted for their polytome edition of the Spanish classics. An American edition of this version was published in Mexico City in 1854, while in 1855 another version, by Atilano Clavo Iturburu, was issued in Madrid as a single closely-printed volume of the popular "Biblioteca ilustrada de Gaspar y Roig."

Meanwhile *The Conquest of Mexico* had been translated. The two earliest versions I have found, one the work of José María Gonzales de la Vega and the other of Joaquín Navarro, were both published in Mexico in 1844. Navarro's version was reprinted at Jalapa, Mexico, in 1869. Still a third version, by J. B. de Beratarrechea, appeared at Madrid in 1847 and was later reissued in South America.

The year 1847 saw also the publication at Madrid of an anonymous version of *The Conquest of Peru*. Two years later another version, by Joaquín García Icazbal-

<sup>1</sup> *Diccionario general de bibliografía española.*



ceta, was published in Mexico, and in 1851 a third version, anonymous like the first, was published by Gaspar y Roig of Madrid in their "Biblioteca ilustrada." Of this last three editions were printed in as many successive years, while Icazbalceta's work reached at least a second edition. The tale of translations is completed by *Philip II*, translated by D. Cayetano Rosell and published at Madrid in 1856.

Criticism of Prescott is scanty. The translations of his works were apparently allowed to stand on their own merits, since none that I have examined contains any introductory explanations or apologies. Three magazines — *El Museo universal*, *Revista de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes* and *La Lectura para todos* — published short obituary notices, the third one named being accompanied by a woodcut portrait. The most that these attempted in the way of criticism, however, was a somewhat vague and perfunctory praise. Contemporary reviews of the histories are also scarce. Only two of importance have come to my notice.

The first of these, a review of *Ferdinand and Isabella*, was published in the same year as the earliest translation, but deals with the original English and not with a Spanish version. Its author was D. Fermín Gonzalo Morón; its place of publication the *Revista de España, de Indias y del extranjero*.<sup>2</sup>

The common complaint that foreigners always misrepresent Spain cannot, says the reviewer, be made in the case of Prescott. "Truly, the greater one's knowledge of the important period to which [Prescott's] history is confined, and the closer one's examination of his excellent work, the better one understands the basis of that belief<sup>3</sup> and the more plainly evident becomes the outstanding merit of so

<sup>2</sup> Vol. 1 (1845), pp. 240-248.

<sup>3</sup> I.e., that foreigners always misrepresent Spain.

notable a production: it seems really impossible that a foreigner, of so distant a land, . . . could have collected so many, so various, and such copious materials as Mr. Prescott had before him in writing his history: and though it is true that the works of the erudite Clemencín, published in the sixth volume of the *Memorias* of the Academy of History, have been of great service to the Anglo-American writer, nevertheless this circumstance cannot in any way diminish the merit of his work, which, in addition to displaying the sound standards and clear understanding of its author, could have been composed only after most laborious efforts and much time spent in the acquisition and philosophical examination of the vast materials which Mr. Prescott has gathered: . . . similarly, whatever may be our feeling on seeing that a work of such high value should not have come from the pen of a Spanish writer, this [feeling] will, nevertheless, not hinder our rendering ample and deserved justice to the foreigner's talent."

The period treated, the reviewer continues, is one of the most admirable and interesting of Spanish history. Perhaps the story of the times, "traced by a Spanish pen, would have more strongly stirred patriotic enthusiasm, and would have been written with livelier and more poetic coloring; nevertheless a stern impartiality ennobles the pages of Prescott's history, and the famous Anglo-American is neither cold nor insensible in recounting our glories and exploits; rather he praises them with that feeling of pleasure which always stirs writers of sound judgment and lofty ideals. . . ."

Prescott's general introduction the reviewer considers admirable except in the parts "which relate to the reorganization of the revenue and of the administration in general," which he finds "a trifle careless." Prescott's chief error of omission, he thinks, is his failure to treat with sufficient fulness the variety of motives and circumstances which

led up to the expulsion of the Moors and the establishment of the Inquisition. On the other hand, military and political movements and the characters and political systems of the monarchs are given "with sound judgment and an admirable superiority."

"Now . . . that we have given our impartial verdict upon the principal merit of the *History*," the critic concludes, "we may be permitted to say a few words about its literary value, though with the timidity proper to one who does not consider himself to have authority sufficient for judging a foreign work. Prescott's history is clear and simple in its narrative; its language in many places has marked energy and does not lack elegance and beauty; in the description of characters the historian is grave and elevated and is able to stir the reader's interest, the portrait he gives of the Catholic Queen being worthy of citation as a model of its type; all these circumstances, the able arrangement of the plan, the profound and careful study of events, the sound judgment, the stern impartiality and elevation of thought which are evident in every page of his excellent history, impel us to believe that Mr. Prescott's work is one of the foremost of its type, and ought to secure for its author one of the most distinguished places among modern historians."

The second review has already been quoted in connection with Irving.<sup>4</sup> It was the work of Domingo del Monte y Aponte (1804-54), a Venezuelan poet and bibliographer who spent the greater part of his life in Cuba. The review was evidently first published in some American periodical, whence the *Revista de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes* of Seville reprinted it two years after its author's death. The article, after giving the opinion of Irving's histories which has already been quoted, goes on to say:

"William Prescott, with less luxuriance of imagination

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, pp. 16-17.

than the Attic Irving, sought to cover by his labors the whole length of the reign [of the Catholic Sovereigns]; and by resolution and admirable perseverance succeeded in filling excellently the gap which was noticeable in English literature, gaining a European reputation with his *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*. . . . This painstaking writer, besides raising a beautiful monument to the intellectual glory of his country, has done great service to historical studies in the United States. The good faith and diligence wherewith he has examined our ancient documents, the ability wherewith he has been able to understand and interpret them despite the fact that he is a foreigner and a citizen of a democratic republic, and the impartiality of his judgments, being mindful, in passing them, only of the noble magistracy of the historian; these [qualities] place him in the rank of the Robertsons and the Gibbons, and make him worthy of the popularity he has won at home and abroad. Since then he has extended and strengthened his reputation with his no less valuable histories of *The Conquest of Mexico* and *The Conquest of Peru*, wherewith he has completed the marvelous trilogy of the discovery of the New World. Before undertaking the examination of his latest work . . . let us finish the survey which we have undertaken of the Anglo-American writers who have dealt in their works with wholly Spanish subjects.

“First of all we shall cite Bancroft’s classic *Colonial History of the United States* and Holmes’ *Annals* of the same States, as another proof of the need which he who would study the origins of the European establishments in America has of knowing beforehand the language and literature of Spain. Read the first chapters of these works and you will see the good use which their authors have made of the old Spanish books which they had at their disposal. . . .

“Anglo-American literature, more varied and abundant than we suspect hereabouts, has many other valuable works wherein one notes the fondness which its most gifted writers have for treating Spanish subjects. Mr. Irving himself, aside from his works in Spanish history, has written the *Tales of the Alhambra*, purely Peninsular in their inspiration, and worthy, by the strength of native color which marks their beautiful pictures, of being placed beside the *Guerras civiles de Granada* of Ginés de Hita. The Honorable Caleb Cushing, ambassador to China, preserved, in two small and neat volumes published at Boston in 1833, his *Reminiscences* of the pleasant journey through Spain which he had taken years before; this little work is a mine of traditions, legends and historical memories of the most notable people and events of Spain: one recognizes it as the fruit of the leisure hours of a traveler who was thoughtful as well as genial and sensible. . . . The present professor of foreign literature in the University of Boston, Mr. Longfelleu [sic], a poet as truly inspired as he is erudite and whose poetic talent has been worthily recognized in England, has cultivated Spanish literature as well as [the literatures] of the north of Europe; and his skilful lyre has been able to repeat in English, without disfiguring them, some of the gravest tones of the old Castilian muse. See, for instance, his *Spanish Student*, his *Outre-Mer* and his translation of the *Coplas* of Jorge Manrique. The famous singer [sic] of the chances and perils of the sea-faring life, Fenimor [sic] Cooper, would not let escape him a subject in itself so romantic as the story of the Spanish voyages of exploration in the West Indies, and so in writing his *Mercedes of Castile* he paid his homage to Spain. This rapid survey of North American cultivators and appreciators of Spanish literature would not be complete if we failed to give special and honorable mention to George Ticknor. This gentleman held the chair of foreign literature at Boston before



Longfelleu [sic], and there taught his pupils to know and appreciate the beauties and perfections of Spanish genius . . . .

"Justice as well as personal gratitude requires that we here record, with grief for his recent loss, the illustrious name of the Honorable Alexander H. Everett. This Bostonian man of letters — brother of Edward Everett, the eloquent orator and able statesman who until recently was his country's ambassador at London — was also a diplomat. In 1825 he was in Madrid as representative of the Washington government; at that time our Don Martín Fernández de Navarrete published the first volume of his *Collection of Spanish Voyages*, with the contemporary official documents which enriched that work. Everett immediately recognized the importance of the publication and invited his friend and compatriot Irving, who was then in France, to study Señor Navarrete's work and even to come to Madrid, that he might by the use of that work and of the resources of the national libraries and archives undertake the task of writing the life of Columbus. — The republic of letters has since profited by the most brilliant result of Mr. Everett's invitation. . . ."

Summing up, del Monte points out that the most powerful American nation shows an enthusiastic interest in Spanish literature, and that a similar interest is to be noted in England, France and Germany. These nations, however, might justly complain of a lack of reciprocal interest on the part of the Spaniards. "They may indeed complain of our indifference in ignoring, without even translating them, the most striking productions of their respective countries. Byron, Goethe and Victor Hugo have not yet found Spanish interpreters, and aside from those three splendid stars of European poetry few here know even the names of the learned historians, philosophers and poets of civilized Europe: we have no intellectual life except what comes to us from France, since if we do chance to learn of

other countries we do so under her guidance; we are a *literary colony* of our neighbor."

Now at length del Monte turns to a consideration of *The Conquest of Peru*, and at once loses all interest for us, since what he gives us is merely a description of the Peruvian civilization, condensed from Prescott, and not a critical study of the history itself. He praises Prescott's use of both published works and inedited documents relating to Peru, "but what will most attract our sympathy in favor of the author is the candor wherewith he acknowledges his indebtedness to our compatriots. . . ." Del Monte's purpose in writing the article, he says, has not so much been to make the particular work known, for a translation of it is already in preparation, but rather to awaken the interest of the public in general, and of scholars in particular, in the almost wholly neglected study of the history of Spanish America.

Aside from these two reviews only one attempt at a critical estimate of Prescott has come to my notice. On July 30, 1893, *La Ilustración* published the results of a symposium of Spanish authors and public men on the value and merits of Prescott's work. The most notable contribution is that of Antonio Canovas del Castillo, historian and statesman, who was six times premier of Spain.<sup>5</sup> He opens his contribution to the symposium by declaring that during the half-century preceding the date at which he was writing no historian had equaled Prescott in popularity in Spain, "partly because of his subjects, and partly because of his method of treating them." The old histories and chronicles of Spain, he remarks, rival her fields in dryness, and "Prescott's first books therefore fell on us like a spring shower. That insatiable scholar drew honey from his manuscripts and old books as a bee does from brambles." Prescott's method, he continues, was to deduce

<sup>5</sup> Assassinated in 1897.

the characters of his personages from their conduct in certain authenticated cases, and thence to infer what was their real line of action in cases where the evidence remaining is doubtful or contradictory. Spaniards have had much unhappy experience with Protestant historians, "and when a Protestant and a democrat succeeds in captivating us by his treatment of the Catholic Sovereigns and of the conquerors of America, it means that his books are very different from those of other foreigners. In truth, we may say that we have no cause to complain of any of the American historians except the fanatic Motley. . . ." He particularly praises Prescott's portraits of Ferdinand, Isabella, and Cortés, and regrets the incompleteness of the Philip II. "In short, Prescott's name is and always will be highly honored in Spain. His name, with those of Washington Irving and Ticknor, would suffice to keep alive forever the sympathy of Spaniards with the citizens of the great transatlantic nation, even if other motives were not daily adding to this friendly feeling . . .," — an optimistic opinion which in less than five years from the date of its publication was effectually disproved by American folly and hysteria.

In the same symposium Julio Betancourt, Colombian ambassador to Madrid, repeats the complaint about the way in which foreign historians have misrepresented Spain, and says that Prescott is a distinguished exception who deserves the highest praise for his fidelity to the truth of history.

José Gómez de Arteche says that though Prescott's writings are found "somewhat lacking by this present age of minute investigation and severe criticism, [they] have nevertheless an additional and indisputable literary merit which is not less important because it awakened in Spain a fondness for new researches in the history of our own country and for an examination of its sources which the

works, however admirable, of our own classic authors had not sufficiently succeeded in doing."

Still another contributor, Cesareo Fernández Duro, says:

"He was blind, and he saw into our history more clearly than many who were gifted with keen eyesight."

But despite all these favorable opinions I find no record of recent editions of Prescott's histories in Spain. Like Irving, he seems to be more respected than read.

## 2. RALPH WALDO EMERSON

There seems to have been no Spanish edition of any of Emerson's works prior to 1900, though long before that date he was known to a few scholars who were familiar with English literature, and it may be that some of the French versions of the *Essays* also found readers in the Peninsula. In 1900 seven essays — *The Oversoul*, *Circles*, *Compensation*, *Self-Reliance*, *Friendship*, *Heroism*, *The Poet* — appeared, under the title *El hombre y el mundo*, in a translation by Pedro Márquez, and at about the same time the whole of *The Conduct of Life* was Spanished by Benedicto Martínez Vélez. The latter work was followed promptly (none of the volumes are dated, so that the exact interval cannot be ascertained) by *Representative Men*, translated by David Martínez Vélez, presumably a brother of the translator just mentioned. The two versions constitute volumes 326 and 332 of the "Biblioteca de jurisprudencia, filosofía é historia," a collection which includes many translations of the standard works of all languages. About 1904 *Nature* and its companion addresses were translated for the same series by Edmundo González-Blanco, a noted critic and man of letters of the present day. *English Traits* forms volume 442 of the same collection, while volume 459, under the title of *Los veinte ensayos*, contains

all of the first and second series of *Essays* except *The New England Reformers*. In addition to this notable series of translations seven essays, prefaced by Maeterlinck's famous study of Emerson, were published at Barcelona in 1904. Presumably they were taken from Mlle. Mali's French version, with which Maeterlinck's essay was first printed. Finally, a Catalan rendering of *Self-Reliance* and *Friendship* was published at Barcelona in 1910 by Cebrià Montoliu, poet and critic.

Considering the number and quality of the translations of Emerson the amount of criticism I have found is very small, and of this small amount a considerable part antedates all of the recorded versions. Of the versions themselves, Montoliu's Catalan is the only one to be accompanied by an original critical introduction.

The most significant of the early Spanish criticisms of Emerson is to be found in some of the essays of Juan Valera, the noted novelist and critic who was at one time Spanish Ambassador at Washington. All his references to Emerson show him to be obsessed with the notion of the American's indebtedness to Carlyle. For instance, in his essay on *Originality and Plagiarism*<sup>6</sup> he says:

"[Emerson] holds ideas which are theosophical, pantheistic and a trifle vague, like the famous Swedenborg and the shoemaker Boehme: he believes that there is something which he calls the Over-Soul or supreme soul, and that this Over-Soul moves and arranges all things and ordains them to a good end; so that great men and heroes become as the mouthpieces wherethrough the said Over-Soul reveals and explains itself, making itself manifest in the world with thoughts and works. Among Emerson's works is one called *Representative Men*, who are the epiphanies, incarnations, hypostases, or whatever they may be called,

<sup>6</sup> In *Disertaciones y juicios literarios*, Madrid, 1890. The essay was first published in *Revista contemporanea* in 1876.



of the aforementioned Over-Soul. This work on *Representative Men* somewhat resembles one of Carlyle's, called *Hero-Worship*. In short, without going in too deeply, and leaving aside the intricate philosophies of these authors, it is certain that both deify various individuals in a somewhat pompous manner.

"Emerson, I suppose either arbitrarily or else attracted by the cabalistic virtue of the number seven, names seven representative men, as there are seven archangels, and seven virtues, and seven deadly sins, and seven martyr brothers in many martyrdoms. Emerson's seven representative men are: the philosopher, Plato; the mystic, Swedenborg; the skeptic, Montaigne; the man of the world, Napoleon; the writer, Goethe; and the poet, Shakespeare. It is plain that not less arbitrary than the division into seven types is the choice of the individuals for each of the seven types. We might in the same manner make another book, placing Aristotle for the philosopher; San Juan de la Cruz for the mystic; Sánchez for the skeptic; Alexander the Great or Columbus for the man of action or of the world; for writer Cervantes, and for poet Dante, Calderón or Lope. This is said in passing, and I beg pardon for the digression. I am not here seeking to impugn Emerson, but only to say that to Emerson Shakespeare is the poet par excellence; *the poet*, with all the emphasis which the article *the* can in English give to the expression. To Emerson, the world of men offers no man equal to Shakespeare in point of mental power, of understanding, of genius. Shakespeare is a hope, or rather a threat, that there will at last arise another race of beings superior to the human: he is as the first evidence, the precursor of that new race which is to leave us like pygmies. Well then: this precursor, on Emerson's own admission, has copied and plagiarized to an unprecedented degree. Hence Emerson's theory that great men, and above all great poets,

are not original: they are representative and comprehensive. A great poet is not a spider who builds her web of her own substance, nor is he someone who does not resemble other men, and who goes about always wringing his brains to extract from them things which no one else has thought of. The great poet has a heart and understanding in perfect accord with his country and his time, and he says what everyone in his country and his time is saying, though he says it better and more beautifully and with the ineffable charm of one who gives it his whole soul. . . ."

In several other essays Valera mentions Emerson, always with the remark that he imitated Carlyle. Thus in the essay on *Los Estados Unidos contra España*,<sup>7</sup> written about 1896, when American folly was already producing strained relations between the two countries, he says:

"... I cannot exclude from my love for the human race the people of the United States, where there have been and are men and things which I find congenial: elegant and inspired poets such as Longfellow, Russel-Lowell [sic] and Whittier; some thinkers, perhaps scarcely original, but discreet and ingenious, like Emerson, the imitator of Thomas Carlyle; various historians, hardly profound, but pleasant and agreeable to read except when they write of their own land, for then they are heavy as lead; various interesting novelists, and, above all, men of such keen inventive genius as Edison. . . ."

The same idea of the American's debt to Carlyle is found in Menéndez y Pelayo's essay on *History as a Work of Art*. In the course of the essay its author mentions "the admirable theory of *providential men* which, so to speak, exalts

<sup>7</sup> In *Á vuelo pluma*, Madrid, 1897. Valera also mentions Emerson in his *Apuntes sobre el nuevo arte de escribir novelas* and in his essay *Sobre Shakespeare*. See Valera: *Obras*, Madrid, 1888, vol. iii, pp. 228, 336 and 339.

and magnifies the human element in history," and adds in a footnote that an "analogous doctrine, though with a quasi-pantheistic savor, supports Emerson, the modern American philosopher, and is in substance the same as Carlyle's in his book on *Heroes*."

Only one review of a Spanish version of Emerson has come to my notice, and in this case it is difficult to avoid a suspicion of commercial motives, considering the fact that the book reviewed and the magazine reviewing it are published by the same firm. The work criticized is the collection that contains the first and second series of *Essays*; the critic is Carlos Belmonte.<sup>8</sup> The critical, or rather eulogistic, portion of the notice follows:

"Emerson, perhaps the most original, the most poetic, brilliant and paradoxical writer we know, among whose imitators may be found our charming and restless Unamuno,<sup>9</sup> is chiefly famous for his *Essays*, some of which, such as *Self-Reliance* and *Nature*, are masterpieces of language and thought.

"It is sufficient merely to announce the appearance of his twenty *Essays*, abstaining from eulogy, which would be unnecessary, since of the author of *Representative Men* it may be said that the *flag covers the trade* and legitimizes it. . . ."

Far more important than any of these brief references to Emerson is the introduction to the Catalan version of *Self-Reliance* and *Friendship*. Cebriá Montoliu, the translator, is a poet and critic who has published numerous works in Spanish as well as in Catalan; he is a leader in the effort to restore Catalan to its old position as a literary language. An important part in the attempt to rehabilitate the dialect is played by the publication of Catalan

<sup>8</sup> *La España Moderna*, August, 1907.

<sup>9</sup> Rector of the University of Salamanca; a writer on philosophical and sociological topics.

versions of the great works of other literatures. The American works selected include, besides the two essays from Emerson, a small volume of excerpts from other American prose-writers and a volume of translations from Walt Whitman.

Montoliu opens his introduction with a discussion of "intellectual leaders" in general. "From time to time," says the critic, "we receive visits from superior beings who seem sent by Providence to give us lessons in a wiser way of life. When these strangers come, we scarcely know what is their destiny and task. They come to live among us like dethroned kings or princes who are traveling incognito and who adapt themselves as well as they can to our rough and barbarous customs. They generally lead a modest and retired life and show neither scepter, crown nor distinctive bearing which would cause them to be pointed out. Often silent, they pass by unperceived by the common citizen, and die unknown, having received no homage save that of their intimates and familiars. Become eloquent, they gain in favorable circumstances the admiration, at once timid and distrustful, of the wayfarers who, divining their greatness without understanding it, fall humbly on their knees in the august presence. Thus they may acquire such prestige and authority among their contemporaries that subsequent critics who have not experienced their spell will say that these were disproportionate to their merits. . . .

"But in general they are not geniuses or heroes in the common acceptance of the terms. They do not awe us by the flight of their fancy or by the radiance of their visions. They do not startle us with messages from the other world or amaze us with any miracle. They do not seem instruments of any mysterious and terrible supernatural agent. . . . At bottom they are simply, by descent, men, who, living our ordinary life, incarnate with

more or less perfection, and often very imperfectly, a higher and nobler type of humanity. They are the aristocracy of the soul, the salt of the earth, and, if not always with their tangible works, in any case with their single example and presence, the true educators of men, who unconsciously imitate their virtues and manners, as if they instinctively saw in them the appearance of that god of the heart which all conceal. . . .”

Montoliu here devotes two paragraphs to the praise of the mute inglorious leaders who have exerted great influence in their own circles but who, having left no permanent records of themselves, are doomed to oblivion. He continues:

“Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne, Pascal, Emerson, are some of the few who have escaped the implacable invasion of that Cimmerian night [of oblivion], and of them we may speak with some degree of certainty, for, whatever their lives may have been, they have spoken and have left writings which, imperfect perhaps as works, are always precious documents which reveal to us with exact certainty the superior quality of their souls. When we examine these documents every one apprizes us of a curious fact which clearly distinguishes their authors. . . . All the rich variety of human condition and thought is represented among them. But, on comparing them with the brilliant crowd of the immortals in whose company they appear, one quality clearly distinguishes them, giving its character to the whole group: the entire lack of proportion between their influence and renown and the visible and ponderable value of the writings they have left. They have left no great tragedy or epic, no great physical or metaphysical theory, nor is there found in them even any extraordinary invention or surprising revelation of original ideas or hitherto unexpressed thoughts which would satisfactorily explain to us their influence, transcendence and immortality. [Their



works] follow no order, method or sequence. They are simply collections of short, fragmentary, incomplete writings which impress us by the depth of their thought and the loftiness of their vision, but which leave disconcerted and doubtful the mind of whosoever seeks in them a definite answer to the smallest question. And nevertheless, perhaps for this very reason, they leave a deep, indelible impression upon our spirit. It seems as though by secret ways, known only to their authors, they attained directly to the superior faculties of the soul, making them vibrate in harmony with the lofty inspiration which has spoken to them, restoring to them their forfeited control over the base instincts and tumultuous passions, and infecting our whole being with the rhythmic pulsation of their wisdom. Thus it is that these fragmentary and aphoristic books, which neither prove nor affirm anything important, become, when once we know them, our counselors and intimate confidants, the secret inspirers of a hundred voluminous works and heroic acts, and the ever fresh and nutritious food of a thousand generations. For their language is that of one heart which speaks to another, freeing itself from all the gag of artificial formulas which ordinarily chokes that intimate voice even when those who speak are the wise and powerful of this world; what they say are not the pure concepts of an intelligence seeking an answer to the enigma of the world, but the frank and spontaneous reflections of wise men who, confused in the tumult of the world, have lived out their wisdom among men and give it to us stripped of all doctrinal garb and, as it were, distilled into simple conclusions, the very core of their exemplary lives.

“Right here is rooted the secret virtue which redeems all the flaws and weaknesses of these imperfect efforts . . . and gives them the authority and consideration which the chief works of humanity merit; for humanity rightly sees

in their authors not the imperfect, ill-trained writers of faulty works but the venerable masters of that precious science which is not explained in books nor taught by professors and which nevertheless forms the first substratum of all social geology, [namely] the science of life, the science, so ill formulated, of wisdom or common sense. In them, truly, is found, deep, authentic and sincere, . . . that good sense so uselessly sought in the tumult of arguments and the confusion of discussions, that sense which is common not because it is admitted by universal agreement but because it is at the heart of everyone, though on the surface of no one; . . . that sense which it is the end and purpose of all evolution to bring to the surface and cause to enter the ever-growing realm of the conscience; that very sense to which Emerson himself refers when he writes: 'Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense.'

"These being the teachers of that little universal science, all men naturally listen to them and heed them, half amazed to find in the first-born and chosen of the world the very depth of truth which rules their own private lives. Thus it is that these sages, who live habitually in the deeps to which we descend only occasionally, teach us by the frank narrative of their experiences, comfort us with the certitude of their visions and guide us by the indication of what the social conscience of tomorrow will be. Thus it is often the case that their ideas are at first held to be foolish and exotic; but this does not prevent their becoming in time the common inheritance, even to the point of causing their originators to be forgotten. This is what has taken place with the Stoics, whose flower is Marcus Aurelius, and what is beginning to take place with Emerson and Anglo-American transcendentalism. And it is neither strange nor unjust that this should be, for his descendants have already peopled that unsettled

country which was colonized by their immigrant ancestors and nourish themselves eucharistically on the flesh and blood [of the latter], who live eternally, unsuspected, unidentified, in the flesh and blood of the successive generations. They spoke their *latent conviction*, and it has become the *universal sense*.

"It is therefore not unfitting that in this present age . . . we refer often to the wise oracles of those Olympians who, without affecting any superiority or distinction, knew how to live and maintain their balance in the ever quiet heart of things, whence they contemplated without dizziness the harmonious revolutions of the serene heavens. . . ." By studying "the clear and luminous figure" of Emerson, Montoliu concludes, we may "contemplate in a living and palpitant representation the vices and virtues, merits and demerits, characteristic of all the company of pallid shades of his predecessors in wisdom."

Accordingly, after a prefatory comment on the paucity of incident in Emerson's life — "this author disconcerts the curious critic by the lack of interest in his life, which is smooth and monotonous as a lake in calm" — Montoliu proceeds to give us an accurate and sympathetic account of that life, founded, he tells us, on Richard Garnett's biography. To the biographical sketch he appends a list of Emerson's chief works, with their dates of publication. Remarking that he leaves a study of Emerson's literary personality to a later volume of the series — a volume which has not yet appeared, by the way — he passes to a discussion of the two essays he has chosen for translation, namely, *Self-Reliance* and *Friendship*.

"[These] two essays," he says, ". . . form part of the first collection published by Emerson. It is the most Emersonian of all his works, the frankest and happiest revelation of his personality. Written in the prime of his powers, it is the true flower of his literary production, and

is in itself sufficient to accredit him as a thinker and a seer. . . . The choice of the two which I have offered to the reader is the result of my intention to show the most notable examples of their creator's thought, since they give us the supreme expression of that most attractive and remarkable aspect of his nature, which, by a singular coincidence, now proves the easiest and most necessary for us to assimilate, — I mean his absolute and radical individualism, the fierce independence of his Anglo-Saxon soul. In both essays alike — in the first developing its general lines, in the second making its application to the important topic of the affections — are found the roots and inmost essence of that great trait of that race, which, expanded even to exaggeration by the great American nation, nevertheless constitutes one, perhaps the most remarkable, of their many points of coincidence with our own<sup>10</sup> traditional spirit.

“Here also appear with marvelous clarity the deep religious roots of that great national character, and it can now be seen that that very individual independence, thus socially translated, results in that other equally essential and apparently contradictory character of the race, — the democratic spirit. . . . At bottom that rooted democratic individualism is only a natural consequence of the recognition and adoration of the divinity working in every man and showing itself in our smallest acts. One here sees how the ancient wisdom of the first Christian brotherhoods, invigorated by Anglo-Saxon individualism, thanks above all to the impulse given by the Protestant reformation, has budded anew and blossomed with all its vigor in the social and political constitution of the most modern and progressive of contemporary states. This, which is not literally to be read, but which saturates every sentence of Emerson, forms the basis of his immense humanism, and

<sup>10</sup> I.e., Catalanian.

gives us the key to the great educative value of his writings. For — and here lies the difference between his individualism and that of the materialistic schools — in explaining himself to himself, in affirming himself to himself, in absolving himself to himself, in proclaiming himself to himself, that great man, the *friend of men*, merely explains, affirms, absolves and proclaims his own humanity, as the highest and noblest thing which can be set on the throne of the world; and that proclamation, not dictated by blind and egoistic instinct, is a demand of reason which, far from excluding, includes all men. His simple humanism converts it into the most solemn declaration of the rights of man, to whose use and enjoyment we are all equally called. . . .

“Frank, sincere, ardent and categorical declarations; fervent appeals to every man’s immense latent powers; laconic summonses which act secretly like silent electric shocks; curtains which are withdrawn on every side, inviting us to see marvelous sights in the external and internal world; all tending to urge man towards the absolute affirmation of himself, calming him by the certainty that that road, however far he follow it, will not isolate him but will ever unite him more closely with the universe; and everything said with the serene countenance, tranquil bearing and smiling lips of a ‘gymnosophist seated on a flowery bank,’ — that is Emerson. This it is which gives value to his writings, and this it is which has encouraged me in my task of giving them a Catalan form. May they help to invigorate our anemic society! . . . It is . . . as a tonic and an incomparable reconstituent of personal force that I have offered the reader this little work. . . .

“As for the translation, I ought to say, in my own defense as well as in that of other translators, that in his own country Emerson is considered almost untranslatable because of the identification of his style with the inmost



nature of the Anglo-American spirit. Thus perhaps may be explained the small success of his translations, especially in the Romance languages, as compared with the great popularity of the original in his own country. Literally speaking, Emerson's style represents the culminating point of the evolution of one great essential trait of the English language, — concision. So extreme is Emerson's that I doubt whether there can be found anywhere in literature more happily wrought examples of that great quality of language. Herein lies the translator's chief difficulty, for that concision, being not artificial or superficial, but the natural expression of the author's soul and of [the soul] of his language, must be respected under penalty of losing the principal charm of his speech. But, on the other hand, what tongue is capable of following the English guided in this course by Emerson? So far as I know, not one. Nevertheless, if any one of them all is in a position to attempt it, it is undoubtedly the Catalan. It was for this reason that, though I knew the great difficulties of the task, I decided to avoid the system followed by most of the translators. Consider the *Essays* in the translation of I. Will,<sup>11</sup> as the best known version and the one which has unquestionably served as the model for the recently published Spanish versions; its excessive verbosity, in my opinion, requires that instead of a translation it be regarded in general as a paraphrase or commentary, and not a specially fortunate one, on the original. It really pains one who knows Emerson at first hand to find so little of his spirit and so much of the translator in a work which, it must be confessed, has done so much to make him known to the world."

In conclusion Montoliu says that in his desire to be faith-

<sup>11</sup> I.e., Mlle. Mali, who used the pseudonym I. Will. As has already been mentioned, Maeterlinck's essay on Emerson serves as introduction to the translation.

ful at all costs to the original he may have erred on the side of too great literalness, which may result in an obscure and unidiomatic rendering. To the first objection he pleads that Emerson himself is frequently obscure, and that he has thought it better to respect the obscurities "than to conceal them with capricious explanations." The second objection, he declares, is the more real, since Catalan at present is scarcely rich enough to reproduce all the shades of thought of which English is capable. One chief purpose of such efforts as the present translation is to help perfect the language and to give it the elasticity necessary for the expression of every phase of modern thought.

Señor Montoliu is a scholar as well as a poet, and in its combination of accuracy and skill his version reveals both of his talents. A number of footnotes tell of his difficulties with words, such as *self* in its absolute sense, which have no exact equivalents in Catalan.

### 3. WALT WHITMAN

Walt Whitman, the latest important American author to reach Spain, enjoys the somewhat dubious distinction of being apparently more talked about than read. A Spanish criticism of him was written nearly twenty-five years ago, but it was not until 1912 that a Castilian version of his poems appeared, though a selection from these in a Catalan rendering by Cebriá Montoliu had been before the public since 1910. In bulk and quality the criticism of Whitman surpasses that of any other American except Poe, but nearly all of it antedates the Castilian version of the poems, and must therefore be taken as the personal opinions of individual scholars or enthusiasts, and not as the concrete manifestation of a general interest in the man and his work. For this reason the articles dealing with Whitman will here be presented in a much more condensed

form than have been the studies of men who can show a group of translations in some way proportionate to the amount of criticism they have received.

The first Spanish study of Whitman was written while its subject was still alive, though it was not published until 1895.<sup>12</sup> It is the work of Enrique Gómez Carrillo, a Spaniard resident in Paris, and is addressed to Rubén Darío, the famous Nicaraguan poet, by way of answer to the following notable sonnet of Darío's:

En su país de hierro vive el gran viejo,  
Bello como un patriarca sereno y santo.  
Tiene en la arruga olímpica de su entrecejo  
Algo que impera y vence con noble encanto.

Su alma del infinito parece espejo;  
Son sus robustos hombros dignos del manto;  
Y con arpa labrada de un roble añejo,  
Como un *profeta nuevo* canta su canto.

Sacerdote que alienta soplo divino,  
Anuncia en el futuro, tiempo mejor.  
Dice al águila : "¡Vuela!"; "¡Boga!" al marino,

Y "¡Trabaja!" al robusto trabajador.  
¡Así va ese poeta, por su camino,  
Con su soberbio rostro de emperador!<sup>13</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *Literatura Extranjera*. Estudios cosmopolitas por Enrique Gómez Carrillo. . . . Paris, Garnier Hermanos, 1895. 8vo., pp. xv-342.

<sup>13</sup> "In his iron country lives the grand old man, beautiful as a serene and holy patriarch. In the Olympian frown of his brows he has something which commands and conquers with a noble charm. His soul seems the mirror of the infinite; his sturdy shoulders are worthy of the mantle; and with a harp hewn from an ancient oak he sings his song like a new prophet. A priest who breathes divine air, he announces better times to come. He says to the eagle: 'Fly!' to the sailor: 'Row!' and to the sturdy workman: 'Work!' Thus this poet goes his way with his haughty emperor's countenance."

Carrillo's essay begins:

"The aged Yankee singer of *Leaves of Grass* and of *Drum Taps* still lives. — His voice, nevertheless, does not sound in our ears like a contemporary voice, nor even like a modern voice, but like the distant and vibrant echo of a most ancient race. Rather than a poet of this century he seems a bard anterior to the time of Jesus; rather than a companion of Swinburne he seems a brother of Isaiah." To Rubén Darío, Carrillo adds in a footnote, "Whitman is a singer of the future, while to me he is the singer of a fabulous past.

"His rapid, violent and grandiose style has an apocalyptic sonorousness. His images remind one of that flame of the Greeks which had the gift of fusing all visible objects in order to convert them into perdurable symbols. He, like Ezekiel, knows how to remain in the garden of thorns contemplating the being composed of man, of ox, of lion and of eagle, which is the Human Word. He laughs with the laugh of Bacchus, and, like Pan, mingles himself with his mother Nature. — His muse has the body of a bacchante and the voice of a prophet. . . .

"There are three thousand years of distance between Walt Whitman and Edgar Poe. Poe is the child of restlessness; Whitman is the prophet of strength. The former comprehends all things, feels all things, desires all things. The latter cares for nothing save the universal life. Shades [of difference] are unknown to him; psychological mysteries do not touch him; cerebral complications are foreign to him. He sees in the world merely a great living organism of which we all form part. . . .

"For him Life with its blind strength makes all equal. Nothing seems contemptible to him: neither vice nor ugliness nor crime. His universal sympathy is unaware of boundaries, and goes from the Flesh to the Spirit, from Good to Evil." Here Carrillo quotes the passage beginning, "The soul is not worth more than the body."

"All these words," he continues, "which would be cold blasphemies on common lips, come from Whitman's mouth without a stain of sin and without a shadow of diabolism. Because, in reality, what sin can be committed by a man who is ignorant of the nature of evil? None. Crime consists in disobedience. Without law there can be no transgression. To blaspheme one must know what blasphemy is, and to sin it is necessary to have a concept of sin. . . .

"Only great causes and great results affect him. His temple is far away from Eleusis. An Alexandrian sophist would disconcert him without effort four times in two hours. He does not speak in subtle phrases nor handle complicated ideas, because he lacks education and finesse. His mind is narrow as that of an Indian priest, but his soul is as flaming as that of a Hebrew prophet. His verses come from the soul: they are grandiose, they are simple, they are formidable; and if nowadays they sound strangely in our ears, it is because we are not so made as to feel them.

"Finally, he does not write for us city-dwellers, spiritual children of Stendhal, disciples of Renan, but for strong men and for the brothers of Nature. His verses are psalms of a religion whose basis is general Love. His work may be considered as the bible of Human Liberty. He is ignorant of the meaning of the word matrimony, and does not know what the expression divorce signifies. . . . In this respect civilized man seems to him inferior to the wild animals, since whereas the former has come to humble himself before the code of custom and hypocrisy, the latter continue to be good and to follow their instincts. So great indeed is his optimism in regard to the brutes that when he thinks of the beasts of the field he forgets the wild beast which 'devours without conscience' and thinks only of the cow who gives milk, of the dog who serves, or of the bird who sings. Thus his rural hymns are true erotic poems. . . ."



Here Carrillo quotes the famous passage beginning, "I think I could turn and live with animals."

"Would it be lacking in respect," Carrillo concludes, "to say that in this regard Whitman has no cause to envy his good animals? — I think not. — Like them, he has lived freely, without worries, without bitterness, without desires, without rules. Like them, he has loved his kind, has sought the light of the sun, has turned the furrow of toil, has bathed in the clear waters and has enjoyed the fresh grass; like them he has sung of a morning his sincere, sweet or brutal, song; like them he has roamed the world, during his days of youth and strength, without a fixed course, without steady occupation and without clear hope, always in search of love or of company; like them, finally, he has looked upon the hour of age and weariness without remorse, without bitterness and without regrets."

The second Peninsular study of Whitman appeared about five years after Carrillo's, being published at Barcelona, 10 February, 1900, in *Catalonia*, one of the periodicals devoted to the literary revival of the Catalan language. The article is not specially noteworthy as criticism, but may deserve brief quotation because of its comparatively early date.

The author, D. J. Pérez Jorba, begins by stating that "on reading Whitman's poems one remains surprised and disconcerted before his soul. . . . He produces the effect of an athletic figure, of a giant soul who nevertheless experiences the weaknesses of men of lower natures; and this decadence he throws into relief in many of his impetuous chants. . . .

"Spiritual and carnal at the same time, both savage and civilized, Whitman reveals his spirit in energetic thoughts, in rude emotions, and in subtle observations. His throbbing heart almost always yields to the strong epic impulse, and his epic is both Homeric and decadent. . . .

"From the point of view of literature Whitman is an incoherent and impressionistic poet, . . . [but he] is a poet in essence. If one notes attentively the internal music, regarding rather the sound than the meaning of the words, one may clearly feel, in Whitman's verse, in how melodious a manner his . . . spirit sings. . . . His vision is almost epic . . . , and his incoherence, now transformed into the purest impressionism, gives him the formal character of an innovator or forerunner of contemporary art. . . . And that mental incoherence . . . has a certain resemblance to the *philosophical sensibility* of Nietzsche. . . .

"The unity of *Leaves of Grass*," the critic continues, "must be sought in the diverse expression of his spirit, which manifests itself within the bounds of his songs in a final relationship of ideas and sentiments which amid the faulty proportions of the verses seems almost to offer the harmony of the paradoxical. . . .

"The defective or irregular rhythm of his strophes, coupled with the consistent absence of rime . . . is what markedly allies the poetry of the author of *Leaves of Grass* with the revolutionary music of Wagner, giving his compositions a tone similar to that revealed by the *infinite melody*. Whitman's verses, consequently, may be considered as veritable poetic symphonies. . . .

"I shall now attempt," Jorba goes on to say, "to analyze the moral attitude of his spirit towards himself and towards the humanity which surrounds him.

"[Whitman] preaches an exalted and haughty individualism. . . . In his exaltation and love of the *I* . . . he appears to believe himself to be a veritable human god. In [his] *Song of Myself* [he] poetizes and symbolizes his own personality, depicting, in a manner at once synthetic and detailed, his physical and spiritual identity. By the impression it produces, that very long and very curious poem stands out — without exaggeration — as both co-

lossal and paradoxical. In it individualism assumes epic proportions. . . ."

In the succeeding portions of his essay the critic points out other instances of Whitman's ability to hold mutually contradictory views. "While he conceives of war from the viewpoint of humanitarian justice his universal egotism leads him to exalt in his poems the solidarity of races. On the other hand, Whitman is an individualist poet who chants odes to Communism and to Democracy. The latter is his most fervent and constant human ideal. . . .

"Philosophically, Whitman is both materialist and spiritualist. He may be regarded as a polytheist convinced of monism. He sings of health and strength; he sings of the soul and of idealism. He sublimates . . . matter and flesh; he gives material form to the ideal and materializes the soul. . . . Fleeing from evil and cruelty he shows himself usually as the poet of kindness and affection, in all which he seems . . . ethically to realize the harmony and fusion of antithetical things.

"Finally, Whitman, lover of life and praiser of death, . . . ends by attaining a sort of epic and grandiose philosophical pantheism. . . . The songs dedicated to Death, at the end of his book, are the most powerful and moving he has composed. They awaken a religious perception of their subject, giving it a significance both liberating and dominating. It, to Whitman, is the natural sequel of life. . . . But the most generous, the most ineffable aspect of Whitman is revealed in the strophes which he composed to the memory of Lincoln and of the dead or vanquished soldiers.

"Throughout Whitman," Jorba concludes, "there is a great affirmative sentiment towards the individual and towards humanity. His poems have an ideal and ethical significance, making upon the spirit an impression which is earthly as well as metaphysical."

When the study of Walt Whitman began in earnest in Spain, it, like nearly all Peninsular interest in American literature, owed its inception to French influence. *Walt Whitman in France*, the title of the first of a notable series of articles now to be discussed, reveals plainly its inspiration, which was, in fact, Léon Bazalgette's study and translation of the poet.<sup>14</sup> Jaime Brossa, the author of the article just named, treats Whitman as the incarnation of the spirit of the age. This, says the critic, is the century of Action, and the introspective and contemplative man will soon be thought of only as a specimen for a museum. With the dawn of the twentieth century the *mal de siècle* seems to have disappeared, perhaps "thanks to the *kilometric obsession*, that lust for devouring space which consumes every one of us, though we know beforehand that the human tragedy is the same everywhere. Together with that frenzy lives as a parasite pragmatism, a newly formulated philosophy of egoists, of spiritual sluggards, a Sancho Panzist alliance of every type of positivism, a sort of cakewalk danced by Escobar on the arm of Herbert Spencer, by Teresa de Jesús with Machiavelli. . . .

"Action drives us," Brossa continues. . . . "We destroy one faith and set up another in its place. We complain that the intellects of other times cannot avoid making postulates, and suggesting to us poets and dreamers who create new postulates. Such is the situation in the world of such a man as Émile Verhaeren, undoubtedly the greatest European poet of the present period. In the realm of poetry Verhaeren gives new form to the aphorism of Spinoza: 'There is nothing vile in the house of Jupiter.' . . ." After a more extended discussion of Verhaeren the critic thus draws the parallel between the Belgian and the American:

"If Verhaeren sums up the vibrations of European patri-

<sup>14</sup> *La Lectura*, December, 1909.

otism, Walt Whitman brings in another sort of sensibility, also universalist, and perhaps even newer. . . . I believe that Verhaeren is the singer of new pangs in the old races, while Whitman is the apocalyptic poet who rejuvenates with the pure air of the virgin forests the wisdom of the ancient civilizations. . . . To my notion, Verhaeren is superior to Walt Whitman in humanism and universality; but we cannot omit to take account of the spirit of apostolacy which vibrates in Whitman's work. He is the more biblical, because he is the more primitive. . . .

"With Whitman we find ourselves far away from traditional English poetry. When I was in England some ten years ago I marveled greatly that American authors were so little read. Emerson, Poe and Whitman, the great trinity of young America, were known only to those who seek new horizons. Enthusiasts for classical English poetry vaguely accepted Longfellow, though indeed they used to read only a few little poems of his, some of them similar to the German *lieder*. . . . In Emerson many saw only the disciple of Carlyle, in Poe an unhealthy wanderer, and in Whitman a sort of Béranger for Yankee democrats. . . ."

Brossa now sketches the growth of Whitman's European reputation, and praises Bazalgette's biography and translation. The biography, he says, is indispensable for readers who are unacquainted with American affairs. He continues:

"Whitman offers a splendid exhibition of will. . . . It is difficult to appreciate his works unless one first lays aside certain esthetic prejudices. I found it rather difficult to reconcile myself to the form of poetry which Whitman used because I had been accustomed to delight myself with the verse of the classic English poets. On the other hand, I realize that it would not be a *fair play*<sup>15</sup> to endeavor to apply to him an esthetic system different from that in which his poetic personality developed.

<sup>15</sup> Thus in the original. Moral: Beware of foreign idioms.



"Whitman seeks the beauty of the individual word. Without in the least losing his sense of rhythm he builds groups of phrases which have the stamp of a biblical versicle. Systematically enamoured of such a form, which at times seems too primitive and at others too arbitrary, he aims chiefly at one effect: to awaken in the reader's imagination a picture quick with very life. This explains why the lovers of modern pluralism take him for their prophet. The diversity of his sensations, like the multiplicity of Verhaeren's, accords with the modern spirit, voracious and insatiable."

The critic speaks of the vast difficulty of translating Whitman, because of the almost inexpressible breadth of his vision, which is comparable to that of Beethoven and Wagner in music. He believes that Whitman's universality is contributing much to the enlargement of the human spirit. The whole modern tendency is to break down old historical boundaries and to emphasize the sacred rights of the individual; of this movement Carlyle, Shelley, Emerson, Nietzsche, Ruskin, Verhaeren and Whitman are the prophets. "They all have helped to establish the country of the fancy. In every modern man there is an emigrant. Every explorer of strange souls feels that the roots of nationality intertwine in the subsoil of universalism. No country can live on its own substance alone. . . ." The remainder of the essay is devoted to a statement of France's debt to the Anglo-Saxon nations, and to prophecy of the growth and triumph of internationalism in Europe. To the advancement of these new ideals Brossa thinks that Bazalgette's translation and interpretation of Whitman should contribute greatly.

Ángel Guerra, the brilliant critic whose study of Poe has already been quoted, has published two studies of Whitman. The first of these, entitled *La lírica de Walt Whit-*

man, appeared in *La Ilustración* early in 1910<sup>16</sup> and, like Brossa's article, was inspired by the recent publication of Bazalgette's work.

Guerra begins by remarking how the almost simultaneous appearance of French and Italian studies and translations of the poet has for the first time brought Whitman to the attention of the Spanish public. He doubts, however, if Whitman will ever attain such wide circulation in Latin countries as he has in England and Germany, where he suits the mental character and the feelings of the people. He is not suited to the temperament of the Latin races, who are more given to passionate outpourings of the spirit than are the more self-repressed northern folk. "It is plain," he says, "that our lyrics have not the depth of theirs, but they surpass them in the burning vibration of emotions born in the living core of the heart." Furthermore, he adds, the Latin lyric is individual, whereas the great poets of the northern nations have been the mouth-pieces of a whole people, the interpreters of their age. They seem even to mold the thought of their race and to be the true educators and guides of the people. Goethe, Schiller, Tennyson and Swinburne are cited as past examples of this function of the poets, which Guerra sees represented at the present day by Kipling, Watson and John Davidson.

To their preservation of the vigorous Anglo-Saxon type of spirituality, despite their great intermixture of races, Guerra ascribes the extraordinary material progress of the American people. This single impression they have succeeded in stamping upon every element of "the alluvium of European immigration" which has built up the nation. "And American writers also, with the strange exception of Edgar Poe, an exotic flower in the letters and morality of the United States, have all responded to the same religious

<sup>16</sup> Vol. LXXXIX, p. 207; 8 April, 1910.

spirit and have modeled their art on a similar ethical feeling. Thinkers, novelists, poets have in the North American land been disciplined in strong religious principles, and not for an instant do they cease to be moralists of the most austere Puritan sept. In the works of Washington Irving, in the philosophical essays of Franklin as in the doctrines of Emerson, in the poems of Longfellow as in the verses of Walt Whitman, runs the inescapable spiritual wisdom which has molded and disciplined the soul of that great people.”<sup>17</sup>

Following out this notion of the unity of American thought, Guerra mentions the charge that Whitman borrowed his most important doctrines from Emerson. Conceding the essential identity of much of their thought, the critic would account for it not by a theory of unconscious or conscious borrowing but by the fact that similar causes produce similar effects. “Might not that which they translated, each according to his own temperament, be a state of the collective mind at that period?”

The critic thus characterizes the poet:

“Walt Whitman was a spirit brought up *à plein air*, in contact with Nature. His ideas are healthy, his sentiments somewhat rough, with the roughness of a primitive man who has not been influenced by the refinements of new-style sensibility. . . . And this personal toughness penetrates his verses, [which are] of a simplicity verging on coarseness but truly admirable. Walt Whitman’s poetry is rough but strong, as the tree which grows freely in the open field is rough, but whose splendid foliage and robust trunk, with roots deep in mother earth, give us a revelation of insuperable beauty and strength.

“To what end demand . . . complicated rimes, . . . prodigies of literary technic, of these poets, lovers of Nature,

<sup>17</sup> This opinion, in so far as it applies to Whitman, Guerra subsequently abandoned. See *post*, p. 185.

who have trained their tastes in simplicity? They produce spontaneously, without the artifice of poetic models. . . . Their inspiration finds without effort the rime and the rhythm wherethrough the free and natural stream of their ideas and their sentiments may flow. . . .

"In Walt Whitman's verses there is poetry of nature and fulness of human sentiment. As his eyes took in a great deal in the vision of reality, so also his brain conceived amply, and the force of universal feeling overflowed his heart. He was the poet of the great, of the immutable, such as the beauty of nature and the eternal travail of men. He did not desire to look at the weaknesses and wearinesses of a spiritual world in decadence. He looked towards a world of energy, of vivification, which a new humanity should create. For him there did not exist little moral wretchednesses, the heritage of declining races, weary with the weight of their rebellious passions and their sick ideas. He knew nothing of jealousy, of doubt, of frivolous love, nor even of the grief which cannot control itself and which succeeds only in complaining in prolonged querulous tones. He did know of the faith which impels and of the healthy love which beautifies souls and life, as the moisture in the bowels of the fruitful earth makes plants to blossom and covers the fields with verdure and beauty. . . .

"For Whitman, one of his critics has said, the grandeur of art consisted in simplicity. . . . To write as an animal moves . . .; to write as trees grow, was for Whitman the greatest triumph in art. . . . [His] poetry . . . was fed at the living spring of Nature, which makes all things live. It is like wheat which has sprouted, grown and ripened in the furrow. To ripen it has needed, first, the fertilizing rain; later, the hot sun to make it develop. The ideas and sentiments in the work of the American poet have been born of contact with realities, and have ripened amid the streams of life. . . ."

Summing up, Guerra says:

“Walt Whitman undoubtedly was a great poet; a poet of natural pleasure, of physical vigor, of spiritual strength in action, not in ecstasy. He did not speak in the name of his personal feelings; he uttered the collective sentiment of the great human masses, and his verse has a warmth and accent of intensive and extensive democracy. But, on immigrating into Europe, will he succeed in acclimating himself among the Latin peoples? Perhaps through literary snobbery he will find garrulous plagiarists, but certainly he will not find felicitous successors. The soul of our lyric verse, ancient and modern, rejects the stamp of Walt Whitman’s poetry as it has rejected the influence of other great poets, English as well as German. . . . At one time the poetry of Keats . . . invaded the Continent and along with *Lakism* made fashionable the love of earth and the exalted adoration of Nature, the mother and inspiring muse. But the fashion passed without leaving any deep trace in the literatures of the southern Latin countries. None of the great poets who shone in the French, Spanish or Italian lyric towards the latter half of the last century showed the influence of the vigorous inspiration of the British poet who was introduced as an innovator and later, after some days of glory and fashion, was forgotten in the deepest silence. Will Whitman have the same experience? It is very possible, however much his genius and the excellencies of his art may weigh with critics enamoured of force, [which is], perhaps, attractive because it is, amid the softness and refinement of our race, extremely rare. Our lyric verse is music, and music awakens dreams, and dreams are the divinest enchantment of souls.”

Evidently Ángel Guerra felt considerable interest in Whitman, for he set himself to study further both the poet’s work and the large body of criticism bearing on it. The result of this further study appeared a year later than the



article we have just been considering.<sup>18</sup> This second study is much longer than the first, but inasmuch as a large part of it is devoted to quotations from other critics and from the poet himself, it admits of severe compression.

It opens with the statement that, while critics still disagree in their estimates of Whitman, there is no doubt that he is a very great poet. "Like Victor Hugo, [he] was the poet who had the most splendid vision of the future. He was the poet of the common people, the poet of the multitudes, the great singer of modern democracy. In his poems are the thoughts and feelings and, we might almost say, the sweat and blood of the people. . . . He was not the echo of a social state nor of a historical moment. With his eyes upon the future rather than the past he sang of a century, of a race, of a civilization. He sang of the humanity of tomorrow, of future civilizations, which are to free the spirit from bitter slavery upon earth. . . .

"*Leaves of Grass* . . . is not an epic in the classic fashion. But in spite of its diversity and of its fragmentary character, by reason of the ample and complex soul it contains, the collective soul of the great human race, and not because of its artistic form, it has the mental basis of an epic. . . ." In short, Guerra considers it as much the type and reflection of its age as the *Odyssey*, the *Divine Comedy* and *Faust* are of theirs.

"American critics," he continues, "deny to Walt Whitman a genuinely Yankee character as a poet. . . . The reason is plain. . . . The poet of *Leaves of Grass* is a profound innovator, a revolutionary. In American literature, as in the mentality of that nation, he is an original. Neither in his antecedents nor even in his genius is he rooted in the intellectual and artistic traditions of North America. Wherefore the critics, instead of classifying him as an original, consider him an outsider and even an exotic. And

<sup>18</sup> *La España Moderna*, June, 1911.

yet he is perhaps the only truly indigenous poet, with his own and not borrowed sap, with a strong flavor of the soil, which the genius of the United States has produced. [He] breaks tradition. He creates a completely new literary and intellectual world made not so much in his own image as in the spirituality of a young nation which is awakening to the life of thought and action. . . . The trail of religious puritanism which follows the whole course of Yankee literature in its development, from the primitive Cotton Mather to the mighty Nathaniel Hawthorne, is finally lost in Walt Whitman.<sup>19</sup> He is an iconoclast. He discards all the religious scruples and all the moral prejudices of his ancestors. He is the free, almost savage, strongly primitive, man who allows nature and his instincts to recover the fulness of their dominion over life, without any trammel of a moral order dominating his spontaneous and uncontrolled impulse. With such a tendency it is clear that Walt Whitman deserts the orbit in which American thought has for centuries revolved. . . .

"It is unquestionable that the Puritans have built up, and that solidly, the soul of the Yankee people. Their action is religious in the seventeenth century, then political in the eighteenth and later intellectual and literary in the nineteenth. Some writers, such as Edgar Poe, have deserted this rectilinear movement of puritanism. Wherefore, despite his extraordinary talents, the United States concede to Poe a conditional and frequently denied paternity. And on this ground, the desertion being complete, they roundly deny the Americanism of Whitman. . . .

"This applies to the substance. The same thing happened in regard to the artistic form in which Walt Whitman expressed himself. What relation can exist between the poet of *Leaves of Grass*, formless, tumultuous, rebelling against fluent rhythm and exquisite rime, and the poet

<sup>19</sup> Compare this with the critic's earlier opinion, *ante*, p. 181.

Lowell, more than classic, perhaps academic, in the construction of his admirably impeccable verses? What kinship between Whitman, instinctive, brutal if you will, and Longfellow, refined, sentimental, of a quintessential subjectivism and sensibility? None. Walt Whitman does not spring from this literary tradition, he has denied his Americanism. And perhaps for this very reason no poet is so fundamentally indigenous as he. Lowell felt the influence of the great English poets of his time, as Longfellow that of the German poets. These foreign influences are well marked in American letters. Bret Harte derives from Dickens, as Irving from Goldsmith and Cooper from Walter Scott. . . .

"Lowell's *Biglow Papers* and Longfellow's *Hiawatha* were efforts at an indigenous epic. But these efforts are reduced to manifestations of a simple literary trait. The full American soul, with the warmth of its native land and the energy of its ancestral race, did not manifest itself until the appearance of *Leaves of Grass*, Walt Whitman's prodigious book. . . .

"Other critics deny Americanism to Walt Whitman because he lacked local color. I think that this artistic element has a very relative value. Furthermore, it is always at the disposal of the portrayers of custom in novel or tale. Howells's *The Rise of Silas Lapham* is Yankee because in it is reflected the social life of Boston; Frank Norris's *The Octopus*, whose pages are sketches from life of California types and customs, is Yankee; Booth Tarkington's *The Gentleman from Indiana* . . . [and] Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth* [are] . . . Yankee. But all this literature has a secondary value. The Yankee, or rather the American, soul, in all its fulness and complexity of ideas and sentiments, has to be sought in the verses of Walt Whitman. . . .

"For the sake of simplicity people have tried to see in

Walt Whitman the type of Rousseau's 'natural man.' But *the excessive sentimentalism of Rousseau* — Stanton's phrase — *would constitute a patent difference.* And it is true; there is no kinship between Rousseau's *Émile* and Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. The artificial love of Nature which is seen in the philosopher is an intimate truth and a profound sentiment in the great American poet. He does not deal with an abstract conventionalism but with a living and impelling sentiment. Primitive simplicity, man free from all disquiet, fully living his life, is a complete reality in Walt Whitman. The poet is the man and the man the poet. . . .

"Not only does he sing spiritual progress but also material advance. He understands the excitement and exalts the emotion of the machine. He understands the intensity and the expression of commerce, which makes life circulate as the blood in the veins creates and orders human vitality. And, in this sense, Walt Whitman is an innovator. Later Verhaeren, the great Belgian poet of the *Villes Tentaculaires*, has appeared, following the same track, though with his own inspiration; a tendency which has unhappily been found also in the extravagances of the *futurist* poet Marinetti. . . .

"Walt Whitman is a spontaneous product of his time, the spiritual embodiment of contemporary civilization. . . . It is a significant coincidence that Emerson and Walt Whitman were born at the same time and in the same country. The one is a philosopher, the other a poet. What the one reasons out, the other exalts. . . . And . . . in spite of this coincidence they were not brought in contact with each other. . . . Each had declared his ideas before they met. . . ."

Guerra now turns to a statement, supported with copious quotations, of some of Whitman's ideas, particularly his glorification of personality and his self-identification with

Nature. . . . "He is a lover of Nature, but he is also devoted to men. He could not be a hermit. The sight and touch of mother earth . . . strengthen him, but he needs the human contact, the intimate communion with multitudes. His ear takes pleasure in the sounds of Nature, the music of the water, the noise of the wind; but his spirit, alert, always listening, needs to hear other voices, those which come from the tumult of life, those that express the sufferings, the joys, the infinite yearnings of the glorious human race. . . . Nothing, either in the variety of Nature or the complexity of the spirit, fails to find an echo of sympathy and a profound reverberation in Walt Whitman's inquisitive and at the same time enormously sensitive soul. . . ."

Whitman's fervent admiration for the human body Guerra illustrates by various quotations, some of them translated and others in the original English. In his worship of the human form he is described as "a Greek who has survived to later ages, the last pagan." But if to Whitman the individual is admirable, "the human race is the compendium of all greatness. . . . To all the poet cries: 'Salut au monde! . . . Toward all, I raise high the perpendicular hand — I make the signal, To remain after me in sight forever, For all the haunts and homes of men.'"

"Few spirits," says Guerra in conclusion, "have had this amplest vision with a generous and ardent cosmopolitanism. That is why Walt Whitman has been considered the poet of the future. . . . From his heart comes a voice, strong, perhaps rough, but at bottom warm and sensitive, which announces to the world the near advent of the law of love and of the kingdom . . . of peace and brotherhood among all men."

Despite these numerous and elaborate discussions of Whitman there is no evidence of widespread Spanish in-



terest in him. But one Castilian version of the poet exists, and it was not published until after the appearance of all the articles quoted above. Its preface is dated February, 1912, though actual publication seems to have been delayed until the close of that year. The translation is the work of D. Armando Vasseur, who has made of it a volume of selections rather than a complete version, Whitman being the gainer by the process. Some of the most disconcertingly frank passages have been omitted — *Enfans d'Adam* is reduced to eight or nine lines — and so have most of Whitman's absurd and interminable catalogs. *Salut au Monde* is the only poem of this type which is translated entire. Whitman's ordinary irregular rhythms are excellently reproduced, but not much can be said for the translation of *O Captain! My Captain!* No attempt has been made to preserve its metrical form, and as the poem is presented without note or explanation it can scarcely mean much to the Spanish reader.

The translator, in his brief introduction, discusses first the metrical form of the poems, whose prototype he finds in the sayings of Thomas à Kempis, the axioms of Pascal and La Rochefoucauld, and above all in the verses of the Bible and the fragments of the Orphic and Vedic hymns. "Some of Walt Whitman's poems seem written by the same hand that traced the Bhaghavat Glizta [sic]. . . ."

Vasseur thus states Whitman's theory of life:

"For him . . . life is development, not at the expense of others and of oneself as Nietzsche was to say a quarter of a century later, but by oneself. And the deeper the individual life is rooted in a substratum of self-worship, the more imperative is it that personality . . . illuminate its most sordid depths. Walt Whitman had in him the desire for life and love which Wagner incarnated in Siegfried. His genius produced in the prime of its youth the grain of wisdom which Faust harvested in his old age:

to love life more than the images of it which are dried between the pages of books. . . ."

Vasseur devotes the latter part of his introduction chiefly to a comparison of Walt Whitman and Nietzsche. He is inclined to believe that the latter was strongly influenced by the American, and points to the ending of *Zarathustra* as especially Whitmanesque. "Certain passages of [Whitman's] songs surpass in fervor and penetration the loftiest of all time. Nietzsche alone, in the poem of *The Seven Seals*, attains the elevation and the lyric flight of the Yankee. . . . These two are, in my opinion, the greatest lyrists of the past century. . . . The one [is] concentrated and explosive, like the inflammables of a Prussian arsenal; the other overflowing and at times monotonous, like the cataracts of his native land. Beside them Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, Swinburne [sic], Carducci, Junquero, Rapisardi, seem provincial poets, poets in the most conventional and *European* sense of the word. . . ." In closing, Vasseur enumerates the languages into which Whitman's works have been translated, and mentions some of the persons — Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, D'Annunzio, Rossetti, Carpenter and others — who seem to have been influenced by him.

What is by far the most elaborate Spanish study of Whitman, or for that matter of any American writer, is not written in Spanish at all but in Catalan.<sup>20</sup> It is the work of Cebriá Montoliu, whose criticism of Emerson has already been considered, and is the culmination of several years' study of Whitman on the part of its author. The first printed evidence of this study is the small volume of selections from Whitman's poems, translated into Catalan, which Montoliu published in 1909. Two years later he published a long study, in Spanish, of the poet's life and

<sup>20</sup> Cebriá Montoliu, *Walt Whitman, L'home i sa tasca*. Societat Catalana d'Edicions, Barcelona, n. d. (1913). 8vo., pp. 214. The volume contains a full and valuable bibliography.

character,<sup>21</sup> and this in turn grew into the Catalan work which we are now to consider.

About half the volume is devoted to a biographical sketch of the poet, the material being drawn from the works of Bucke, Traubel, Kennedy, Burroughs and other recognized authorities. The remainder of the book, dealing with Whitman's work, consists of chapters on his thought, his ethics, his politics, his esthetics, his poetic art, and his influence. In the space at our disposal little more than a hint of the contents of each chapter can be given.

Whitman's philosophy, says Montoliu, is purely subjective, an experience of the soul. He may truly be called a pragmatist. As a practical thinker he has carefully refrained from laying down absolute rules and formulas. . . . "His spirit, omnipresent and open to the four winds, absorbed with equal facility the most ethereal inspirations of the spirit and the coarsest material concretions of the objective world. . . . Whatever inroads materialistic invasions may make in his spirit, however much the sensual inclinations of his own body may be acclaimed and idolized, Whitman remains at bottom the Quaker poet; . . . and however much he may have scandalized more than one simple and devout soul, it is certain that this great epicure seems transfigured by an insatiable thirst for immortality. 'He is a faun drunken with God,' one is tempted to exclaim when, without prejudice, one contemplates his work as a whole. . . . Gifted as he was with an heroic physique, of singular beauty and perfection, the characteristic fiber of his temperament is, nevertheless, spiritual. . . . The impelling force of his life is the passion and struggle to obtain the heritage of the soul. . . . His happiness is in the pursuit of the quest. His recompense is knowledge of God.

"As a consequence of this mystical view of the world it is in death and in death alone that Whitman finds the

<sup>21</sup> *La Lectura*, August and September 1911.

key to the enigma of life; but it is in death . . . in its mystical significance as a transition to a new phase of imperishable life. . . . Immortality is the premise of all his experience of life and his only and supreme interpretation of it. . . . One fact in particular stands out among all the others of his experience: that the sum and essence of Whitman's life is Religion. In a sense no less mystic than practical his supreme anxiety is the relation of the soul to God. As he conceived it and lived it, Religion is not so much one part of human experience as the highest [part]; it is that total of existence which gives their value to all forms of man's activity and makes 'all things coincide.' . . .” The chapter closes with an exposition of the four sides of the “square deific,” whose four sides represent Jehovah, Christ, Satan and the Holy Spirit, the three first being also typical of Law, Love and Rebellion respectively.

Under the caption “Ethics — The Sexual Problem” Montoliu begins by reiterating a former remark that, “although profoundly mystic, Whitman's personality has nothing of the ascetic. . . . His pantheism is not monistic. His ethical dualism corresponds logically to his philosophic dualism. Matter, Satan, evil, are not simple fictions of human thought . . . but rather a basis for the luminous action of the spirit in its ceaseless struggle for the triumph of the good. They have a life of their own, and their existence is as real as any other and cannot be denied or ignored. They are essential to the whole cosmos, and inseparable from it. . . .

“Whitman's sensualism is peculiarly fundamental in his ethical concepts. The attraction of the flesh is to him something more than a blind natural impulse. Illuminated by the light of the spirit, that base instinct is the highest and most substantial pledge of human redemption; and not only all of Whitman's ethics, but all his esthetics,

politics and philosophy are erected on that coarse but immovable base. . . . But strangely enough . . . this instinct in Whitman scarcely displays great evidences of sexuality. We have here a . . . soul of a purity rather befitting sanctity, who feels love for humanity in general with the same force wherewith a lover feels it in regard to his beloved. . . . We have here in the full circle of the lights a pagan saint who does not believe in the resurrection of the flesh but who adores it in this life, and who, not renouncing a single crumb of that material cult but rather proclaiming it without fear, erects upon it, by the simple strength of his instinctive faith, his beatific vision of universal Love, rising to such ecstasies that he seems no more than a legitimate link in that chain which . . . extends . . . from the martyr of Golgotha to the poor beggar of Assisi. . . .”

Montoliu thus begins the discussion of Whitman's “Politics”:

“That same flood of universal love which forms the true essence of Whitman's ethics forms likewise the basis of his politics. By ways totally contrary to those of the authors of the *Encyclopedia* Whitman comes to the realm of Democracy, guided by no preconceived theory nor founded upon any abstraction of human nature. It is his own philanthropic ardor which inspires in him the dogma of fellowship, that social extract of the purest human friendship and fraternity without which he did not conceive even for an instant the existence of the collective life. Friendship above all, that sentiment which . . . on the smiling plains of ancient Greece formed the very foundation of the noblest culture the world has known, Whitman takes for the corner-stone of his whole social edifice. . . .

“According to Whitman, America . . . was founded solely and exclusively for the definite triumph of Democracy, since such was the true meaning of the symbolic



voyage of the 'Pilgrim Fathers.' . . . But that new plant, . . . which began to grow with such vigor in America, after a first period of portentous progress finds itself in grave danger of death; we have the remarkable circumstance that individualism, an element indispensable to the prosperity of the new organism, has degenerated into the most furious egoism that has ever been seen, which threatens to overwhelm the whole immense fabric of the heroic days of America in a new universal deluge, this time of gold smeared with blood, coming from the brutal competition excited, and the enormous interests created, at the expense of their generous impulses.

"It is, then, not strange that Whitman, the poet of Democracy, should feel profoundly alarmed by these perils. . . . In his curious book *Democratic Vistas*, worthy from every point of view of being known, he has in fact abandoned his lyre to expound . . . his political ideas. . . ." Extensive quotations are given from this work, expressive of the poet's contempt for the "emptiness of heart" prevalent in America, of his desire for universal brotherhood and of his insistence on the necessity of the complete emancipation of woman wherever true democracy is sought. The section closes by quoting Whitman's advice to vote always but to distrust political parties and to judge men on their merits. Here, Montoliu thinks, Whitman's political dream blends with that of the great high priest of the opposite school of thought, Carlyle. Both, at the last analysis, insist above all on the individual conscience.

At the beginning of the chapter on "Esthetics" Montoliu remarks that Whitman's observation "in regard to his own literary style, saying that it consisted precisely in the lack of all style, may be extended to all the ampler domain of his concept of beauty, so that, paraphrasing his own statement, we may also feel as a general principle that Whitman's Esthetics consists precisely in the negation of

all Esthetics." But whether or not Whitman's mode of expression was *consciously* developed, it is, the critic thinks, one that is as perfectly adapted to its desired end as is the shell of the mollusc or the comb of the bee. The poet's sole purpose is to express the whole life of the earth, above all of the land and people of America, and his dream of democracy. His feeling of fellowship and even of identity with every form of life is dwelt on, but "Whitman's profound *naturism* is entirely free from that sentimental morbidity which, from Rousseau down, seems to dominate the noble impulses of all the apostles of 'the return to nature.' . . . Ruskin himself, . . . with whose immortal descriptive pages many creations of Whitman's literary palette offer themselves for comparison, whatever may be the result of the comparison from the point of view of the practical efficacy of their respective doctrines, undoubtedly seems unhealthy beside the magnificent physiological equilibrium which characterizes the vigorous muse of his rival. . . . That which in the new British Puritan Rousseau is the result of a violent reaction against his environment and heritage seems in the indomitable American bard like the natural outburst of his own free nature, in harmony with the ample and clear perspectives of the vast spaces which surrounded him. Thus it is that, free from every dream of regeneration, saturated with a limitless faith in the future of his race, his absolute optimism, drawn from the purest founts of a virgin land, rises from its lowest roots until it embraces and clasps within its strong branches all the most disquieting doubts and terrible questions which modern progress has raised. Thus, as we have seen that in politics the social question did not worry him, as we have seen his pre-Nietzschean unmorality in ethics, it will not surprise us to find that this legitimate child of nature was a complete heretic in esthetic doctrine. . . . Could the man who had emphatically proclaimed the

principle that 'everything is truth' [and] . . . that everything is good, fail to feel . . . the logical corollary of all this, that everything is beauty? . . .

"Primitive nature, virginally fruitful in her infinite creations, man and humanity, together with all his multiple products, applications and aspects, from the most savage ancestral instinct to the boldest concept of modern culture, . . . everything alike falls into the magic crucible of his idealization, which instantly converts it into a real jewel of diamond brilliance. . . . Here is a poet who in the midst of an epoch of troubadouresque dilletantism dares to fling his first salutation to the world with the bold watchword: 'I sing the man of today.' . . ."

Montoliu opens the chapter on "Poetic Art" with some general remarks on the theory of poetry. He continues:

"To accept a very broad and no less conventional Nietzschean division, one might truly begin by saying that Whitman is a Dionysiac poet, in opposition to the Apollonian type, whose supreme representative in modern times we may indicate in the Olympian figure of Goethe. But . . . on closer examination . . . Whitman's case offers an objection of such importance that it alone is going seriously to compromise the solidity of that distinction. If indeed at first sight Whitman seems, as we have said, a purely subjective poet . . . an attentive examination easily shows that, though the theme of his songs is really such, these, on the other hand, present the peculiarity that their treatment is of a totally different kind, since it really suited the ambitious aspiration of the poet to incorporate in his heroic personality the whole immense gamut of objects with which his powerful thought communed; and this simple wandering from his center of personal equilibrium gives us the key to the enigma, which puzzles so many critics, whether to regard Whitman as a backsliding romantic or as an innovating genius in the fields of poetry;

— a key which may be summed up in the following aphorism, which in my opinion synthesizes the true meaning of Whitman's position in the realm of literary perception: *Leaves of Grass* is the epic of personality. . . .

"Observe the antithesis: personality, the lyric element par excellence, claiming its sovereign rights to the fulness of its own life and narrating in epic form the adventures of its heroic migration through the infinite cycles of the universe in search of supreme self-expression, — such is the essence of Whitman's poetry, to which must be added also, though as of less importance, its notoriously didactic aspect or tendency. . . ."

To the quest of a suitable epic medium Montoliu ascribes the development of Whitman's peculiar type of verse. Where the verse is wholly lyrical the poet returns naturally to the regular lyric forms, as in *O Captain! My Captain!* "In truth," the critic continues, "we have nothing comparable to the absolute disregard of the most sacred poetic traditions which Whitman dares in his songs; but, without its being necessary to excuse some of his unnecessary, though inevitable, extravagances, there is, to my thinking, no doubt that in essentials the author of *Leaves of Grass* follows with rigid exactitude the fundamental lines of the art which was specially suited to the peculiarity of his ardent poetic nature, thus making in the fields of poetry an impression like the footprint of a Titan upon the earth. Nevertheless . . . it is marvelous to consider the absolute liberty of diction and structure whereby this rhapsode of the nineteenth century gave fitting form to his colossal inspiration. But we are not to imagine, because of this comparison, that it is necessary to suppose in Whitman anything in common with the innovating mania, of a purely epidermic type, which, under the more or less appropriate name of modernism or futurism has for some years past invaded the world of art; since, quite



unlike the majority of the exponents of that flaming esthetic arbitrarism, it is . . . an essential characteristic of Whitman's art that it is absolutely spontaneous, if not in the false sense of improvisation . . . in the legitimate sense of authenticity or originality, . . . for authentic par excellence is such an art as Whitman's, which, without the least trace of affectation . . . is truly born of his spirit and grows organically and is developed . . . to the exact measure of the very message it aims to embody. . . ."

Whitman's intention of producing a poetry that should embody the life and appeal to the emotions of the "average man" is stated and explained by means of quotations from Edward Carpenter and Mrs. Gilchrist. Whitman deliberately cast aside the heritage of the past. The quality and effect of his poetry is thus summed up:

" . . . In general and with rare exceptions (*O Captain! My Captain!* and *Ethiopia Saluting the Colors* are cited in a footnote), in which he seems to have wished to prove his skill in the traditional forms, it is certain that his poems do not usually have great individual value, and seem to arise . . . as the natural outgrowths of his soul, their chief value and meaning deriving from the single inexhaustible fount of his vigorous personality. And the latter being essentially that of a common workingman of his day, it was merely natural that he should make his [work] what it is, an *antiliterary poetry par excellence*. . . ."

The remainder of the chapter is devoted to an exposition of the technical nature of Whitman's verse and to a discussion of its poetic quality. Admitting that the poet's abuse of "catalogs" has been rightly condemned and that he has broken down the conventional barriers that separate poetry from prose, Montoliu holds that the result is not a debasement of the lofty flights of poetry, but rather an elevation and ennobling of the common speech of the people. Whatever may be the final fate of the conventional



distinction between poetry and prose, the charge of writing prose in the form of verse cannot be brought against Whitman except in his weakest moments. ". . . And whatever may be his defects, the omissions and, if you will, the sacrileges which by this form he inevitably commits, it seems beyond doubt that to these very things the world owes the definitive appearance of, or at least the boldest attempt which has ever been made at, a great *polyphonic* and *symphonic* style in poetry, which by its opportune adaptation to the later development of universal poetic thought seems destined for a great future. . . . "

The chapter entitled "Whitman's Legacy" is devoted to brief accounts of his chief disciples and interpreters. Among the former, Edward Carpenter, Ernest Crosby and Horace Traubel are specially mentioned, while among those more or less influenced by him are enumerated Johannes Schlaf and Karl Knortz in Germany, Émile Verhaeren, François Vielé-Griffin and Léon Bazalgette in Belgium and France, Jannaccone, Gamberale and Papini in Italy, Unamuno in Spain and Rubén Darío in Spanish America.

The concluding chapter is devoted to the question of Whitman's probable future influence and of his significance in the development of poetic form. Montoliu expresses the hope that Americans may, while it is yet time, repent of their apostasy from the true ideals of democracy and may repair the fatal neglect they have accorded, as a people at least, to the memory of their national poet, "the only one who up to the present time can truly aspire to so honorable a title." He hopes further that Whitman's ideals may contribute to a renaissance of the Latin races. The poet's place and significance he thus sums up:

"Repeatedly in the course of this study . . . the reader will have noted a strange circumstance which appears in various forms, giving the suggestion of something cosmically cyclic in the bases of Whitman's life and works. I refer to

the singular analogies, often pointed out, in the form as well as the content of his work, with certain literary models of remote ages, now half forgotten [such, for instance, as the Bhagavad-Ghita and other primitive works, whose likeness to *Leaves of Grass* is frequently noted by Montoliu], which, in appearance at least, cannot fail to offer a striking contrast with the modern ambition of modernity, which is, as we have seen, one of the principal characteristics of that same work. Parallel, indeed, with its Wagnerian and ultra-modern concomitants, that other peculiarity cannot have passed unnoticed . . . which Jannaccone perfectly sums up in saying that the entire collection of *Leaves of Grass* has all the characteristics shown by the poems of the first dawn of civilization, not only in the reproduction of primitive rhythmic forms . . . but much more by its claim or tendency to offer itself as a sacred book, theogonic or cosmogonic, as moral code and lyric poem, so that, just as the new world has reproduced primitive economic and social forms, it was also destined, when the time was ripe, to reproduce the primitive forms of art."

This paragraph is followed by a quotation from M. Guyau's *Les problèmes de l'esthétique contemporaine* to the effect that the poetry of the future may exhibit a return to the combination of poetry with philosophy and science which is seen in all the primitive sacred books and in such classic writers as Parmenides, Heraclitus and Lucretius. Whitman, Montoliu concludes, is the great prophet and forerunner of this completion of the cycle of poetic evolution. That he was such consciously and not merely unconsciously the critic seeks to show by quoting from *Democratic Vistas* the passage which states what will be the characteristics of the poets who shall arise "in the future of These States." To the critic's mind there is a significant parallel between the appearance of Lucretius "in that solemn pause of the fulness of ancient history which we call

the Augustan age" and the appearance of Whitman, "the first Messianic prophet of a new reintegrating and synthetic evolution," at the end of "that century-long process of analytic disintegration of the objective world, which begins with Democritus and ends with Spencer."



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28. THE SAME. Barcelona, J. Roura — A. del Castillo, editores, 1893. 8vo, pp. 143. Biblioteca ilustrada, segunda sección.

\* 29. DOÑA MERCEDES DE CASTILLA, ó EL VIAJE Á CATAY, novela escrita en inglés por el célebre ingeniero americano J. Fenimore Cooper, traducida al castellano por D. Pedro A. O'Crowley. Cádiz, imp. de la *Revista médica*; Madrid, lib. de Sánchez, 1841. 8vo, illus.

\* 30. THE SAME. Madrid, A. Espinosa, 1847. 5 vols., 8vo, pp. 197-167-157-147-192. Biblioteca de *El Heraldo*, vols. 7-9-11-13-14.

\* 31. THE SAME (Title given as CRISTÓBAL COLÓN). Madrid, imp. y despacho de F. de P. Mellado, editor, 1852. Folio, pp. 160.

\* 32. THE SAME. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

\* 33. EL ESPÍA. Novela americana de Fenimore Cooper, traducida libremente de inglés, por J. Barcelona, J. M. Grau, 1841. 4 vols., 8vo.

\* 34. THE SAME (Episodio de la guerra de la independencia americana). Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

\* 35. EL VERDUGO DE BERNA, por M. James Fenimore Cooper. Madrid, imp. de *El Panorama*, 1841. 4 vols., 8vo.

36. THE SAME (Main title BALTHAZAR, with the above as subtitle). Novela escrita en inglés por Fenimore Cooper. Traducida al castellano por U. M. Madrid, 1854. Imprenta de C. González. 4to, pp. 384.

\* 37. THE SAME. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

\* 38. LIONEL LINCOLN, ó EL SITIO DE BOSTON, novela americana por J. Fenimore Cooper, adornada con láminas. Madrid, imprenta de D. F. Sánchez, 1842. 8vo.

\* 39. THE SAME. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

\* 40. PRECAUCIÓN. EL BRAVO. Novela, por Fenimore Cooper. Madrid, Mellado, 1853. 4to, illus.

\* 41. THE SAME (Title given as PRECAUCIONES, ó LA ELECCIÓN DE MARIDO). Traducido para el folletín de *Las Novedades*. Madrid, imprenta de *Las Novedades*, 1861. 4to, 2 cols.

\* 42. THE SAME. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

43. Á BORDO Y EN TIERRA, novela marítima por Fenimore Cooper, traducción de D. J. F. Saenz de Urraca. Primera parte. AVENTURAS DEL CAPITÁN MILES WALLINGFORD. Madrid — Barcelona (Imprenta de Luis Tasso, Barcelona), 1858. 8vo, pp. 326, illus.

\* 44. LUISA HARDINGE. Segunda parte de las AVENTURAS DEL CAPITÁN MILES WALLINGFORD. Same translator and publisher. 8vo, pp. 360.

\* 45. THE SAME. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

46. LA BRUJA DEL MAR por Fenimore Cooper. Traducción de D. J. F. Saenz de Urraca. Madrid — Barcelona, 1859. (Imprenta de Luis Tasso, Barcelona.) 8vo, pp. 320, illus.

\* 47. THE SAME (Title given as EL LADRÓN DE MAR, ó LA HECHICERA DE LAS AGUAS). Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

48. LOS DOS ALMIRANTES. Novela escrita en inglés por J. Fenimore Cooper traducida directamente al castellano por el

Coronel Capitán de Fragata D. Patricio Montojo y Pasaron. Madrid — Habana, 1882. 8vo, pp. 481, illus. in colors.

49. THE SAME. Traducida expresamente para la biblioteca de *El Mundo*. Madrid, Imprenta de *El Mundo*, 1887. 4to, 2 cols., pp. 215.

First published in the folletín of *El Mundo*.

\* 50. EL LAGO ONTARIO. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

\* 51. ? THE SAME (Title given as EL CAZADOR ERRANTE, and author not named). Madrid, Biblioteca de *La Iberia*, 1858-63. 8 vols., 8vo.

\* 52. LOS MONICACOS. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

\* 53. EL AGRIMENSOR. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

\* 54. EVA EFFINGHAM. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

\* 55. EL CRÁTER. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

\* 56. SATANSTOE. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

\* 57. WYANDOTTE, ó LA CHOZA SOBRE LA COLINA. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

\* 58. RAVENSNEST, ó LOS PIELES ROJAS. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (In print, 1915). 2 vols., 8vo.

## 2. Periodical publication

1. RECUERDOS DE UN VIAJE por Fenimore Cooper. In *El Universo pintoresco*, Madrid, Nos. 10, 11, 12; Oct., Nov., Dec. 1852.

2. RECUERDOS DE INGLATERRA — LA CASA DE PINDAR. (Not signed.) The same, No. 17; 15 March, 1853.

3. RECUERDOS DE INGLATERRA — EL CAMPESINO INGLÉS. (Signed.) The same, No. 18; 31 March, 1853.

4. LOS LEONES DE MAR, por J. Fenimore Cooper. In the folletín of *La Esperanza*, Madrid, during August and September, 1856. The Ticknor file is incomplete, so that exact dates of beginning and ending cannot be given.

## 3. Criticism

1. THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. Reviewed in *El Repertorio americano*, London, Oct. 1826; vol. 1, p. 295.

2. EL PILOTO. Reviewed in *Cartas españolas*, Madrid, 10 May, 1832; vol. 5, p. 163.

3. EL ÚLTIMO DE LOS MOHICANOS. Reviewed in *Cartas españolas*, Madrid, 12 July, 1832; vol. 6, p. 61.

4. BIOGRAFÍA ESTRANJERA. J. FENIMORE COOPER. In *El Guadalhorce*, Málaga, 23 June, 1839; vol. 1, pp. 125-6.

5. DE LA LITERATURA Y DE LOS LITERATOS DE LOS ESTADOS-UNIDOS DE AMERICA. POR EUGENIO A. VAIL. Reviewed by Enrique Gil in *El Pensamiento*, Madrid, 1841; vol. 1, pp. 271 ff.

6. NOTICIA DE LA VIDA Y OBRAS DE FENIMORE COOPER. In *El Universo pintoresco*, Madrid, No. 29; 15 Sept., 1853.

7. LA LITERATURA NORTE-AMERICANA EN EUROPA. — J. FENIMORE COOPER. . . . By Rafael M. de Labra. In *Revista de España*, Madrid, April, 1879; vol. 67, pp. 457 ff.

Minor references to Cooper will be found mentioned in the chapter dealing with him.

## DRAPER, JOHN WILLIAM

CONSIDERACIONES SOBRE LOS CONFLICTOS ENTRE LA RELIGIÓN Y LA CIENCIA. In *Revista de España*, July, 1876; vol. 51, p. 5.

"El presente trabajo sirve de prólogo á la *Historia de los conflictos entre la Religión y la Ciencia*, por J. W. Draper, que ha traducido directamente del inglés don Augusto T. Arcimis." — The same, footnote.

\* HISTORIA DEL DESARROLLO INTELECTUAL DE EUROPA. Traducido al castellano por E. López. Valencia, F. Sempere y C.<sup>ía</sup>, editores, n.d. (?1909-10). 3 vols., 8vo, pp. 232-239-265.

## EGGLESTON, EDWARD

EL TÍTULO DE PROPIEDAD. Valencia, Pascual Aguilar, editor, n.d. 16mo, pp. 164. Biblioteca selecta, vol. xxi.

## EMERSON, RALPH WALDO

## 1. Books

\* 1. EL HOMBRE Y EL MUNDO. . . . por Emerson. Traducción del inglés por Pedro Márquez. Madrid, n.i. (B. Rodríguez Serra,



editor), 1900. 8vo, pp. 234. Biblioteca de filosofía y sociología, tomo 4.

CONTENTS: The Over-Soul — Circles — Compensation — Self-Reliance — Friendship — Heroism — The Poet.

\* 2. ? THE SAME. Barcelona, F. Granada y C.<sup>ía</sup>, editores, n.d. 8vo, pp. 192. Biblioteca contemporánea.

3. LA LEY DE LA VIDA por R. W. Emerson. Traducción por Benedicto Martínez Vélez, Doctor en Filosofía y Letras. Madrid, La España Moderna, n.d. (?1900). 8vo, pp. 230. Biblioteca de Jurisprudencia, Filosofía é Historia, vol. 326.

CONTENTS: The *Conduct of Life* volume, translated in full.

\* 4. SIETE ENSAYOS, por R. W. Emerson, con un prólogo de Mauricio Maeterlinck, traducidos de la última edición inglesa por Pedro Umbert. Barcelona, imprenta de Henrich y C.<sup>ía</sup>, 1904. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 141-163. Biblioteca sociológica internacional.

5. HOMBRES SIMBÓLICOS . . . por R. W. Emerson. Traducido por David Martínez Vélez, Doctor en Sagrada Teología y en Filosofía y Letras. Madrid, La España Moderna, n.d. (?1901). 8vo, pp. 188. Biblioteca de Jurisprudencia, Filosofía é Historia, vol. 332.

6. ENSAYO SOBRE LA NATURALEZA, seguido de varios discursos de R. W. Emerson. Traducción directa del inglés por Edmundo González-Blanco. Madrid, La España Moderna, n.d. (?1904). 8vo, pp. 216. Biblioteca de Jurisprudencia, Filosofía é Historia, vol. 413.

CONTENTS: Nature — The American Scholar — Divinity College Address — Literary Ethics — The Method of Nature — Man the Reformer — The Young American.

7. INGLATERRA Y EL CARÁCTER INGLÉS por R. W. Emerson. Traducción por Rafael Cansinos-Assens. Madrid, La España Moderna, n.d. (?1906). 8vo, pp. 246. Biblioteca de Jurisprudencia, Filosofía é Historia, vol. 442.

8. LOS VEINTE ENSAYOS por R. W. Emerson. Versión castellana de Siro García. Madrid, La España Moderna, n.d. (?1907). 8vo, pp. 459. Biblioteca de Jurisprudencia, Filosofía é Historia, vol. 459.

CONTENTS: All the First and Second Series of *Essays* except *New England Reformers*.

9. R. W. Emerson. LA CONFIANÇA EN SÍ MATEIX. L'AMIS-TAT. Traducció de l'inglès, amb una introducció, per Cebrià Montoliu. Segona edició. Barcelona, Biblioteca popular de "L'Avenç," 1910. 16mo, pp. 106.

The Introduction fills pp. 5-27.

#### FISKE, JOHN

\* EL DESTINO DEL HOMBRE, traducida de la 25<sup>a</sup> edición inglesa y prologada por F. del Río Urruti. Barcelona, Henrich y C.<sup>ía</sup>, 1905. 8vo, pp. 139.

#### FOLEY, CHARLES

\* NOVELAS CORTAS PARA JÓVENES. Traducidas al castellano por María de Echarri. Madrid, Bailly-Bailliere é Hijos, 1910. 8vo, pp. 67.

\* JUAN DE LAS NIEBLAS. Same translator and publisher. 8vo, pp. 241.

#### FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN

##### 1. Books

\* 1. VIDA DEL DOCTOR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, sacada de documentos auténticos. Madrid, Pantaleón Aznar, 1798. 8vo, pp. xx-216.

\* 2. MISCELANEA DE ECONOMÍA, POLÍTICA Y MORAL, extractada de las obras de Benjamin Franklin, y precedida de una noticia sobre su vida; traducida del francés por R. Mangino. Paris, C. Farcy, 1825. 2 vols., 8vo.

\* 3. EL LIBRO DEL HOMBRE DE BIEN. Opúsculos morales, económicos y políticos extraordinarios de Benjamin Franklin. Barcelona, A. Bergnes, 1843. 8vo.

\* 4. CIENCIA DEL BUEN RICARDO, por Benjamin Franklin, precedida de una noticia de su vida. Madrid, imp. y casa de la Unión Comercial, 1844. 8vo. (Pamphlet).

5. LA CIENCIA DEL BUEN RICARDO, ó EL CAMINO DE LA FORTUNA, por Benjamin Franklin, y Pensamientos sobre moral, política, literatura, religión y costumbres, por J. M. Samper. . . . Caracas, G. Corser, 1858. 12mo, pp. 48.

6. LA ECONOMÍA POLÍTICA PUESTA AL ALCANCE DE LOS NIÑOS, por Otto Hubner. Versión castellana, para el uso de las Escuelas de la República Arjentina. . . . Con un apendice con-

teniendo varios opúsculos de Benjamin Franklin. Buenos Aires, Imp. de Pablo E. Coni, 1873. 8vo, pp. 206. (B. M.)

7. VERDADES ECONÓMICAS, ou A RIQUEZA AO ALCANCE DE TODOS. Traducción de Miguel Augusto da Silva. Lisboa, 1876. 8vo, pp. 245. (B. M.)

\* 8. CIENCIA DEL BUEN RICARDO. Barcelona, Juan Pons, 1789. 16mo.

## 2. Periodical publication

1. REGLAS PARA CONVERTIR EN PEQUEÑO UN ESTADO GRANDE presentadas á un Ministro británico en el año de 1774. In *El Sastre Constitución*, Mexico, 18 July, 1820.

2. EL CAMINO DE LA FORTUNA, ó COMO DICE EL COMPADRE RICARDO. In *Semanario pintoresco* (Madrid), 1 May, 1836; vol. 1, no. 5.

3. EL PRÉSTAMO DE FRANKLIN. In *Semanario pintoresco*, 30 July, 1837.

4. MORAL PRIVADA. PLAN IDEADO POR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PARA ARREGLAR SU VIDA. In *Semanario pintoresco*, 16 and 26 June, 1842.

5. CONSEJOS DE FRANKLIN. In *La Ilustración*, Madrid, 8 Dec., 1849.

6. MÁXIMAS DE FRANKLIN, tomadas de sus obras. In *El Siglo ilustrado*, Madrid, 22 March, 1868.

7. LA CIENCIA DEL BUEN HOMBRE RICARDO. In *El Educador popular*, New York, vol. 4 (1876), pp. 81 and 113.

8. ELS SELVATGES DE NORD-AMERICA, 1784. In *Prosadors nord-americans*, Barcelona, 1909.

9. EN RICARDO POBRE. The same.

## 3. Criticism

1. *Revista histórica*, Madrid, vol. 1 (1851), p. 296, contains a short biographical account of Franklin which closes with a very bad sonnet in his honor. The sonnet is signed A. P.

2. FRANKLIN, by A. Ribot. In *El Museo universal*, Madrid, 30 July, 1858; vol. 2, No. 14. A biographical sketch.

3. FRANKLIN, by Joaquín Olmedilla y Puig. In *Revista europea*, Madrid, 18 June, 1876; vol. 7, pp. 638 ff. Devoted chiefly to Franklin's investigations of the nature of lightning.

**GEORGE, HENRY**

\* 1. **PROGRESO Y MISERIA.** . . . Versión castellana. Barcelona, imp. de Jaime Jepsus y Roviralta, 1893. 8vo, pp. 476.

\* 2. **THE SAME.** Traducido por Ramón Ibañez. Valencia, F. Sempere y C.<sup>ía</sup>, n.d. (1905). 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 326-299.

\* 3. **PROTECCIÓN Y LIBRECAMBIO.** . . . Madrid, Imp. de Avrial, n.d. (1901). 4to, pp. 448.

**GIBBONS, JAMES, CARDINAL**

\* 1. **LA FÉ DE NUESTROS PADRES.** New York, D. Appleton and Co., ?1905. 8vo, pp. 390.

\* 2. **EL EMBAJADOR DE CRISTO.** . . . Barcelona, Luis Gili, editor, 1908. 8vo, pp. lxxix-390.

**GREEN, ANNA KATHARINE**

\* **EL CASO LEAVENWORTH.** . . . Traducida directamente del inglés por Emilio M.<sup>a</sup> Martínez. Barcelona, E. Domenech, 1909. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 270-307.

**HABBERTON, JOHN**

\* **LOS NIÑOS DE MI HERMANA.** Barcelona, J. Roura — A. del Castillo, editores, 1893. 8vo, pp. 119.

**HARTE, BRET****1. Books**

1. **BOCETOS CALIFORNIANOS** de Bret Harte. Traducción de D. E. de Vaudrey y D. F. de Arteaga. Ilustración de J. Luis Pellicer. Barcelona, Biblioteca "Arte y Letras," E. Domenech y C.<sup>ía</sup>, 1883. 8vo, pp. iv-362. (B. M.)

CONTENTS: M'liss — Mr. Thompson's Prodigal — Miggles — The Idyl of Red Gulch — How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar — The Luck of Roaring Camp — Tennessee's Partner — A Poor Man — The Outcasts of Poker Flat — A Night in Wing Dam — Brown of Calaveras — An Episode of Fiddletown — Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands — Wan Lee, the Pagan.

2. Bret Harte. **CROQUÍS AMERICANOS.** . . . Valencia, 1886. Pascual Aguilar, editor. 16mo, pp. 177. Biblioteca selecta, vol. xxvi.

3. **BLOQUEADOS POR LA NIEVE** por Bret Harte. Traducción por Juan García Rodríguez. Madrid, La España Moderna, n.d.

(?1904). 8vo, pp. 185. Los grandes autores contemporaneos, vol. 399.

Originally published in *La España moderna*, June and July, 1902.

\* 4. THE SAME. Traducción española por E. Raurich. Madrid, 1911.

## 2. Periodical publication

1. EL FILÓN DEL VADO DEL DIABLO. In *La España moderna*, Aug. 1902.

2. UNO (NARRACIÓN CALIFORNIANA). In *La España moderna*, Dec. 1903.

## 3. Criticism

BLOQUEADOS POR LA NIEVE. Reviewed by Luis de Terán in *Nuestro Tiempo*, Madrid, May, 1911.

## HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL

### 1. Books

\* 1. ?CUENTOS. ?Madrid, 1866. This edition is mentioned in the preface to No. 3 (below), but I have not succeeded in tracing it.

2. N. Hawthorne. CUENTOS MITOLÓGICOS. Traducción de D. M. J. Bénder, con un prólogo de D. M. Ossorio y Bernard. Madrid, Imprenta de Medina y Navarro . . ., 1875. 16mo, pp. xv-219. (H. S.)

CONTENTS: The Argonauts — The Pygmies — The Paradise of Children — The Golden Touch — The Three Golden Apples — David Swan — Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure.

3. UNA CARTA DE MISS GREENWOOD Y CUATRO CUENTOS DE N. HAWTHORNE. Traducción del inglés por M. Juderías Bénder. Tercera edición. Madrid, Imprenta y fundición de Manuel Tello . . ., 1882. 16mo, pp. 95. Biblioteca de Cuentos y Leyendas, vol. 1.

CONTENTS: My Aunt Maria (by "Grace Greenwood") — The Paradise of Children — The Golden Touch — David Swan — The Hollow of the Three Hills.

4. Natanael [sic] Hawthorne. EL TESORO ESCONDIDO Y LOS PIGMEOS. Traducción del inglés por M. Juderías Bénder. [Biblioteca de Cuentos y Leyendas] Tomo IV. Madrid, Imprenta y fundición de Manuel Tello . . ., 1882. 16mo, pp. 90.

CONTENTS: Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure — The Pygmies.



\* 5. LEYENDAS EXTRAORDINARIAS, por N. Hawthorne, E. Poe y Washington Irving. Madrid, Manuel Tello, 1882.

6. Natanael Hawthorne. EL VELLOCINO DE ORO. Traducción del inglés por M. Juderías Béndér. [Biblioteca de Cuentos y Leyendas] Tomo V. Madrid, Imprenta y fundición de Manuel Tello . . ., 1882. 16mo, pp. 89.

7. Biblioteca Infantil Argentina. I. EL LIBRO DE LAS MARAVILLAS. Adaptación de C(arlos) N(avarro) L(amarca). Ángel Estrada y C.<sup>ía</sup>, editores, Buenos Aires, n.d. (1912). 4to, pp. 179, illus. in colors.

## 2. Periodical publication

1. LA VIEJA DONCELLA DE BOSTON. Leyenda americana. In *El Museo de familias*, Barcelona, vol. 4 (1840), pp. 366 ff.

2. LA ANCIANA DONCELLA DE BOSTON. Leyenda americana. In *La Ilustración*, Madrid, 3 Nov., 1853; vol. 5, p. 439.

3. LA ESTATUA DE NIEVE. Cuento americano. In *El Universo pintoresco*, Madrid, 30 April and 15 May, 1853.

4. LA HIJA DE RAPACCINI. Cuento fantástico por Nathaniel Hawthorne [sic]. The same, 15 and 31 Aug. and 15 Sept., 1853.

5. RICARDO DIGHY [sic]. Leyenda americana. The same, 15 Sept., 1853.

6. EL PEQUEÑO NARCISO. Cuento americano dedicado por el Universo á los escolares del próximo curso. The same, 30 Sept., 1853.

7. MI PRIMO EL COMANDANTE MOLINEUX. The same, 30 Nov., 1853.

8. EL NARCISITO. Cuento americano, por Nathaniel Hawthorne [sic]. In *La Ilustración*, Madrid, 2 July, 1855; vol. 7, p. 271.

9. DAVID SWAND [sic]. Cuento americano por Nathaniel Hawthorne. The same, 30 July, 1855; vol. 7, p. 300. (Signed T. E.)

10. LA FIGURA GRANDE DE PIEDRA. Leyenda americana por Nathaniel Hawthorne [sic]. The same, 5 and 12 Nov., 1855; vol. 7, pp. 446 and 454.

11. LA MANO ROJA, por Nathaniel Hawthorne. In *Semanario pintoresco*, Madrid, 2 and 9 Dec., 1855; pp. 388 and 395.

12. RICARDO DIGBY, leyenda americana por Nathaniel Hawthorne. The same, 23 and 30 Dec., 1855; pp. 408 and 412.

13. LA MANCHA, cuento norte-americano. In *El Museo universal*, Madrid, 21 and 28 June, 1863; Año vii, Nos. 25 and 26. (Signed F.)

14. LOS ARGONAUTAS. Cuento mitológico. In *Revista europea*, Madrid, 21 and 28 March, 1875; vol. 4, pp. 105-113, 149-156. (Signed) N. Hawthorne, traducción de M. J. Bénder.

15. LOS PIGMEOS. The same, 11 April, 1875; vol. 4, pp. 225-234.

16. EL PARAÍSO PERDIDO. The same, 25 April, 1875; vol. 4, pp. 309-313.

17. UN RAJOLÍ DE LA BOMBA DE LA VILA. Translated by Rafel Patxot i Jubert in *Prosadors nord-americans*, Barcelona, 1909. Pp. 118-129.

### 3. Criticism

1. LOS CUENTOS DE N. HAWTHORNE, by M. Ossorio y Bernard. In *Revista europea*, Madrid, 22 August, 1875; vol. 5, p. 318. Identical with the introduction to No. 2 of section 1, above.

2. CUENTOS MITOLÓGICOS, Madrid, 1875. Reviewed in *El Mundo americano*, Paris, 15 Sept., 1876; vol. 2, p. 19.

3. NOVELISTAS NORTE-AMERICANOS: NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By Dr. Carlos Navarro Lamarca. In *Helios*, Madrid, June, 1903.

### HEARN, LAFCADIO

\* 1. KOKORO. Impresiones de la vida íntima del Japón. Traducción del inglés por Julián Bestiero. Madrid, Daniel Jorro, editor, 1907. 8vo, pp. 372.

2. LIFE AND LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN, edited by Elizabeth Bisland. Reviewed in *La Lectura*, Madrid, April, 1907.

3. EL EXOTISMO LITERARIO. PIERRE LQTI Y LAFCADIO HEARN. By Ángel Guerra. In *La Ilustración española y americana*, 8 Feb., 1911.

### IRVING, WASHINGTON

#### 1. Books

\* 1. TAREAS DE UN SOLITARIO, ó nueva colección de novelas, por D. Jorge W. Montgomery. Madrid, Espinosa, 1829.

CONTENTS: El sueño — Matilde y Teodoro ó los Gemelos — El serano de las Alpujarras — El cuadro misterioso — El agravio satisfecho.

There were three American editions of tales from this work, as follow:

1a. NOVELAS ESPAÑOLAS. El serrano de las Alpujarras; y El cuadro misterioso. Brunswick, [Maine], 1830. (Edited by Longfellow, but neither the author nor the editor is named.)

1b. THE SAME. New York, R. Rafael, 1842. (Re-edited with a parallel literal translation by Julio Soler.)

1c. THE SAME. Brunswick, 1845. (A reissue of the first edition, plus the *Coplas* of Manrique and some passages from *Don Quixote*. Longfellow is named as editor, but Montgomery's name is still omitted.)

2. CRÓNICA DE LA CONQUISTA DE GRANADA. Escrita en inglés por Mr. Washington Irving. Traducida al castellano por D. Jorge W. Montgomery, Autor de las Tareas de un Solitario. Madrid, I. Sancha, 1831. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 272-263. (H. S.)

\* 3. THE SAME, sacada de los manuscritos de Fr. Antonio Agapido [sic], por Mr. Washington Irving, y traducida del inglés por don Alfonso Escalante. . . . Advertised in *El Abencerraje*, Granada, 1844. Perhaps never issued. See *ante*, p. 26.

\* 4. THE SAME, extractada de la que escribió en francés Washington Irving, por Adiano Lemercier, y vertida al castellano de la 8.<sup>a</sup> edición francesa, por J. R. Barcelona, Magrina y Subirana, 1861. 8vo, pp. iv-282.

5. HISTORIA DE LA VIDA Y VIAJES DE CRISTÓBAL COLÓN, escrita en inglés por el caballero Washington Irving, y traducida al castellano por D. José García de Villalta. Madrid, imp. de D. José Palacios, 1833-34. 4 vols., 8vo, pp. 637-629-535-560. (H. S.)

6. THE SAME. Madrid, Gaspar y Roig, editores, . . . 1851. 4to, pp. 251-indexes. Biblioteca ilustrada de Gaspar y Roig. (Not a reprint of Villalta's version. See *ante*, p. 31.) (Columbia)

\* 7. THE SAME. Second edition.

8. THE SAME. Third edition. Madrid, 1854. (H. S.)

9. THE SAME. Mexico, imp. de Boix, Besserer y Compañía, 1853. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 379-375.

10. THE SAME. Reimpreso para las bibliotecas populares. Santiago [de Chile], imp. del Ferrocarril, 1859. 4 vols., 8vo, pp. 504-438-235-250.

11. THE SAME. Edición abreviada por el mismo autor para uso de la juventud, y mandada traducir i publicar por el ministerio

de instrucción pública de Chile. Valparaíso, Imp. de La Patria . . . , 1893. 8vo, pp. 351.

12. CUENTOS DE LA ALHAMBRA, de Washington Irving. Traducidos por D. L. L. Librería de Mallén y Berard, Valencia, 1833. 16mo, pp. ii-248. (The B. M. copy has the imprint Valencia on the half-title and the engraved title-page, and Paris on the printed title. The H. S. copy has Valencia throughout.)

CONTENTS: The Journey — Government of the Alhambra — Interior of the Alhambra — Domestic Economy — Local Traditions — The House of the Weathercock — Legend of the Arabian Astrologer — Legend of Prince Ahmed Al Kamel, or the Pilgrim of Love.

\* 13. THE SAME. Translated by D. Manuel M. de Santa Ana from the French of Mlle. Sobry. Madrid, Imprenta y Casa de la Unión comercial, 1844.

14. THE SAME. Granada, Imprenta de Zamora, 1859. 16mo, pp. 327. On the cover the author's name is spelt Irwing and the date is 1861. (H. S.)

CONTENTS: Same as No. 12, above, with the addition of The Tower of Las Infantas and the Legend of the Three Beautiful Princesses.

\* 15. THE SAME. Manuel Tello, Madrid, 1882. Advertised on the cover of Hawthorne: *El Tesoro escondido*, as in preparation.

\* 16. THE SAME. Versión directa del inglés por el doctor José Ventura Travaset, Profesor Auxiliar Numerario de la Universidad de Granada, precedida de una nota biográfica del autor por D. A. González Garbín, Catedrático de Literatura Clásica de la misma Universidad. . . . Granada, P. V. Sabatel, 1888. 16mo, pp. xxii-432-indexes. Portrait, plans and illustrations.

17. THE SAME. Segunda edición, corregida y aumentada, Granada, 1893. (H. S.)

18. THE SAME. Barcelona, 1910. 4to, pp. 109, illus.

A reprint, "con la aprobación de las autoridades eclesiásticas," of the edition of 1833.

\* 19. LEYENDAS EXTRAORDINARIAS por N. Hawthorne, E. Poe y Washington Irving. Madrid, Manuel Tello, 1882. 16mo.

\* 20. LEYENDAS DE LA ALHAMBRA. Barcelona, Olegario Salvatella, ?1906. Advertised as to appear "dentro de breves días" in Poe: *Narraciones extraordinarias*, Barcelona, ?1906.

\* 21. VIDA DE MAHOMA, traducida por J. S. Facio. ?Madrid, 1857.

22. MEMORIAS DE UN GOBERNADOR por Washington Irving. Traducción del inglés por M. Juderías Béndér. Segunda edición. Madrid, imprenta . . . de Manuel Tello, 1882. 16mo, pp. 92. (H. S.)

CONTENTS: Early Experiences of Ralph Ringwood — Origin of the White, the Red, and the Black Men.

23. Washington Irving [sic]. LOS BUSCADORES DE TESOROS. Barcelona, J. Roura — A. del Castillo, editores, 1893. 8vo, pp. 120.

CONTENTS: Hell-Gate — Kidd the Pirate — The Devil and Tom Walker — Wolfert Webber.

## 2. Periodical publication

1. AVENTURA DE UN ESTUDIANTE ALEMÁN. (From *Tales of a Traveller*.) In *El Artista*, Madrid, vol. 1 (1835), pp. 306 ff.

2. EL ALBUM DE WATERLOO. In *El Museo de familias*, Barcelona, vol. 4 (1840), pp. 168 ff. (Not signed.)

3. THE SAME. In *El nuevo siglo ilustrado*, Madrid, 2 and 9 May, 1869; pp. 72 and 79. (Signed.)

4. CUENTO DE LA ALHAMBRA. EL COMANDANTE MANCO Y EL SOLDADO. In *Semanario pintoresco español*, Madrid, 18 and 25 Oct., 1840; pp. 333 and 341. Not signed.

5. LA TORRE MARAVILLOSA. Leyenda toledana por W. Yrving [sic]. In *La Luz*, Barcelona, vol. 1, pp. 464, 471, 479, 485; 7, 14, 21, 28 Dec., 1862.

\* 6. AVENTURAS DE UN MISÁNTROPO. Barcelona, 1860. 8vo, pp. 344.

Contains: *El Retrato misterioso*, novela escrita en inglés por M. Washington Irving y traducida por D. Marcial Busquets.

7. (a) COLOMB. (b) COLOMB Á BARCELONA. (c) LA VIDA RURAL Á ANGLATERRA. In *Prosadores nord-americanos*, Barcelona, 1909.

## 3. Criticism

1. DE LA LITERATURA Y DE LOS LITERATOS DE LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS DE AMÉRICA. POR EUGENIO A. VAIL. Reviewed by Enrique Gil in *El Pensamiento*, Madrid, 1841, pp. 271 ff.



2. HISTORIA DE LA CONQUISTA DEL PERÚ. POR W. H. PRESCOTT. Reviewed by D. Domingo del Monte in *Revista de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes*, Valencia, 1856; vol. 2, pp. 754 ff.

3. DE LOS HISTORIADORES DE COLÓN. In Menéndez y Pelayo: *Estudios de crítica literaria*, segunda serie, Madrid, 1895, pp. 201 ff.

4. WASHINGTON IRVING. In Ángel Guerra: *Literatos extranjeros*, Valencia, n.d. (1903). 8vo, pp. 243.

### JAMES, WILLIAM

#### 1. Books

\* 1. LOS IDEALES DE LA VIDA (Discursos á los jóvenes sobre psicología), . . . versión española y prólogo de Carlos M. Soldevilla. Barcelona, Henrich y C.<sup>ía</sup>, 1904. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 143-159.

\* 2. FASES DEL SENTIMIENTO RELIGIOSO. . . . Barcelona, Carbonell y Esteva, editores, 1907-08. 3 vols., 8vo, pp. 240-232-240.

\* 3. PRINCIPIOS DE PSICOLOGÍA. Traducción directa del inglés por Domingo Barnes. Madrid, Luis Faure, 1909.

\* 4. LA VIDA ETERNA Y LA FÉ. La voluntad de creer. La inmortalidad humana. El porvenir de los estudios espiritistas. Versión española de Santos Rubiano. Barcelona, Henrich y C.<sup>ía</sup>, 1909. 8vo, pp. 169.

#### 2. Criticism

1. LA VIDA ETERNA Y LA FÉ. Reviewed by Manuel Abril in *Nuestro Tiempo*, Madrid, Oct. 1911.

2. WILLIAM JAMES. By Martín Navarro. In *La Lectura*, Madrid, Oct. 1911.

### JEFFERSON, THOMAS

\* 1. MANUEL DEL DERECHO PARLAMENTARIO, ó resumen de las reglas que se observan en el Parlamento de Inglaterra y en el Congreso de los Estados Unidos para la proposición, discusión y decisión de los negocios. Recopilado, con notas, por L. A. Pichou, traducida de la última edición por D. Joaquín Ortega. Paris, 1827. 8vo.

2. WASHINGTON. In *Prosadores nord-americanos*, Barcelona, 1909.

### JONES, F. A.

\* TOMÁS ALVA EDISON. Sesenta años de vida íntima del gran inventor. Traducida al castellano por José Pérez Herras. Barcelona, 1911. 4to, pp. 341.

**JORDAN, DAVID STARR**

\* *LA COSECHA HUMANA*. Estudio sobre la decadencia de las razas á causa de la supervivencia de los ineptos. Traducido del inglés por Aurelio Macedonio Espinosa. Madrid, 1912. 8vo, pp. 114.

**KELLER, HELEN**

\* *HISTORIA DE MI VIDA, SORDA — MUDA — CIEGA*, por Helen Keller, prologado del Excelentísimo Sr. D. Eloy Bejarano y Sánchez, Inspector general de Sanidad interior; traducción de Carmen de Burgos (Columbine), Profesora de la Escuela Normal y de Sordomudos y Ciegos. Madrid, Felipe Marques, 1904. 8vo, pp. xiv-262.

**LINCOLN, ABRAHAM**

\* *ABRAHAM LINCOLN ÍNTIMO*. Apuntes histórico-anecdóticos de su vida y de su época. Obra escrita en presencia de las de Curtis, Williams, Greeley, Spencer, etc., por J. Meca. Barcelona, 1909. 4to, pp. 341.

**LONDON, JACK**

\* *EL LOBO DE MAR*. Published serially in *Por esos mundos*, Madrid, during 1905.

**LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH****1. Books**

1. *EVANGELINA*: Romance de la Acadia. Traducido del inglés de Enrique Wadsworth Longfellow. Por Carlos Morla Vicuña. Nueva York: Imprenta de Eduardo O. Jenkins . . ., 1871. 8vo, pp. xvi-111. (Harvard)

2. *THE SAME*. Bogota, 1888. 8vo, pp. xv-113. (B. M.)

3. *THE SAME*. Translated by Don Vicente de Arana. In Arana: *Oro y Oropel*, Bilbao, Imp. lib. y lit. de Juan E. Delmas . . ., 1876. 8vo, pp. 286. *Evangeline* fills pp. 175-227. (H. S.)

4. *THE SAME*. Traduzido por Miguel Street de Arriaga com Duas palavras de introdução sobre a litteratura americana por Xavier da Cunha. David Corazzi — Editor: Empresa Horas Romanticas. . . . Lisboa, n.d. (1879). 8vo, pp. lxii-155. (Harvard)

\* 5. *THE SAME*. Traducido por D. Juan de Izaguirre, con pró-

logo de Macías Coque. Gaspar editores, Madrid. Mentioned by Capalleja, 1883, as soon to appear. I have found no record of it elsewhere.

6. THE SAME. Traducido por Rafael M. Merchán. Tercera edición, 1887. Bogota, Impr. de "La Luz," Marco A. Gómez, Director. 16mo, pp. 105. (N. Y.)

7. THE SAME. Traducción de D. Álvaro L. Nuñez. Barcelona, J. Roura — A. del Castillo, editores . . ., n.d. (1894). 8vo, pp. 128, illus. in colors.

8. THE SAME. Traducido en verso castellano por Joaquín D. Casassus. Con un prólogo de Ignacio M. Altamirano. Segunda edición. Mexico, imprenta de Ignacio Escalante . . ., 1901. 8vo, pp. 188. (N. Y.)

9. THE SAME. Con ilustraciones de Howard Chandler Christy. Indianapolis. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers, n.d. (Copyright, 1905). 4to, pp. 120. (Ticknor)

\* 10. THE SAME. Traducción de M. Ferra. Madrid, Fernando Fé. Announced as in preparation, 1915.

11. MILES STANDISH — EL HALCÓN DE SER FEDERIGO — LOS PÁJAROS DE KILLINGWORTH. Barcelona, J. Roura — A. del Castillo, editores . . ., 1893. 8vo, pp. 91, illus. in colors.

\* 12. TRADUCCIONES POÉTICAS DE LONGFELLOW. Colección formada por Rafael Torres Marino. New York, ?1897. 8vo, pp. 126, port. Reviewed in *Revista contemporanea*, Madrid, 30 Jan., 1898.

## 2. Publication in periodicals and collections

1. Teodoro Llorente. LEYENDAS DE ORO. Tercera edición. Valencia, Pascual Aguilar, editor, 1889. 16mo, pp. 242-index. (First edition 1875.)

Contains: p. 117, *Excelsior*; p. 199, *Encélado*; p. 213, *El Ángel Saldanfon* [sic].

2. EL ORTO de Longfellow [sic]. (*Daybreak*) Translated by E. Godínez. In *Revista contemporanea*, Madrid, vol. 9, p. 479; 30 June, 1877.

3. ENRIQUE WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, by V. Suárez Capalleja. In *La Ilustración*, 22 April, 1882.

Contains a prose version of *A Psalm of Life*.

ESTUDIOS SOBRE LONGFELLOW (vida y obras), by V. Suárez Capalleja. In *Revista contemporanea*, vols. 42 ff.

Contains the following translations which I have not found elsewhere:

4. TO A CHILD. Version in *romance* by D. Miguel Gutiérrez of the strophe beginning "Once, ah, once within these walls." Vol. 42, p. 60.
5. THE GOLDEN LEGEND. First two stanzas of the epilog, in *prose*, by Capalleja. The same, pp. 66-67.
6. THE CHALLENGE OF THOR. In *prose*, by Capalleja. The same, pp. 71-72.
7. A PSALM OF LIFE. In *verse*, ?by Capalleja. The same, pp. 304-305.
8. THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE. In *verse*, by Sr. Baquero Almansa. The same, pp. 307-309.
9. AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY. In *verse*, from "a Spanish paper published in New York." The same, vol. 43, p. 23.
10. THE ARSENAL OF WOLWICH [sic]. In *verse*, by Baquero Almansa. The same, p. 25.
11. SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR GLASS. In *verse*, by Gutiérrez. The same, p. 29.
12. CHILDREN. In *verse*, by Gutiérrez. The same, p. 31.
13. BIRDS OF PASSAGE. In *verse*, by Gutiérrez. The same, p. 33.
14. RESIGNATION. In *verse*, by Baquero Almansa. Incomplete. The same, p. 315.
15. HIAWATHA. Opening lines, in *prose*, by Capalleja. The same, p. 408.
16. ESPAÑA EN MASSACHUSETTS. In *Revista contemporanea*, vol. 45, pp. 154, 281; vol. 46, p. 32; 30 May, 15 June, 15 July, 1883. A translation, by C. Soler y Arques, of *The Spanish Student*.
17. EL DÍA DE LLUVIA (*A Rainy Day*). FATIGA (*Weariness*). CONSUELO (*Endymion*, last three stanzas). In *Revista contemporanea*, 15 Oct., 1884; vol. 53, p. 330. In *verse*, by V. Suárez Capalleja.
18. RESIGNACIÓN. In *Revista contemporanea*, 30 Sept., 1887; vol. 67, p. 630. In *prose*, by Rafael Álvarez Sereix.

19. Á ALFREDO TENNYSON (*Wapentake*), de N. [sic] W. Longfellow. In *La España moderna*, August, 1892, p. 207. In sonnet form, by M. A. Caro.

20. EL ENTIERRO DE MINNISINK. Translated in verse by Ruperto J. Gómez of Bogota, Colombia. In *Revista contemporanea*, vol. 101, p. 530; 15 March, 1896.

21. Varias poesías de Longfellow: COPAS DE NIEVE (*Snow-flakes*). LA LUZ DE LAS ESTRELLAS (*The Light of Stars*). HIMNO Á LA NOCHE (*Hymn to the Night*). SUSPIRIA. Translated by Ruperto J. Gómez. In *Revista contemporanea*, vol. 102, pp. 583 ff.; 30 June, 1896.

22. EL SALMO DE LA VIDA, traducción de "A Psalm of Life" de Longfellow. In verse, by Manuel Fernández Juncos. Dated, San Juan, Puerto Rico, 1903. In *Nuestro Tiempo*, Madrid, Nov. 1903, p. 580.

23. DÍA DE LLUVIA. HUYÓSE EL DÍA (*The Day is Done*). NO SIEMPRE ES MAYO (*It is not always May*). HIMNO Á LA NOCHE. In *Renacimiento*, Madrid, April, 1907; No. 2, pp. 242-246. The translator is not named.

24. LA VIDA RURAL Á SUECIA. In *Prosadores nord-americanos*, Barcelona, 1909.

25. AL AMANECER (*Daybreak*), translated by Teodoro Llorente. In *La España moderna*, Madrid, July, 1910, p. 88.

### 3. Criticism

\* 1. ?LONGFELLOW. By Victor Suárez Capalleja. In *El Imparcial*, Madrid. Monday, 17 April, 1882.

2. ENRIQUE WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. By V(ictor) Suárez Capalleja. In *La Ilustración española y americana*, Madrid, 22 April, 1882.

3. ESTUDIOS SOBRE LONGFELLOW (Vida y Obras). By V(ictor) Suárez Capalleja. In *Revista contemporanea*, Madrid, vol. 42, pp. 48 ff. and 303 ff.; vol. 43, pp. 18 ff., 217 ff., 303 ff., 406 ff.; vol. 44, pp. 179 ff. 15 Nov. and 15 Dec., 1882; 15 Jan., 30 Jan., 15 Feb., 30 Feb., 30 March, 1883.

### MAHAN, ALFRED THAYER

\* INFLUENCIA DEL PODER NAVAL EN LA HISTORIA (1660-1783). . . . Traducida por los Tenientes de Navio D. Juan Cervera y



Jacome y D. Gerardo Sobrini y Argallos. (Con autorización del autor.) Ferrol, Imp. de *Correo Gallego*, 1901. 4to, pp. 720, maps.

**MANGASARIAN, M. M.**

\* SIN DIÓS. Traducido por Tomás Meabe. Bilbao, Tip. "Popular," n.d. (?1911). 8vo, pp. 153.

**MITCHELL, JOHN AMES**

EL ÚLTIMO AMERICANO, traducción de Andrés González Blanco. In *Nuestro Tiempo*, Madrid, April and May, 1905; pp. 559 ff. and 696 ff.

**PAULDING, J. KIRKE**

LA BARALLA DE MESTRE BULL I EL SEU FILL. In *Prosadors nord-americans*, Barcelona, 1909.

**POE, EDGAR ALLAN**

**1. Books**

1. HISTORIAS EXTRAORDINARIAS por Edgardo Poe, precedidas de un prólogo crítico-biográfico por el Dr. Landa. Madrid, 1858. Imprenta de Luis García, editor. 8vo, pp. xxviii-288. (B. M.)

CONTENTS: Hans Pfaal<sup>1</sup> — The Murders in the Rue Morgue — The Gold Bug — The Purloined Letter — M. Valdemar. *Dicha y Suerte*, by "Fernán Caballero," fills pp. 249-288.

\* 2. ?THE SAME. Barcelona, 1858. Mentioned by Alarcón as in preparation simultaneously with the above. I have found no other record of it.

\* 3. HISTORIAS EXTRAORDINARIAS, de Edgard Poe. Primera serie. . . . Madrid, Imprenta de El Atalaya . . . á cargo de J. M. Alegría, 1859. 8vo, pp. xxii-180. Biblioteca de viaje, tomo II.

CONTENTS: Biographical Note — The Cask of Amontillado — The Imp of the Perverse — Some Words with a Mummy — Four Beasts in One — The Tell-Tale Heart — Lionizing — The Premature Burial.

4. HISTORIAS EXTRAORDINARIAS, de Edgard Poe. Segunda serie. . . . Madrid, Imprenta de El Atalaya . . . á cargo de J. Martín

<sup>1</sup> In giving the contents of the various volumes I have throughout this section of the bibliography used shortened forms of the longer titles.

Alegría. 1859. 8vo, pp. 154. Biblioteca de viaje, tomo V. (Harvard)

CONTENTS: Hans Pfaal, pp. 1-132 — Soy, tengo y quiero, por D. Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, pp. 137-154.

NOTE: The volume, containing 137 pages instead of 154 but otherwise identical with the above, listed in the Woodberry-Stedman bibliography as a separate edition, is obviously nothing more than a copy of this one bound up without Alarcón's tale. In like manner the "Same. Madrid, 1859. 2v. 16.<sup>o</sup>," which in the Woodberry-Stedman list immediately follows the entry of No. 1 above, is probably also these *Biblioteca de viaje* volumes. Many Spanish booksellers seem to classify books at random, calling small volumes 8vo, 12mo, or 16mo, without reference to their actual dimensions. The duplication in the present case is explained by the fact that the greater part of this section of the Woodberry-Stedman bibliography was compiled from booksellers' catalogs and from other bibliographies and not from an inspection of the works themselves.<sup>2</sup>

\* 5. HISTORIAS EXTRAORDINARIAS. Por E. A. Poe. Traducidas para el folletín de *Las Novedades*. Madrid, 1860, imprenta de Las Novedades á cargo de J. Trujillo.

"Ha empezado á publicarse en el número correspondiente al 20 de julio de este año." — Note by Hidalgo in *El Boletín bibliográfico español y extranjero*, vol. 1, p. 187; Madrid, 1860.

\* 6. CUENTOS INÉDITOS DE EDGARDO POE. Madrid, 1859-62, imp. y desp. de La Correspondencia. 4to, 2 cols. Biblioteca de instrucción y recreo de La Correspondencia Autógrafa.

\* 7. AVENTURAS DE ARTURO GORDON PYM. . . . Barcelona, 1863. 4to.

8. Biblioteca económica de instrucción y recreo. LOS ANGLO-AMERICANOS EN EL POLO SUR. Aventuras de Arturo Gordon-Pym, por Edgar Poe. Traducción de F. N. Madrid, Imprenta de la Biblioteca universal económica, . . . 1868. 8vo, pp. 250.

9. HISTORIAS EXTRAORDINARIAS, versión castellana con una noticia sobre Poe y sus obras por Manuel Cano y Cueto. Sevilla, Eduardo Perié, editor, 1871. 8vo, pp. 345.

CONTENTS: The Black Cat — The Imp of the Perverse — The Man of the Crowd — The Tell-Tale Heart — The Gold Bug — The Cask of

<sup>2</sup> For this information I am indebted to the kindness of Professor Woodberry himself.

Amontillado — The Premature Burial — Four Beasts in One — William Wilson — Some Words with a Mummy — The Oval Portrait — Lionizing — Hans Pfaal.

10. Biblioteca de buenas novelas. . . . LA BATALLA DE LA VIDA por C. Dickens — EL ESCARABAJO DE ORO por Edgar Poe. . . . Madrid, 1875, Administración de La Guirnalda y Episodios Nacionales. (Title taken from cover.) 8vo, pp. 194.

*The Gold Bug* occupies pp. 133-194.

\* 11. AVENTURAS MARAVILLOSAS. . . . Valencia, Querol y Domenech, editores, n.d. 16mo.

\* 12. THE SAME. Second edition. Valencia, Pascual Aguilar, editor, 1882. Biblioteca selecta, vol. iii.

13. THE SAME. Third edition. Valencia, Pascual Aguilar, editor, n.d. 16mo, pp. 157.

CONTENTS: Hans Pfaal — Ms. Found in a Bottle — The Balloon Hoax — The Maelstrom — Morella.

\* 14. LEYENDAS EXTRAORDINARIAS, por N. Hawthorne, E. Poe, y Washington Irving. Madrid, Imprenta y fundición de Manuel Tello, 1882. 16mo. Biblioteca de cuentos y leyendas, vol. iii.

15. EL BARÓN por Edgardo A. Poe. — UN PROYECTO DE FERROCARRIL por XXX. Traducción directa del inglés por M. Juderías Béndér. Madrid, Eduardo Mengibar, editor, . . . 1883. 16mo, pp. 107. Biblioteca de cuentos y leyendas, vol. vii. (H. S.)

CONTENTS: Metzengerstein. The "Railway Project" is Aytoun's *The Glenmutchkin Railway* taken from its original place of publication in *Blackwood's*.

16. Biblioteca universal. . . . Tomo cxiii. AVENTURAS DE ARTURO GORDON PYM por Edgardo Poe. Madrid, . . . 1887. 16mo, pp. 176.

17. Edgardo Poe. HISTORIAS EXTRAORDINARIAS con un prólogo de Carlos Baudelaire. Traducción de E. L. de Verneuil. Ilustración de F. Xumetra. Barcelona, Biblioteca "Arte y Letras," n.d. (1887). 8vo, pp. 350.

CONTENTS: The Murders in the Rue Morgue — The Gold Bug — The Maelstrom — The Black Cat — William Wilson — The Tell-Tale Heart — Hans Pfaal — The Pit and the Pendulum — The Cask of Amontillado — Ligeia — Metzengerstein.

\* 18. EL CUERVO, por Edgar Allan Poe. Traducción directa del inglés por J(uan) A(ntonio) Pérez Bonalde, individuo correspondiente de la Real Academia Española. Primera edición. Ilustrada con artísticos grabados y el retrato del traductor. New York, "La América" Publishing Co., 1887.

19. THE SAME. Edición acompañada del texto inglés. Franzisko Enríquez, editor, Balparaíso, 1895. 8vo, pp. 29. (Harvard)

20. Biblioteca del siglo xix. . . . Edgard Poe HISTORIAS EXTRAORDINARIAS, versión de J. C., Barcelona (Imprenta de Juan Pons), 1890. 16mo, pp. 189.

CONTENTS: The Black Cat — Berenice — The Tell-Tale Heart — The Red Death — House of Usher — Hop-Frog — The Cask of Amontillado — William Wilson — The Man of the Crowd.

21. The same. NUEVAS HISTORIAS EXTRAORDINARIAS. Barcelona (Imprenta de Juan Pons), n.d. (?1892). 16mo, pp. 189.

CONTENTS: Ligeia — The Premature Burial — Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether — Valdemar — The Oval Portrait — The Pit and the Pendulum — The Imp of the Perverse — Four Beasts in One.

22. POESÍAS de Edgardo Allan Poe. Traducidas del inglés por Guillermo Stock. Buenos Aires, imprenta de "La Nación" . . . n.d. (189-). 8vo, pp. 23. (B. M.)

CONTENTS: Lenore — Dream-Land — To Helen (blank verse) — The Conqueror Worm — The Sleeper.

23. Edgar Poe. NOVELAS Y CUENTOS traducidos directamente del inglés por Carlos Olivera. Precedido de una noticia escrita en francés por Carlos Baudelaire. . . . Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (The translator's preface is dated Buenos Aires, 1884.) 8vo, pp. xi-342.

CONTENTS: The Masque of the Red Death — Berenice — Ligeia — The Murders in the Rue Morgue — The Mystery of Marie Roget — The Purloined Letter — M. Valdemar — Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether — The Pit and the Pendulum — Hop-Frog — The Cask of Amontillado — Four Beasts in One — The Oval Portrait.

24. E. Poe. AVENTURAS DE ARTURO GORDON PYM. Traducción de "La Vida Literaria." Barcelona, "La Vida Literaria." Guarner, Taberner y Compañía, editores, n.d. (?1905). 8vo, pp. 301.

25. Aventuras de Tierra y Mar. EL ESCARABAJO DE ORO. Novela escrita en inglés por Edgard Poe. Traducción de Eusebio Heras. Rovira y Chiques, editores, Barcelona, n.d. (?1906). 8vo, pp. 38.

26. Edgard Poe. NARRACIONES EXTRAORDINARIAS. Versión española de J. M. Ballester. Barcelona, Olegario Salvatella, editor, n.d. (?1906). 16mo, pp. vii-91.

CONTENTS: The Black Cat — The Premature Burial — The Cask of Amontillado — Shadow.

27. Edgardo Poe. EUREKA (Estudio del universo material y espiritual). Traducción de Pedro Penzol. . . . F. Sempere y Compañía, editores. Valencia — Madrid, n.d. (?1907). 8vo pp. 224.

CONTENTS: Introduction (Poe's own) — Eureka — The Raven (prose) — The Philosophy of Composition.

\* 28. Edgardo Poe. EL GATO NEGRO, seguido de EL CUERVO, poema. Traducción de Ramón Pomes. Ilustraciones de V. Buil. Barcelona, Tip. de Carbonell y Esteva, 1907. 8vo, pp. 31.

29. Obras de Edgardo Poe. VIAJE DE HANS PFAAL Á LA LUNA. Traducción del inglés. Cultura popular . . . , Barcelona, n.d. (?1908). 12mo, pp. 104.

30. Obras de Edgardo Poe. UNA DESCENSIÓN EN EL MAELSTROM. Traducción del inglés. Cultura popular . . . , Barcelona, n.d. (?1908). 12mo, pp. 112.

CONTENTS: The Maelstrom — Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether — Ms. Found in a Bottle.

31. Edgar Poe. NARRACIONES EXTRAORDINARIAS. Versión castellana. Madrid, Saturnino Calleja Fernández . . . , n.d. (?1908). 8vo, pp. 237, illus. The translator is D. Alfonso Hernández Catá, who signs the biographical note.

CONTENTS: Biographical Note — The Oval Portrait — Berenice — The Tell-Tale Heart — The Gold Bug — The Premature Burial — Shadow — Hop-Frog — The Black Cat — M. Valdemar — The Cask of Amontillado — The Murders in the Rue Morgue — The Purloined Letter.

32. Edgar Poe. NARRACIONES EXTRAORDINARIAS. Versión castellana y prólogo de Alfonso Hernández Catá. Ilustraciones de



Picolo, Corona, Cuevas y Gil. Madrid, *La Novela de Ahora*. Administración: Casa Editorial de Saturnino Calleja Fernández, n.d. (?1908). 4to, 2 cols., pp. 78.

CONTENTS: Same as No. 31, save that instead of *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Purloined Letter* there appear three tales by Gustavo Toudouze, under the general caption of *Las Pesadillas*.

33. Biblioteca Orbi. Edgar Poe. MISTERIO. . . . Versión española de Eduardo del Río. Barcelona, 1909. Librería de Feliu y Susanna. Narrow 8vo, pp. 110, illus.

CONTENTS: *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* — *La Cruz de los cuatro caminos* (an anonymous tale, not by Poe).

34. Edgar Allan Poe. POEMAS. Prólogo de Rubén Darío. Madrid, Imp. de Primitivo Fernández . . ., 1909. 8vo, pp. 103.

CONTENTS: *The Bells*, *Ulalume*, *To Helen* (blank verse), *Dreamland*, translated by Carlos Arturo Torres — *The Raven*, translated by Pérez Bonalde.

35. Edgar Poe. CUENTOS FANTÁSTICOS. . . . Traducción de Antonio Muñoz Pérez. Ilustraciones y cubierta de Georges Villa. Sociedad de Ediciones, Louis-Michaud — Paris, n.d. (?1911). 8vo, pp. 285.

CONTENTS: *The Gold Bug* — *The Maelstrom* — *Ligeia* — *Eleonora* — *The Raven* (prose) — *The Philosophy of Composition* — *The Angel of the Odd* — *Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether* — *M. Valdemar* — *The Purloined Letter* — *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*.

36. Edgardo Poe. EL PRECURSOR DE SHERLOCK-HOLMES. Traducción de E. Ramírez Ángel. . . . Casa Editorial Hispano-Americana. Paris — Buenos Aires, n.d. (?1912). 8vo, pp. 192.

CONTENTS: Translator's note on the development of the detective story — *The Mystery of Marie Roget* — *The Purloined Letter* — *Maelzel's Chess-Player*.

37. Edgardo Poe. HISTORIAS GROTESCAS Y SERIAS. . . . F. Sempere y Compañía, editores, Valencia, n.d. (?1913). 8vo, pp. 244.

CONTENTS: *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* — *The Purloined Letter* — *Maelzel's Chess-Player* — *The Domain of Arnheim* — *Landor's Cottage* — *An Occurrence in Jerusalem* — *Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether* — *The Angel of the Odd* — *Metzengerstein* — *Ms. Found in a Bottle* — *Eleonora*.

\* 38. HISTORIAS EXTRAORDINARIAS. Fernando Fé, Madrid. Announced as in preparation, 1915.

## 2. Periodical publication

1. LA SEMANA DE LOS TRES DOMINGOS. In *El Museo universal*, Madrid, 15 Feb., 1857; vol. 1, p. 22. Anonymous. See *ante*, p. 79.

2. EL GATO NEGRO. Fantasía imitada de Edgardo Poe. By V(icente) Barrantes. In *El Mundo pintoresco*, Madrid, 6 and 13 Nov., 1859. See *ante*, p. 95.

3. LA VERDAD DE LO QUE PASÓ EN CASA DEL SEÑOR VALDEMAR. Translated by Pedro de Prado y Torres. In *El Mundo pintoresco*, 17 June, 1860.

4. EL GATO NEGRO. In *El Jardín*, Madrid, 2 and 16 Sept., 1866; vol. 1, pp. 6 and 13.

5. EL GATO NEGRO. In *Revista hispano-americana*, Madrid, vol. 6 (1867), pp. 22 ff.

6. ¡TARDE! (Imitación de Edgard Poe). By José del Campo. In *D. Diego de Noche*, Madrid, 10 May, 1868. See *ante*, p. 120, note.

7. EL SISTEMA DEL DOCTOR ALQUITRÁN Y DEL PROFESOR PLUMA. Vertida por primera vez al español, para la Revista Argentina. In *Revista argentina*, Buenos Aires, 1869: vol. 5, pp. 151 ff.

8. EL CUERVO. Traducción de Poema de E. A. Poe, dedicada al Licdo. Don Domingo Estrada. By Guillermo F. Hall. In *Revista ilustrada de Nueva York*, New York, 15 Sept., 1892; vol. 11, p. 483.

9. EL CUERVO. Translated by Ignacio Mariscal. In *Ateneo*, Madrid, April, 1907; vol. 3, p. 334.

## 3. Criticism

1. EDGAR POE, by Pedro Antonio de Alarcón. In his *Juicios literarios y críticos*, Madrid, 1883. The essay is dated 1858, but I have not found its place of publication at that date.

2. EDGARDO POE, by Pedro de Prado y Torres. In *El Mundo pintoresco*, Madrid, 17 June, 1860; vol. 3, p. 174.

3. ESCRITORES NORTE-AMERICANOS. EDGARD POE. By Juan Prieto. In *Revista hispano-americana*, Madrid, vol. 6 (1867), pp. 22 ff. This article reappeared some years later as

4. LA LITERATURA NORTE-AMERICANA EN EUROPA. . . . iii. EDGARD A. POE. By Rafael M. de Labra. In *Revista de España*, Madrid, vol. 67, pp. 457 ff.; April, 1879.

5. CUADROS CONTEMPORANEOS. Por José de Castro y Serrano. Madrid, imprenta de T. Fortanet, 1871. 8vo, pp. 411. On pp. 275-6 there is an interesting note on Poe. See *ante*, pp. 121 ff. The whole passage is quoted in González-Blanco: *Historia de la novela en España desde el Romanticismo á nuestros días*, pp. 348 ff.

6. HISTORIAS EXTRAORDINARIAS. Barcelona, 1887. Reviewed in *Revista contemporanea*, Madrid, 30 Sept., 1887. The review is worthless.

7. EDGAR POE, SA VIE ET SON ŒUVRE . . . , par Émile Louvrière. Paris, 1904. Reviewed in *Revista contemporanea*, August, 1904. The review is worthless.

8. EDGARDO POE, AUTOR Y MARIDO. By Mauricio Dumolin. In *Revista blanca*, Madrid, 15 August, 1904; vol. 7, No. 148.

This article aims, by quoting from M. Louvrière's work passages descriptive of Poe's character and method of work, to disprove the common notion that he was a typical drunkard and drug-fiend. It has no original value.

9. UNA POESÍA DE EDGARD POE. By Amado Nervo. In *Ateneo*, Madrid, April, 1907; vol. 3, p. 334. Introduces the version of *The Raven* listed above, section 2, No. 9.

10. EL CENTENARIO DE EDGARD ALLAN POE. By Ángel Guerra. In *La España moderna*, Madrid, April, 1909; No. 244.

## PRESCOTT, WILLIAM HICKLING

### 1. Books

\* 1. HISTORIA DEL REINADO DE LOS REYES CATÓLICOS D. FERNANDO Y D.<sup>a</sup> ISABEL, traducida por Pedro Sabau y Larroya. Madrid, imp. de la Viuda de Calero, lib. de Martínez, 1843. 8vo. "Debía constar de cuatro tomos, pero solo se publicaron las primeras entregas." — Hidalgo.

\* 2. THE SAME. Madrid, M. Rivadeneyra y C.<sup>ía</sup>, 1845-46. 4 vols., 8vo.

3. THE SAME. México, R. Rafael . . . , 1854. 2 vols., 8vo. (H. S.)

4. THE SAME. Traducida por Atilano Clavo Iturburu. Madrid, Gaspar y Roig, 1855. 4to, pp. 425, illus. (Ticknor)

\* 5. THE SAME. (No translator named.) Madrid, imp. de Biblioteca del Siglo, lib. de La Publicidad, n.d. 8 vols., 8vo.

6. HISTORIA DE LA CONQUISTA DE MÉJICO . . . traducida al castellano por José María González de la Vega, y anotada por Lucas Alamán. Méjico, W. G. Torres, 1844. 2 vols., 8vo, portraits, maps. (Ticknor)

7. THE SAME, traducida al castellano por Joaquín Navarro. . . . Mexico, I. Cumplido, 1844-46. 3 vols., 8vo. (N. Y.)

8. THE SAME. Jalapa, A. Ruiz, 1869. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 384-311. (Ticknor)

9. THE SAME, traducida por J. B. de Beratarrechea. Madrid, Imp. de La Publicidad, 1847. 3 vols., 8vo. (Ticknor)

10. THE SAME. . . . Reimpresión para las bibliotecas populares. Santiago (de Chile), Imp. del Ferrocarril . . ., 1859. 2 vols., 8vo.

11. HISTORIA DE LA CONQUISTA DEL PERÚ. . . . (Traducida del original inglés.) Madrid, 1847-48. Imprenta de D. R. Rodríguez de Rivera. . . . 2 vols., 8vo. (Ticknor)

12. THE SAME. Traducida por J(oaqué) G(arcía) I(cazbalceta). Mexico, R. Rafael, 1849. 2 vols., 12mo. (H. S.)

13. THE SAME. Second edition, Mexico, 1850. (B. M.)

14. THE SAME. (Translator not named.) Madrid, Imprenta y librería de Gaspar y Roig, editores, 1851. 4to, pp. 252. (Columbia)

15. THE SAME. Third edition. Madrid, 1853. (B. M.)

16. THE SAME. (Translator not named.) Valparaíso, Imprenta del Comercio. Julio de 1851. 2 vols., 8vo. (H. S.)

17. HISTORIA DEL REINADO DE FELIPE II, REY DE ESPAÑA, . . . traducida con adiciones y notas por D. Cayetano Rosell. Madrid, imp. y desp. de Mellado, lib. de Durán, 1856-57. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 641-616. (B. M.)

18. VIDA Y MUERTE DEL PRÍNCIPE D. CARLOS. Madrid . . ., José Juanco y Compañía, . . . 1861. 16mo, pp. 56. (H. S.)

## 2. Periodical publication

1. ESPEDICIÓN DE GONZALO PIZARRO Á QUITO. In *Semanario popular*, Madrid, 25 and 30 Oct., 1862; vol. 1, pp. 263 and 270.

2. EL DARRER INCA. In *Prosadors nord-americans*, Barcelona, 1909.

## 3. Criticism

1. FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. Reviewed by D. Fermín Gonzalo Morón in *Revista de España, de Indias y del extranjero*, Madrid, 1845; vol. 1, pp. 240-248.

2. PHILIP II. The publication of the first volume of this work is announced in a brief note in *Revista de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes*, Seville, 1855; vol. 1, p. 573.

3. HISTORIA DE LA CONQUISTA DEL PERÚ. Reviewed by Domingo del Monte. In *Revista de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes*, 1856; vol. 2, pp. 754-775. The review first appeared in some Spanish-American periodical, from which the *Revista* reprinted it.

4. EL HISTORIADOR GUILLERMO PRESCOTT. In *El Museo universal*, Madrid, 15 March, 1859; vol. 3, p. 44. A short obituary article.

5. DEFUNCIÓN DE UN LITERATO ILUSTRE. In *Revista de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes*, 1859; vol. 5, p. 256. A short obituary article.

6. GUILLERMO PRESCOTT. In *La Lectura para todos*, Madrid, 27 Aug., 1859; vol. 1, p. 556. A short biographical sketch, accompanied by a wood-cut portrait.

7. GUILLERMO PRESCOTT. In *La Ilustración española y americana*, 30 July, 1893. A symposium of Spanish men of letters on the value of Prescott's work. Portrait.

## ROOSEVELT, THEODORE

\* 1. EL IDEAL AMERICANO, por T. Roosevelt, Presidente de la Republica de los EE. UU.; traducción de "La Vida Literaria." Barcelona, Tip. "El Anuario de la Exportación," n.d. (?1904). 8vo, pp. 251.

\* 2. NEW-YORK, por T. Roosevelt, Presidente de la República Norte-Americana. Traducción de Edmundo González-Blanco. Madrid, Imp. de Gabriel L. Horno, n.d. (?1904). 4to, pp. 256.

\* 3. LA VIDA EN EL RANCHO, por Teodoro Roosevelt, Presidente de la República de los Estados Unidos; traducción de "La Vida Literaria." Barcelona, Imp. de Mariano Calve, 1906. 8vo, pp. 255.

## SINCLAIR, UPTON

\* 1. LA JUNGLE. Los Envenenadores de Chicago. Novela traducida directamente del inglés por Vicente Vera y López. Madrid, José Ruiz, editor, n.d. (?1907). 8vo, pp. 395.



\* 2. EL CAUDILLO DE LA INDUSTRIA, Ó LA HISTORIA DE UN MILLONARIO. Barcelona, Salvat y Compañía, editores, 1907. 4to, pp. 138.

**STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER**

### 1. Books

\* 1. LA CHOZA DE TOMÁS. Novela de Mistress Enriqueta Beecher-Stowe. Madrid, D. F. de P. Mellado, 1853. 4to.

\* 2. LA CABAÑA DE TÍO TOMÁS. Barcelona, Manuel Sauri, 1881. 4to, pp. 440.

\* 3. LA CABAÑA DEL TÍO TOM. Barcelona, Casa ed. Sopena, n.d. (? 1913) 8vo., pp. 291. Biblioteca de "Grandes Novelas."

### 2. Criticism

1. MISTRESS ENRIQUETA BEECHER-STOWE, Y SU NOVELA. In *El Universo pintoresco*, Madrid, 15 July, 1853.

2. LA LITERATURA NORTE-AMERICANA EN EUROPA . . . ii. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. By Rafael M. de Labra. In *Revista de España*, Madrid, April, 1879; vol. 67, pp. 457 ff.

**THOREAU, HENRY DAVID**

LA VIDA EN LOS BOSQUES. SOLEDAD. In *Renacimiento*, Madrid, April, 1907; No. 2, pp. 214-225. (The "Solitude" chapter of *Walden*.)

**TICKNOR, GEORGE**

\* HISTORIA DE LA LITERATURA ESPAÑOLA, traducida al castellano con adiciones y notas críticas por D. Pascual de Gayangos, Individuo de la Real Academia de la Historia, y D. Enrique de Vedia. Madrid, Imprenta de Rivadeneyra, 1851-56. 4to, 4 vols.

**TRINE, RALPH WALDO**

\* 1. EL RESPETO Á TODO SER VIVIENTE. Aplicaciones prácticas de moral pedagógica. Primera edición española, . . . traducida por Frederico Climent Terrer. Barcelona, Fidel Giro, n.d. (?1906). 8vo, pp. 94.

\* 2. THE SAME. New edition, 1911. 8vo, pp. 79.

\* 3. EL CREDO DEL CAMINANTE. . . . Traducción . . . por Frederico Climent Terrer. Barcelona, F. Giro, 1911. 8vo, pp. 79.

**TUCKERMAN, HENRY THEODORE**

DEFENSA DE L'ENTUSIASME. In *Prosadors nord-americans*, Barcelona, 1909.

**VAN DYKE, HENRY**

\* *LA HISTORIA DEL OTRO MAGO*, vertida al castellano por Carlos Bransby. Madrid, Ricardo Fé, 1905. 12mo, pp. 77.

**VERPLANK, GULIAN CROMMELIN**

*EL MESTRE D'ESTUDI*. In *Prosadors nord-americans*, Barcelona, 1909.

**WALLACE, LEWIS**

\* 1. *BEN-HUR* (una historia de Cristo), versión española por T. Santos Herras. Barcelona, Maucci, 1901. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 366-351.

\* 2. *THE SAME*. Versión castellana de Luis Carlos Viada y Lluch. Barcelona, Librería de La Hormiga de Oro, 1902. 8vo, pp. 422.

\* 3. *THE SAME*. Versión directa del inglés por José Menéndez Novella. Paris, Garnier Hermanos, n.d. (?1904). 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 428-370.

\* 4. *THE SAME*. Madrid, Saturnino Calleja, n.d. (?1910). 3 vols. 8vo, pp. 102-96-98.

**WARD, F. LESTER**

\* *FACTORES PSÍQUICOS DE LA CIVILIZACIÓN*. Traducción del inglés por P. A. Martín Robles. Madrid, Gabriel L. del Horno, n.d. (?1910). 4to, pp. 402.

**WASHINGTON, BOOKER T.**

\* 1. *DE ESCLAVO Á CATEDRÁTICO*, autobiografía de Booker T. Washington, vertida del inglés al español por Alfredo Elías y Pajol. New York, D. Appleton and Co., 1902. 8vo, pp. 297.

\* 2. *SALIENDO DE LA ESCLAVITUD . . .* por Booker T. Washington; prólogo escrito espresamente para esta edición española por su autor; traducción y prefacio de Eduardo Marquina. Barcelona, Tip. "Anuario de la Exportación," 1905. 8vo, pp. 277.

**WHARTON, EDITH**

\* *LOS MILLONARIOS DE LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS, ó EL PAÍS DE PLACER*. Estudio social. Madrid, n.d. (?1910). Published serially, as *El país del placer*, in *La España moderna*, Feb. to Nov. 1910.

**WHITE, ANDREW D.**

\* *HISTORIA DE LA LUCHA ENTRE LA CIENCIA Y LA TEOLOGÍA*. Traducida por José de Caso. Madrid, V. Tordesillas, n.d. (?1910). 4to, pp. 479.

## WHITMAN, WALT

## 1. Books

1. Walt Whitman. FULLES D'HERBA. Traducció de Cebriá Montoliu. Barcelona, Biblioteca popular de "L'Avenç," 1909. 16mo, pp. 103.

2. Walt Whitman. POEMAS. Versión de Armando Vasseur. F. Sempere y Compañía, editores, Valencia, n.d. (?1912). 8vo, pp. xii-220.

## 2. Criticism

1. WALT WHITMAN. In *Revista ilustrada de Nueva York*, 15 May, 1892; vol. 11, p. 255. An obituary essay without value as criticism.

2. WALT WHITMAN. By Enrique Gómez Carrillo. In his *Literatura extranjera*, Paris, Garnier Hermanos, 1895. A sonnet to Whitman by Rubén Darío is quoted in a footnote.

3. WALT WHITMAN. By J. Pérez Jorba. In *Catalonia*, Barcelona, 10 Feb., 1900. The essay is dated 10 Dec., 1898.

4. WALT WHITMAN EN FRANCIA, by Jaime Brossa. In *La Lectura*, Madrid, Dec. 1909.

5. LA LÍRICA DE WALT WHITMAN. By Ángel Guerra. In *La Ilustración española y americana*, Madrid, 8 April, 1910.

6. WALT WHITMAN. By Ángel Guerra. In *La España moderna*, Madrid, June, 1911.

7. WALT WHITMAN. By Cebriá Montoliu. In *La Lectura*, Aug. and Sept. 1911. This article was translated and enlarged by its author to form

8. Cebriá Montoliu. WALT WHITMAN. L'HOME I SA TASCA. Societat Catalana d'Edicions, Barcelona, n.d. (1913). 8vo, pp. 214, 2 portraits. (N. B. Contains an excellent bibliography.)

## WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF

MAGDA MULERO. Translated by Balbino Davalos. In *La Lectura*, Madrid, April, 1909.

## WILLIAMSON, C. N. and A. M.

\* MI CHAUFFEUR. Novela inglesa. Traducida al castellano por María de Echarri. Madrid, Bailly-Baillière é Hijos, 1907. 8vo, pp. 119.

**WILSON, WOODROW**

\* 1. EL GOBIERNO CONGRESIONAL, régimen político de los Estados Unidos. . . . Madrid, Idamor Moreno, n.d. (?1901). 4to, pp. 264.

\* 2. EL ESTADO: elementos de política histórica y práctica . . . , con una introducción de Oscar Browning . . . , con un estudio preliminar de Adolfo Posada, Profesor de la Universidad de Oviedo. Madrid, Hijos de M. C. Hernández, 1904. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. xci-417-497.

## II. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF PERIODICALS

This bibliography does not aim to cover the whole field of the Spanish periodical. With two exceptions, which are starred, it lists no publication of whose files I personally have not examined at least a portion. Where no statement to the contrary is made it may be assumed that I have examined the entire file. An attempt has been made to characterize each item in respect to its value to the literary investigator; the desire to save the time and energy of possible future students is the only justification for occupying space with some of the trivial works mentioned herein.

The only important Spanish bibliography of periodicals is Hartzenbusch's *Apuntes para un catálogo de periódicos madrileños desde 1661-1870* (Madrid, 1894), and this, while invaluable for all that concerns publishers, editors and dates, has, from the point of view of such a work as the present, two very serious defects. The first is that it includes only Madrileño publications, whereas many valuable magazines have been issued in the other cities of Spain; the second is that it does not attempt to specify the scope and value of each of the works it lists.

Two foreign works in part remedy these defects. Le Gentil's *Les Revues littéraires de l'Espagne pendant la première moitié du XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle* (Paris, 1909) gives useful analyses of the chief literary magazines. Even more valuable, however, is Professor Philip H. Churchman's bibliography of periodicals, published in volume XXIII of the *Revue Hispanique* as an appendix to his study of *The Beginnings of Byronism in Spain*. Like Le Gentil's, it does not extend beyond 1850, but it has saved me much unnecessary labor in the periodicals prior to that date, and has moreover served as a model for my own bibliography. It was Professor Churchman's example that decided me to characterize each periodical listed, though my descriptions are usually briefer and less exhaustive than his. In a few cases my own investigations have led me to form opinions



different from his, but these cases are neither numerous nor important.

With each entry I give the name of the library in which it is to be found. The abbreviations used are the same as in the bibliography of translations, — B. M. for British Museum, H. S. for the Hispanic Society of America and N. Y. for the New York Public Library. *Ticknor* of course refers to the Ticknor Collection in the Boston Public Library; *Harvard* and *Columbia* require no explanation. The fact that in most cases one library only is named does not necessarily mean that the magazine is not to be found elsewhere. I have usually named only the library in which I myself have examined the files.

1. LA ABEJA. Revista científica y literaria, principalmente extractada de los buenos escritores alemanes. Barcelona, 1859-61.

H. S. For the most part its subtitle describes it adequately, though No. 35 contains two brief quotations from Poe.

2. LA ABEJA literaria, científica é industrial. Madrid, 1864-65. 3 vols.

B. M. No American literature.

3. ABENAMAR Y EL ESTUDIANTE. Madrid, 1 Dec., 1838-10 March, 1839.

H. S. No American literature. On p. 62 there is an interesting criticism of *Macbeth*.

4. EL ABENCERRAJE. Granada, 9 June-25 August, 1844; vol. 1, nos. 1-12. (No more published.)

H. S. Value slight. A story is headed with a quotation from Irving and an edition of *The Conquest of Granada* is advertised.

5. LA ACADEMIA. Revista de la cultura hispano-portuguesa, latino-americana. Madrid, 1877; vols. 1-2.

Ticknor and Harvard. Little foreign literature; devoted chiefly to art.

6. ACTUALIDADES. Madrid, primer semestre de 1893.

H. S. No foreign literature. I do not know whether any more numbers were published.

7. LA ALHAMBRA, revista mensual de Artes, Ciencias y Literatura que publica El Liceo de Granada. Granada, 1839 ff.  
Serie ii, tomo I (1842) is in the H. S. Interesting in a general literary way, but has no American literature.
8. ALREDEDOR DEL MUNDO. Revista ilustrada. Madrid, 1899-1906.  
Vols. 1 and 2 are in the H. S. They contain nothing bearing on English or American literature.
9. LA ANDALUCÍA. 22 March, 1862, and 16 May, 1863. Nos. 1321 and 1669.  
Ticknor. Two odd numbers of a newspaper. No foreign literature.
10. EL ANTIGUO D. QUIJOTE. Periódico satírico literario. . . . Madrid, 6 April-22 June, 1863; nos. 1-12.  
H. S. Satirical. No foreign literature.
11. LAS ANTILLAS. Organo hispano-americano. Madrid, 1 April-2 Dec., 1861; vol. 1, nos. 1-33.  
H. S. Devoted almost wholly to political and economic interests.
12. EL ARCHIVO. Revista literaria semanal. Denia y Valencia, 1886-1893; vols. 1-7. (No more published.)  
B. M. and H. S. Devoted entirely to studies in Spanish history. After vol. 1 its subtitle is *Revista de ciencias históricas*.
13. ARCHIVO HISPALENSE. Revista histórica, literaria y artística. Sevilla, 1886-1888; vols. 1-4.  
H. S. Devoted chiefly to researches in Spanish history.
14. EL ARTE. Revista hebdomadaria. Madrid, 1899.  
Vol. 1 is in the H. S. Trivial.
15. ARTE Y LETRAS. Revista ilustrada. Barcelona, 1882-83; nos. 1-15.  
H. S. No foreign literature.
16. EL ARTISTA. Madrid, 1835-36; vols. 1-3.  
H. S. Of great importance in the development of Spanish romanticism. The only noteworthy American item, however, is the translation, in vol. 1, of Irving's *The Adventure of the German Student*.

17. EL ATENEO. Sevilla, 1874-75; nos. 1-24.  
B. M. Nothing bearing on our subject.
18. ATENEO. Madrid, 1906-12; vols. 1-14. Ceased publication, August, 1912.  
H. S. and N. Y. Interesting and valuable.
19. LA AUREOLA. Periódico semanal de Literatura, Ciencias y Artes. Cádiz, 1839-40; vols. 1 and 2.  
H. S. No English or American literature.
20. LA AUREOLA, semanario de literatura, artes, modas y teatros. Madrid, 4 Sept.-4 Oct., 1842.  
H. S. No foreign literature.
21. LA AURORA, periódico semanal de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes. Zaragoza, 5 May, 1840-25 April, 1841. (No more published.)  
H. S. Displays some interest in English literature, especially in Scott, but has no American literature.
22. EL AVERIGUADOR. Madrid. Vol. 1, 1868; Series 2, vols. 1-2, 1871-72.  
H. S. Modeled on *Notes and Queries*. Contains nothing about American literature.
23. EL AVERIGUADOR UNIVERSAL. Madrid, 1879-82; vols. 1-4.  
H. S. A renewed attempt to maintain a Spanish *N. and Q.* It contains no reference to American literature.
24. LA AVISPA. Madrid, 1883; vol. 1, no. 1.  
H. S. Satiric; worthless.
25. LAS BELLAS ARTES. Valencia. Vol. 1, 1855; 2d series, 1858-59.  
B. M. The second series is in the H. S. Interesting in a general way but contains nothing bearing on our subject.
26. BIBLIOGRAFÍA ESPAÑOLA. Repertorio quincenal de la producción del libro. Publicada por la Asociación de la Librería de España. Madrid, 1901-date. (Current.)  
Columbia. The standard bibliography of current publications. Indispensable for the period it covers.

27. BIBLIOTECA GENERAL de Historia, Ciencias, Artes y Literatura. Madrid, ?1835. 1 vol.  
B. M. No American literature.
28. EL BIBLIOTECARIO, semanario histórico, científico, literario y artístico. Madrid, 1 May–23 Oct., 1841.  
H. S. Bound with *El Trovador español*, q. v. No foreign literature.
29. BLANCO Y NEGRO. Madrid, 1891–date.  
H. S. I have examined a few volumes. Popular illustrated paper of small literary interest.
30. BOLETÍN BIBLIOGRÁFICO ESPAÑOL Y ESTRANJERO (Hidalgo). Madrid, 1840–49; vols. 1–10.  
B. M. Very valuable for bibliography.
31. EL BOLETÍN BIBLIOGRÁFICO ESPAÑOL Y ESTRANJERO (Hidalgo). Madrid, 1860–62; vols. 1–3.  
B. M. Valuable.
32. BOLETÍN DE LA LIBRERÍA (Murillo). Madrid, 1873–1907; vols. 1–35.  
H. S. Indispensable for the bibliography of the period it covers. Its lists of second-hand books include many published at earlier dates.
33. EL CAFÉ, eco de la chismografía artística y literaria. Madrid, 30 Oct. – 25 March, 1872; nos. 1–16. (After no. 16 it was merged with *El heraldo de las artes*.)  
H. S. Useless.
34. EL CARDO. Semanario político, literario y artístico. Fundado por el marqués de Alta Villa. Madrid, 1894.  
H. S. Worthless.
35. CARTAS ESPAÑOLAS, ó sea revista histórica, científica, teatral, artística, crítica y literaria. Madrid, 1831–32; vols. 1–6.  
B. M. Contains two important reviews of Cooper, and is of considerable general interest.
- \* 36. CATALONIA. Barcelona, 1900.  
Biblioteca Nacional. Contains an article on Walt Whitman.

37. CERVANTES. *Revista literaria*. Madrid, 7 July, 1875-30 June, 1876; nos. 1-42.  
H. S. Devoted chiefly to Cervantist interests, but also contains much poetry, original and translated.
38. LA COLMENA. *Periódico trimestre de ciencias, artes, historia y literatura*. Londres, Ackermann y Comp., 1842-45; vols. 1-4.  
B. M. and Ticknor. H. S. has vols. 1-3. General family magazine, fairly interesting, but with nothing bearing on our subject.
39. EL COMERCIO. Cádiz.  
Ticknor has a few odd numbers, 1849 and 1855, of this newspaper.
40. LA CONCORDIA, *revista moral, política y literaria*. Madrid, vol. 1, no. 3; 24 May, 1863.  
Ticknor. Unimportant.
41. EL CRITICÓN. Madrid, 1835; nos. 1-5.  
H. S. No more were published at this time. It was revived in 1859, when seven numbers were to have been published, but I have seen only three. No modern literature.
42. CULTURA ESPAÑOLA. Madrid, 1906-1909; nos. 1-16.  
N. Y. Valuable.
43. DIARIO DE AVISOS DE MADRID.  
H. S. has an incomplete file. I have examined 1829-34. The announcements of new books give valuable bibliographical information.
44. EL DOMINGO. *Semanario de literatura, historia, costumbres y viajes*. Cádiz, 1867 ff.  
Ticknor has four odd numbers of the second volume of this highly moral and quite useless publication.
45. D. DIEGO DE NOCHE, *revista decenal de literatura y salones*. Madrid, 1868; no 1-36.  
B. M. Chiefly political and satirical, but yields one "Imitación de Edgard Poe."
46. DON QUIJOTE. Madrid, 1892-1902.  
H. S. Devoted entirely to political satire. I have not examined the whole file.



47. EL EDUCADOR POPULAR. Periódico dedicado á la difusión de la instrucción Primaria i Secundaria. Nueva York, 1873-77; vols. 1-4.  
H. S. I have seen vols. 1, 2 and 4. The subtitle describes most of the articles. Vol. 1 contains short biographical accounts of Washington and Franklin, and vol. 4 a quotation from Franklin.
48. LA ÉPOCA. London, 1842; vol. 1.  
H. S. Devoted chiefly to commercial interests.
49. LA ÉPOCA, periódico político y literario. Madrid, 1870 ff.  
B. M. A newspaper. I have glanced at a few numbers.
50. ESCENAS CONTEMPORANEAS. Madrid, 1857-58; vols. 1-4.  
B. M. Nothing bearing on our subject.
51. LA ESPAÑA. Madrid, 1856-58.  
Ticknor. A newspaper. Many numbers in the Ticknor file lack the *folletín*.
52. LA ESPAÑA MODERNA. Madrid, 1889-date. (Current.)  
H. S. and N. Y. Perhaps the best of all the modern Spanish reviews. The more recent numbers contain important translations and critical articles.
53. ESPAÑA Y AMERICA. Madrid, 1903-date.  
H. S. has 1906-date. Religious interests predominate.
54. LA ESPERANZA. Periódico monárquico. Madrid.  
The Ticknor file begins 12 Sept., 1856, at which date Cooper's *The Sea-Lions* was being published in the *folletín*. I have examined to 31 Dec., 1858. The *folletín* has been removed from most numbers in the later volumes.
55. EL ESTUDIANTE. Periódico de Madrid satírico y festivo, político y literario. Madrid, April-Sept. 1839.  
H. S. No foreign literature. Cf. *Abenamar y El Estudiante*.
56. EUROPA Y AMÉRICA. Paris, 1880-82; Año 1-2.  
H. S. Año 1, no. 11, contains an ode to George Washington, but American literature is lacking.
57. EL FANDANGO, periódico nacional. Madrid, 1846.  
H. S. Trivial.

58. EL FÉNIX, periódico universal, literario y pintoresco. Valencia, 1846-49; vols. 1-5.  
H. S. The first volume contains a study of Scott and a poem in his memory, but there is no American literature.
59. GALICIA. Revista regional de ciencias, letras, artes, folk-lore, etc. La Coruña, 1887-89; vols. 1-3.  
Harvard. Devoted almost wholly to local interests.
60. EL GENIL. Periódico semanal, artístico y literario. Granada, 20 Nov., 1842-26 Feb., 1843.  
H. S. No American literature.
61. GENTE CONOCIDA. Madrid, 1900-1902; vols. 1-3.  
H. S. A sort of illustrated *Who's Who*, confined in the main to native celebrities.
62. EL GLOBO. Diario ilustrado. Madrid, 22 March-30 June, 1875.  
H. S. Considerable literary content, but no American literature. The paper is indexed.
63. LA GORDA, periódica [sic] liberal. Madrid, 1868-70; vols. 1-3.  
H. S. Political. I have not examined the whole file.
64. EL GUADALHORCE. Periódico semanal de literatura y artes. Málaga, 10 March-31 Dec., 1839; vol. 1, nos. 1-44.  
H. S. Contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Cooper.
- \* 65. HELIOS. Madrid, 1903.  
Biblioteca Nacional. Contains an article on Hawthorne and several on English literature, by Dr. C. Navarro Lamarca.
66. EL HERALDO. Madrid.  
A newspaper. Ticknor has various numbers of 1849 and an almost complete file for 1850-51.
67. LAS HIJAS DEL SOL. Madrid, 1872 ff. Weekly.  
H. S. has Año II, nos. 5 and 6. They are worthless.
68. HISPANIA. Política, comercio, literatura, artes y ciencias. London, 1912.  
H. S. No American literature in vols. 1 and 2, but it is worth following up.

69. HISTORIA Y ARTE. Revista mensual ilustrada. Madrid, March, 1895–Aug., 1896; vols. 1–2.  
H. S. Contains beautiful illustrations, but no foreign literature.
70. HOJAS SELECTAS. Barcelona, 1902 ff.  
N. Y. I have seen 1903–1905. Unimportant.
71. LA ILUSTRACIÓN. Madrid, 1849–57; vols. 1–9.  
B. M. Columbia has vols. 1–4, 7. Very important for early translations of Hawthorne, besides other items of interest.
72. ILUSTRACIÓN ARTÍSTICA. Periódico semanal de literatura, artes y ciencias. Barcelona, 1882 ff.  
H. S. I have examined vol. 1. The literary features are not important.
73. LA ILUSTRACIÓN BÉTICA. Revista de ciencias, artes y literatura. Valencia, 1 April, 1881–30 May, 1882.  
H. S. No foreign literature.
74. LA ILUSTRACIÓN DE MADRID. Revista de política, ciencias, artes y literatura. Madrid, 1870–73; vols. 1–3.  
H. S. Popular illustrated paper; no American literature.
75. LA ILUSTRACIÓN ESPAÑOLA Y AMERICANA. Madrid, 1870–date; vols. 14 ff. (Vols. 1–13 were called *El Museo universal*, which see.)  
H. S. has 1870–78 and 1897–date; N. Y. has 1879–date and Columbia 1908–date. Too familiar to need description. Contains a number of interesting and important items.
76. LA ILUSTRACIÓN GALLEGA Y ASTURIANA. Madrid, 1879–82.  
B. M. Devoted chiefly to provincial interests.
77. LA ILUSTRACIÓN IBÉRICA, semanario científico, literario y artístico. Barcelona.  
H. S. has vol. 6, 1888. Unimportant.
78. EL INSTRUCTOR, ó Repertorio de Historia, Bellas Letras, y Artes. Londres, Ackermann y Comp.<sup>ía</sup>, 1834–41; vols. 1–8.  
H. S. No American literature.
79. EL JARDÍN, ramillete semanal de literatura, ciencias y artes. Madrid, 1866–67; nos. 1–29.  
B. M. Contains one translation from Poe.

80. JOVENTUT. Periodich catalanista. Art. Ciencia. Literatura. Barcelona, 1900-1906; Any 1-7.  
H. S. Interesting, but no American literature.
81. LA JUVENTUD ESCOLAR DE LA UNIVERSIDAD CENTRAL. Revista literaria. Madrid, 1899-1900.  
H. S. No foreign literature.
82. EL LABERINTO. Madrid, 1843-45; vols. 1-2.  
H. S. No American literature, but considerable general interest. Vol. 1 contains articles on Shakespeare.
83. LA LECTURA. Madrid, 1901-date; vols. 1 ff.  
H. S., N. Y. and Columbia. Ranks with *La España moderna* as one of the best modern Spanish reviews. Contains numerous important articles, translations and reviews.
84. LA LECTURA PARA TODOS. Semanario ilustrado. Madrid, 1859-1861; vols. 1-3.  
H. S. Vol. 1 has an article on Prescott. Translations of several of Gustave Aimard's novels appear.
85. LA LENGUA, órgano del gusto y de la palabra. Madrid, vol. 1, nos. 1 and 2.  
H. S. Worthless.
86. EL LICEO ARTÍSTICO Y LITERARIO ESPAÑOL. Madrid, 1838; vols. 1-2.  
H. S. Interesting, but no American literature.
87. LA LUZ, semanario filosófico-moral y literario. Barcelona, 1862-63; vols. 1-2.  
B. M. Almost wholly religious, but yields one Irving item.
88. LA MARINA. Madrid, 1856; vols. 1-3.  
H. S. and N. Y. Devoted entirely to naval affairs. Of no value to the student of literature.
89. EL MUNDO AMERICANO. Periódico quincenal ilustrado. Paris, Sept. 1875-Aug. 1877; vols. 1-2.  
H. S. Vol. 2 contains a review of Hawthorne.
90. EL MUNDO ILUSTRADO. Paris, 1860-62; vols. 1-3.  
B. M. Nothing bearing on our subject.

91. EL MUNDO PINTORESCO. Madrid, 1858-60; vols. 1-3.  
B. M. Contains two interesting Poe items. Vol. 2 is not indexed.
92. LAS MUSAS. Madrid, 15 July-28 Oct., 1837; nos. 1-27.  
H. S. Devoted entirely to poetry. No translations.
93. MUSEO BALEAR de historia y literatura, ciencias y artes. Palma de Mallorca, 1875-77; vols. 1-5.  
Harvard. A continuation of *Revista balear*, which see. No American literature, but a few other items of interest, including an adaptation of *Macbeth*.
94. EL MUSEO DE FAMILIAS. Barcelona, 1838-40; vols. 1-4.  
B. M. Highly moral family paper, notable for having published the earliest Spanish translation of Hawthorne. It contains also biographies of Washington and Franklin, a passage from Audubon and an anonymous version of Irving's *The Waterloo Album*.
95. EL MUSEO DE LAS FAMILIAS. Madrid, 1843-62; vols. 1-20.  
B. M. Unimportant.
96. EL MUSEO ILUSTRADO. Paris, 1850 ff.  
Columbia has vols. 1 and 3 (1850 and 1852) bound together. No American literature.
97. EL MUSEO LITERARIO. Periódico mensual, por Don Eugenio de Tapia. Madrid, 1844; nos. 1-3.  
Ticknor. No American literature.
98. EL MUSEO UNIVERSAL. Madrid, 1857-69; vols. 1-13.  
H. S. Several items of interest, particularly the earliest version of Poe. Continued as *La Ilustración española y americana*, which see.
99. EL NALÓN. Periódico de literatura, ciencias y artes. Oviedo, 19 March-17 July, 1842; nos. 1-18.  
H. S. Nothing on English or American literature.
100. EL NENE. Madrid, 3 Dec., 1859-26 May, 1860; nos. 1-21.  
H. S. Satirical.
101. NUESTRO TIEMPO. Madrid, 1901-date; vols. 1 ff.  
H. S. and N. Y. Valuable and important.



## 102. EL NUEVO MUNDO. Madrid.

H. S. I have seen años xi and xii, 1904-05. A popular illustrated paper with no literary content except the lightest of verse and fiction.

## 103. OCIOS DE ESPAÑOLES EMIGRADOS. Periódico mensual. Londres, 1824-27; vols. 1-7.

B. M. and Ticknor. Political interests predominate.

## 104. EL PADRE COBOS. Periódico de política, literatura y artes. Madrid, 1855-56; vols. 1-2.

H. S. Political.

## 105. LA PALMA. Semanario de historia y literatura. Palma, 4 Oct., 1840-25 April, 1841; nos. 1-30.

Harvard. Considerable general literary interest and many translations from the French and other languages, but nothing from the English.

## 106. EL PANORAMA, periódico literario que se publica todos los jueves. Madrid, 1839-40; vols. 1-4.

H. S. No American literature, but a few items of interest, including an article on Scott. There was evidently an earlier series of the magazine, for these volumes are numbered as of the "segunda época."

## 107. LA PATRIA. Madrid, 1849; nos. 1-309.

H. S. A newspaper. Dumas predominates in the *folletín*.

## 108. EL PENSAMIENTO. Periódico de literatura y artes. Madrid, n.d. (1841); vol. 1, nos. 1-12.

H. S. General importance very great. The most important American item is Enrique Gil's review of Vail's French study of our literature.

## 109. EL PENSAMIENTO. Madrid, 1848-49.

B. M. Much interest in foreign literatures, but nothing on ours. The magazine was continued as *La Ortiga*, which I have not seen.

## 110. EL PENSAMIENTO DE VALENCIA. Revista política, religiosa, científica y literaria. Valencia, 1857-58; vols. 1-2.

B. M. Nothing bearing on our subject.

111. EL PERIÓDICO ILUSTRADO. Madrid, 1865; vol. 1, nos. 1-41.  
Columbia. Nothing on American literature.
112. EL PERIÓDICO PARA TODOS. Semanario ilustrado. Madrid, 1872-3; vols. 1-2.  
H. S. Unimportant. Vol. 2 contains an account of the death of Washington.
113. PLUMA Y LÁPIZ. Barcelona, 1900-1902; vols. 1-3.  
H. S. Trivial.
114. POR ESOS MUNDOS. Madrid, 1900-date.  
N. Y. has 1912-date. It is worth examining.
115. EL REFLEJO, publicación literaria y pintoresca. Madrid, 1843.  
H. S. No American literature.
116. EL RENACIMIENTO. Continuación del primitivo Artista y del Boletín español de arquitectura. Madrid, 14 March-18 July, 1847.  
Ticknor. Considerable literary interest, but nothing American.
117. RENACIMIENTO. Madrid, March-August, 1907; nos. 1-6.  
H. S. Valuable. Translations from Longfellow, Thoreau and FitzGerald. In the H. S. file each no. is bound separately, but the first four really form one volume, with an index at the end of no. 4.
118. LA RENAXENSA, periodich de literatura, ciencias y artes. Barcelona, 1871-74; vols. 1-4.  
H. S. No American literature.
119. EL REPERTORIO AMERICANO. London, Oct. 1826; Jan., April, Aug. 1827; vols 1-4.  
H. S. Contains useful bibliographies of recent publications. In vol. 2 there is an article on *The Columbiad*.
120. LA REVISTA ARGENTINA. Buenos Aires, 1868 ff.  
N. Y. I have examined vols. 1-13. The chief item of interest is a translation from Poe.
121. REVISTA BALEAR DE LITERATURA, etc. Palma, 1872-74. Vols. 1-3.  
B. M. No American literature except a single maxim from Franklin in a series of *Pensaments*, vol. 1, p. 237. Continued as *Museo balear*, which see.

122. LA REVISTA BLANCA. Sociología, ciencia y arte. Madrid.  
Columbia has vol. 7 and part of vol. 6 (Jan. 1904-June, 1905).  
It ceased publication with vol. 7. Chiefly socialistic.
123. REVISTA CATALANA. Barcelona, 1889 and 1892.  
B. M. No English or American literature.
124. REVISTA CONTEMPORANEA. Madrid, 1875-1907; vols. 1-134.  
Harvard. N. Y. has vols. 43-134 and the Boston Public Library  
vols. 1-60. Exceedingly valuable, especially for its deep interest  
in Longfellow.
125. REVISTA CRÍTICA DE HISTORIA, etc. Madrid, 1895 ff.  
H. S. Devoted almost entirely to Spanish affairs. I have  
examined vols. 1-7. In the H. S. file the indexes to vols. 4, 5 and 6  
are in the fronts of vols. 5, 6 and 7, respectively.
126. LA REVISTA DE AMÉRICA. Paris, 1912 ff.; vol. 1 ff.  
H. S. Interesting, though it yields nothing on our subject.
127. REVISTA DE ANDALUCÍA. Málaga, 1874 ff.  
H. S. has various odd numbers from 1874 to 1880. Unimportant.
128. REVISTA DE ARAGÓN. Zaragoza, 1900-1905; vols. 1-6.  
H. S. Vol. 4 adapts from the *Revue Thomiste* a series of articles  
on philosophy in the United States, but there is nothing else bearing  
on our subject.
129. REVISTA DE CATALUÑA. Barcelona, 1862; nos. 1-18.  
H. S. No foreign literature.
130. REVISTA DE CIENCIAS, LITERATURA Y ARTES. Sevilla,  
1855-60; vols. 1-6.  
H. S. Vol. 2 contains a valuable article on Prescott. There are  
numerous lesser items of interest.
131. REVISTA DE ESPAÑA. Madrid, 1868-1895; vols. 1-150.  
H. S. has vols. 1-142; Columbia vols. 135-150. Aside from one  
very important article in vol. 67 it contains surprisingly little about  
American literature.
132. REVISTA DE ESPAÑA Y DEL ESTRANGERO. Madrid, 1842-  
44; vols. 1-9.  
Ticknor. Mostly political. Continued as *Revista de España,  
de Indias y del extranjero*, which see.

133. REVISTA DE ESPAÑA, DE INDIAS Y DEL ESTRANGERO. Madrid, 1845-48; vols. 1-13.  
 Ticknor. Important. Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella* is reviewed in vol. 1, while vols. 2 and 3 contain two long articles on Borrow's *The Bible in Spain*.
134. REVISTA DE ESTUDOS LIVRES. Lisboa, 1883-86; vols. 1-3.  
 H. S. No American literature.
135. REVISTA DE MADRID. Madrid, 1838-45; 21 vols.  
 B. M. Considerable general interest, but no American literature.
136. REVISTA DE MENORCA. Ciencias, Artes, Letras. Mahón, July, 1888-Nov. 1890; nos. 1-29.  
 H. S. Almost entirely local in its interest. No. 6, Dec. 1888, contains an account of the visit of the U. S. frigate *Trenton* to Mahón.
137. REVISTA DE LA UNIVERSIDAD DE MADRID. Madrid, 1873 ff.  
 H. S. has vols. 1, 3-5 of the "segunda época," which began with 1873. No American literature.
138. REVISTA ILUSTRADA DE NUEVA YORK. New York, 1882 ff.  
 H. S. has vol. 11 (1892) and part of vol. 10. Interesting.
139. REVISTA ESPAÑOLA, literaria, científica, política. Madrid, 5 March, 1894; vol. 1, no. 1.  
 N. Y. Bound with various Spanish pamphlets. Worthless.
140. REVISTA ESPAÑOLA DE AMBOS MUNDOS. Madrid, 1853-55; vols. 1-4.  
 Ticknor. Worth examining. Vol. 4, pp. 667 ff., contains a rather severe critique of Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*.
141. REVISTA ESPAÑOLA DE LITERATURA, CIENCIA Y ARTE. Madrid, 1901; vol. 1. (No more published.)  
 H. S. No English or American literature.
142. REVISTA EUROPEA por Don Modesto Lafuente. Madrid, 184-  
 H. S. has vol. 4 (1849), which was the last one published. Contains nothing bearing on our subject.

143. REVISTA EUROPEA. Madrid, 1874-80; vols. 1-15. 319 weekly nos.  
 Ticknor. Very important. Translations from Hawthorne, Agassiz and Franklin, besides other items of more general interest.
144. REVISTA HISPANO-AMERICANA. Madrid, 1848.  
 N. Y. Value for foreign literatures negligible.
145. REVISTA HISPANO-AMERICANA, política, científica y literaria. Madrid, 1865-67; vols. 1-6.  
 B. M. Very important. Articles on Poe and W. E. Channing, as well as a whole series on the government of the United States.
146. REVISTA HISTÓRICA. Periódico mensual ilustrado. Gratis á los suscritores de la *Biblioteca popular económica*. Madrid, 1851; vol. 1.  
 H. S. No American literature, but there are brief biographies of Washington and Franklin and a very bad sonnet in the latter's honor.
147. REVISTA IBÉRICA de ciencias, política, literatura, artes é instrucción pública. Madrid, 1861-65; vols. 1-7.  
 B. M. Fairly interesting, but nothing bearing directly on our subject.
148. REVISTA LITERARIA. Adición á la "Revista de Tribunales" y regalo á sus suscritores. Sevilla, 15 April-31 Dec., 1891; nos. 1-18.  
 H. S. No foreign literature.
149. REVISTA LITERARIA DE EL ESPAÑOL, periódico de Literatura, Bellas Artes y Variedades. Madrid, 6 July, 1845-30 March, 1846; nos. 6-44.  
 Ticknor. No. 33 yields a passing reference to Irving.
150. REVISTA MENSUAL. Madrid, 1868; vols. 1-3.  
 H. S. No English or American literature.
151. REVISTA POPULAR. Barcelona.  
 H. S. I have examined vols. 15-19, 1885-89. Devoted wholly to religious interests.



152. LA SEMANA. Periódico pintoresco universal. Madrid, 1849-51; vols. 1-3.  
H. S. Portraits of Washington and Daniel Webster, in vol. 2, are its nearest approach to American literature.
153. EL SEMANARIO PINTORESCO ESPAÑOL. Madrid, 1836-57; 21 vols.  
H. S. The most important single magazine for the period it covers. Columbia has an incomplete set.
154. EL SEMANARIO POPULAR. Madrid, 1862-65. Merged with *El Museo Universal*, 23 Feb., 1865.  
H. S. and B. M. The only American item is a translation of *All Quiet along the Potomac*.
155. EL SIGLO XIX. Madrid, 1837-38.  
B. M. Highly romantic, but no American literature.
156. EL SIGLO ILUSTRADO. Madrid, 1867-69; vols. 1-3.  
B. M. Irving and Franklin have one item each. The magazine is not indexed.
157. EL SIGLO PINTORESCO. Madrid, 1845-47; vols. 1-3.  
H. S. Nothing bearing on our subject.
158. EL SUR. Periódico político. Madrid, 10 Oct., 1855- 5 April, 1856; nos. 1-165.  
Ticknor. Its *folletín* publishes *Pablo Latour* by Amelia B. Edwards and *Felipe Beaufort* by "Mr. Lytton Bulwer," but the rest of the paper lives up to its subtitle. I do not know if any more were published.
159. TOLEDO. Publicación quincenal ilustrada. Toledo, 1 April, 1889-30 Jan., 1890; vol. 1, nos. 1-18.  
H. S. No foreign literature.
160. EL TORNA-VOZ. Diario de literatura y teatros. Barcelona, 15 June-14 July, 1848; vol. 1, nos. 1-29.  
H. S. No foreign literature.
161. EL TROVADOR. Semanario de literatura. Barcelona, 1846; vol. 1, nos. 1-25.  
H. S. Devoted chiefly to original poetry.

162. EL UNIVERSO PINTORESCO. Álbum de los salones, etc. Madrid, 10 Jan., 1852-30 Dec., 1853; nos. 1-36.

H. S. Contains very important Hawthorne and Cooper items.

163. VARIEDADES; ó mensagero de Londres. Por el Rev.<sup>do</sup> Joseph Blanco White. London, 1824-25; vols. 1-2.

H. S. Interesting for the general student, but too early for translations from American authors.

164. ZAMORA ILUSTRADA. Revista literaria semanal. Zamora, 1881-82; vol. 1.

H. S. Devoted entirely to local interests.

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